Miss America

TEEN LIFE

OCTOBER 10¢

FASHIONS

BEAUTY

FUN

FICTION

INTERIOR DECORATION

CHARM CHATS

MOVIES

Filly Braids

How to set these 4-ply braids **Free!**

Cute little "fillies", both with a braid . . . a bow for the colt and a "beau" for the maid—as her smooth-as-satin Drene-clean hair sparkles in *all* its brilliance!

"Whether you're an outdoor girl like me, or the 'fireside' type," says 15-year-old fashion model, Sally Ferguson, "you'll love the way Drene leaves your hair so gleaming and lustrous." And Sally's right! Drene reveals up to 33 per cent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. You see, *Drene is not a soap shampoo*...never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

"I like to try lots of hair-dos," says Sally, "and it's a cinch to make hair behave after a Drene Shampoo . . . for Drene's Hair Conditioning action leaves my hair so smooth and *easy* to manage!" Sally knows a trick or two about making something really special out of ordinary braids. "Just send in the coupon below," she suggests, "for instructions for making 4—ply braids like mine."

Yes, in braids or curls...sport clothes or evening dress . . . you'll look lots more glamorous, loads more lovely when you become a Drene Girl with shining-bright, Drene-clean hair.

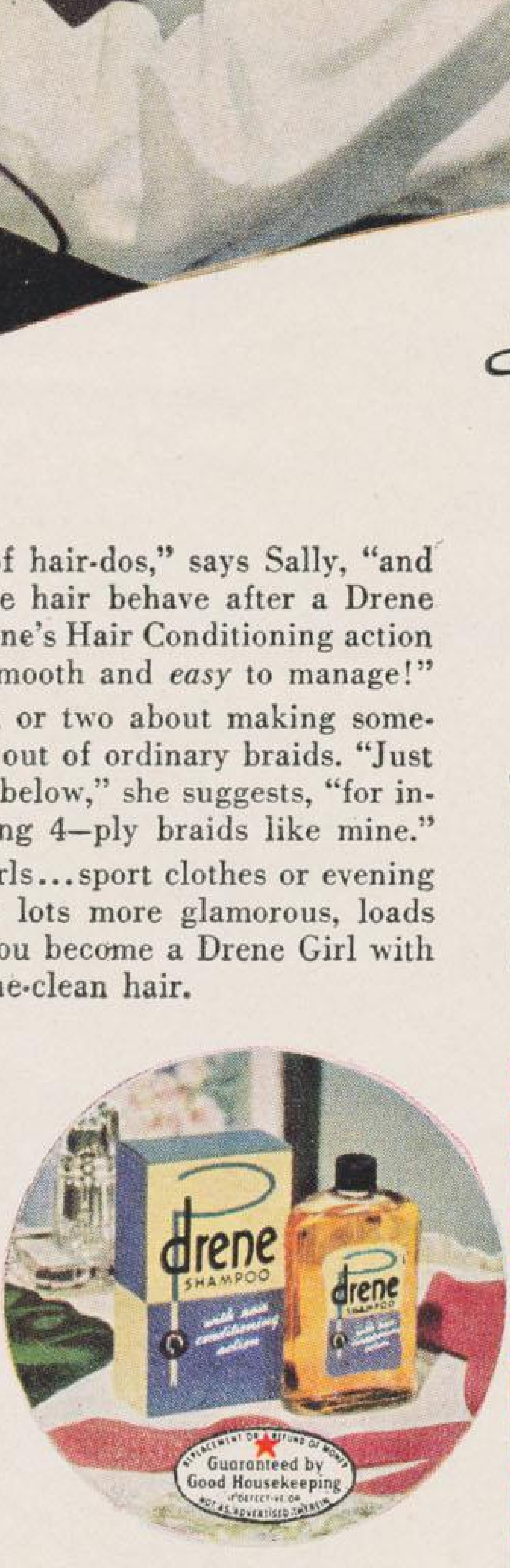
Use Coupon or write: DRENE SHAMPOO, PROCTER & GAMBLE
DEPT. MM, BOX 687, CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

- **A** Free setting and combing instructions for the 4-ply braids pictured in the October issue of this magazine.
- **B** Illustrated booklet on hair care, oily and dry hair problems, good shampooing technique, dandruff, etc.
- **C** Right and wrong hair-dos for slim, narrow face and for round, full face; hair styling rules and routine care

(Check coupon below or write for each item you wish)

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action


drene
SHAMPOO
with hair conditioning action
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SHAMPOO
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DRENE SHAMPOO, PROCTER & GAMBLE
DEPT. MM, BOX 687, CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

Please send me FREE the items checked below:

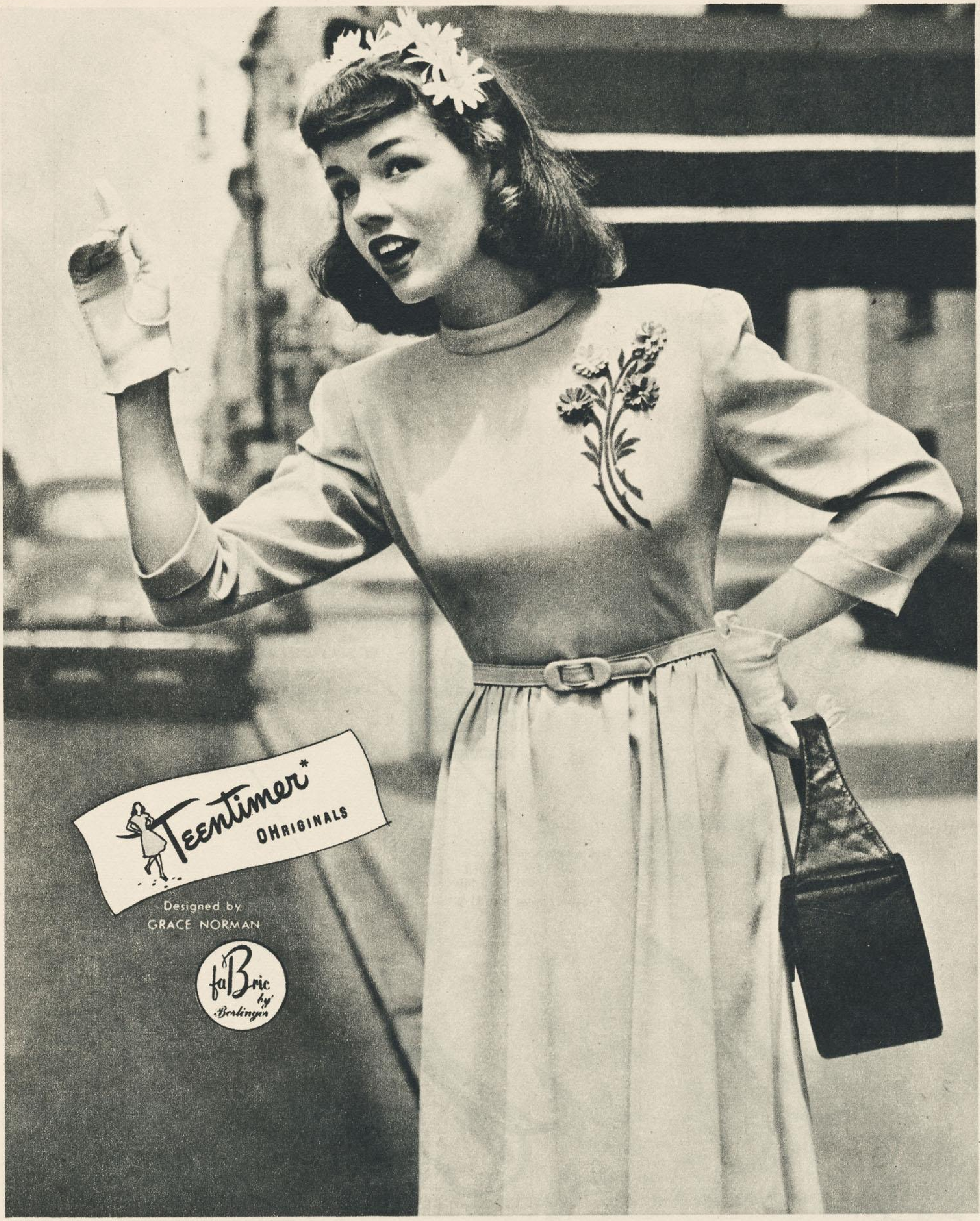
A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

Name..

Street Address..............................

City..........................*State*..................

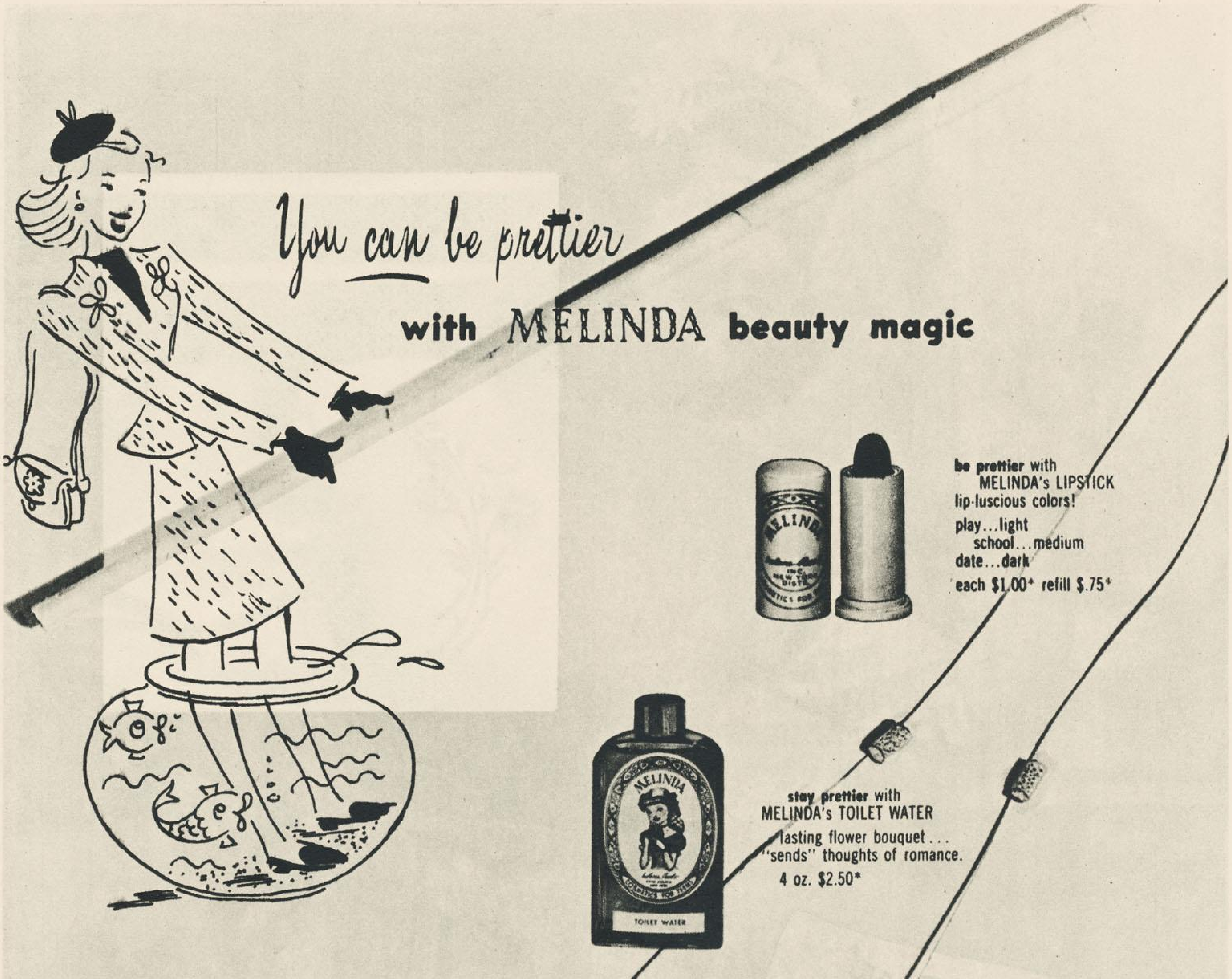
(This Coupon good until February 1, 1947)


Teentimer*
OHRIGINALS
Designed by
GRACE NORMAN
faBric by Berlinger

GALLIVANTER . . . Straight 'n' narrow smartness made gay with a turtle neckline, a spray of sprightly flowers . . . ¾ cuffed sleeves, a hint of fullness in the skirt. **A BRIGHTIME TWILL** in these autumn-bright colors . . . red, gold, kelly, royal, grey, cocoa. In teen sizes 8 to 16. About **$9.00.** For name of nearest store, write TEEN-TIMERS, Inc., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Tune in "The Teentimers Club" starring John Conte and the nation's top bands . . . every Saturday over your local NBC station.

*TRADEMARK REGISTERED



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with MELINDA beauty magic

be prettier with
MELINDA's LIPSTICK
lip-luscious colors!
play...light
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each $1.00* refill $.75*

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MELINDA's TOILET WATER
lasting flower bouquet...
"sends" thoughts of romance.
4 oz. $2.50*

look prettier with
MELINDA's FACE POWDER
heavenly soft and smo-o-o-th.
4 radiant shades, each $1.50*

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"BEAUTY 'N' DATE BOOK" to:
MISS MELINDA dept. B
785 fifth avenue, new york, n. y.

at all leading stores

MELINDA *Cosmetics for youth...*

*plus 20% fed. tax

send 15c for **MELINDA's**
PURSE-SIZE TOILET WATER

helene Pessl inc.
new york

Miss America

OCTOBER, 1946 VOLUME 4, NO. 6

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On our cover, Ames' sheer wool, plaided in bold squares in a wonderful school-to-date dress by Berk. About $18. The big roll-back breton is by Vic-Teens, about $6. And our cover girl slips into Dubrowsky and Joseph's version of the new pea-coat in suede wool, about $35. Dawnelle's cotton shortie gloves. Reider ballet slippers. At Jane Engel, N. Y.; Charles Stevens, Chicago; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; H. Liebes, San Francisco.

Kodachrome by Barbara Goodspeed

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FOR GIRLS WHO SET THE
Fashion
A
CHARMETTE
FABRIC

So wearable, so flattering! It's Kate Greenaway's newest creation... blessed with frothy cut-work lace trim on ruffled neck and pocket flaps. Made of CHARMETTE'S washable Crayel rayon broadcloth, closely woven for lasting loveliness.

about $4.95
In blue, rose, aqua
Sizes 7 to 14

Kate Greenaway
FROCKS

L. WOHL & COMPANY, INC.
1333 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

Are you in the know?

Hubba! Hubba!
Perfumes

Which make good scents for summer?

☐ *Atomic aromas*
☐ *Fragile fragrances*
☐ *Swoon-perfumes*

Bewitched by nose-bait? Ixnay on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find yummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain" days, above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, *this* deodorant can't shake out! See how sweet it can keep *you*.

How to rate on a first date?

☐ *Sling a sharp line*
☐ *Be a listening-post*
☐ *Learn his interests*

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in *you*. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself: an art you can master on "problem days," as well. Just count on Kotex and the extra protection you get from that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you poise . . . protection *plus*. There's no fear of accidents to heckle you!

This fetching neckline's for you, if—

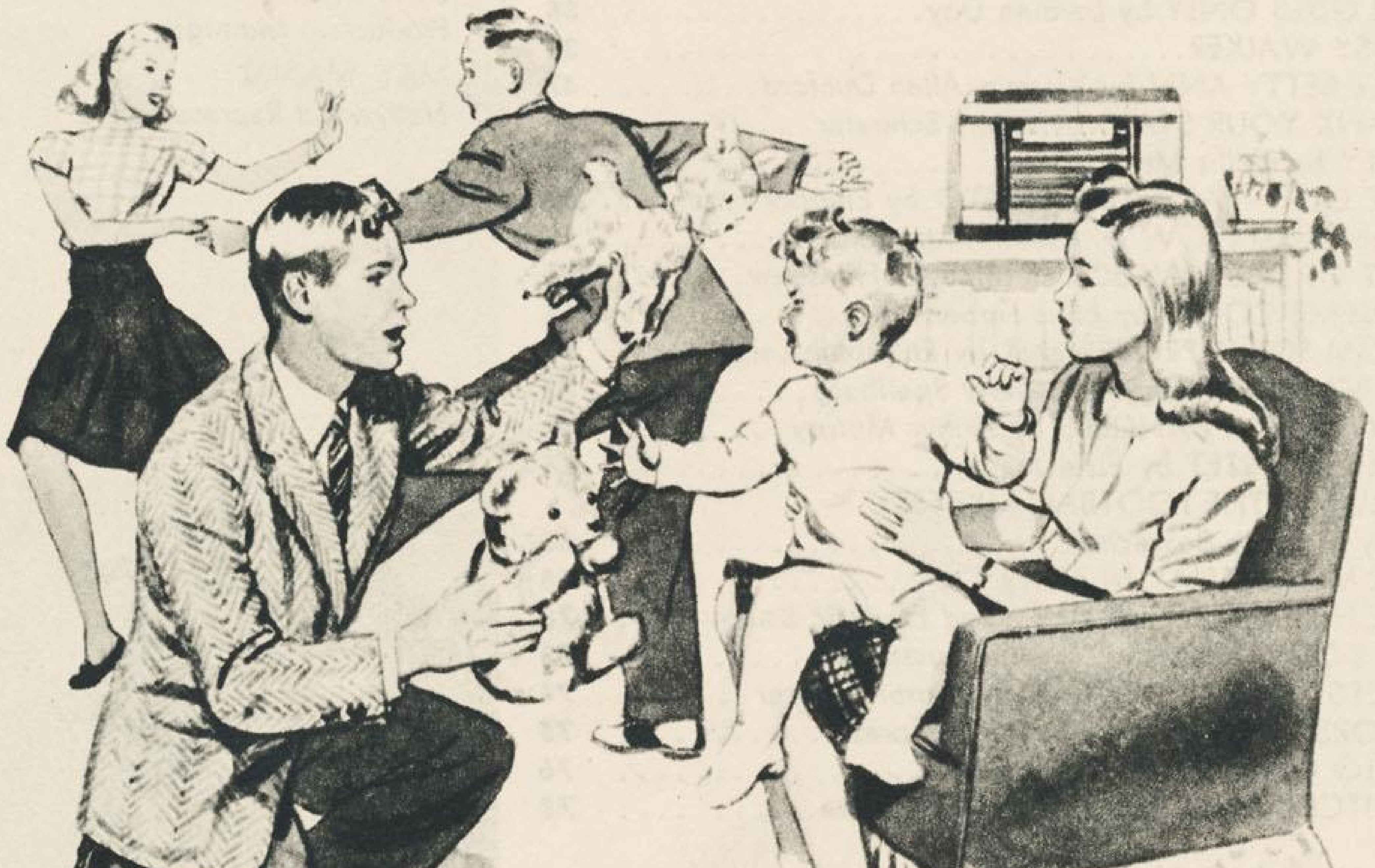
☐ *You're the tomboy type*
☐ *You shun a suntan*
☐ *You watch your posture*

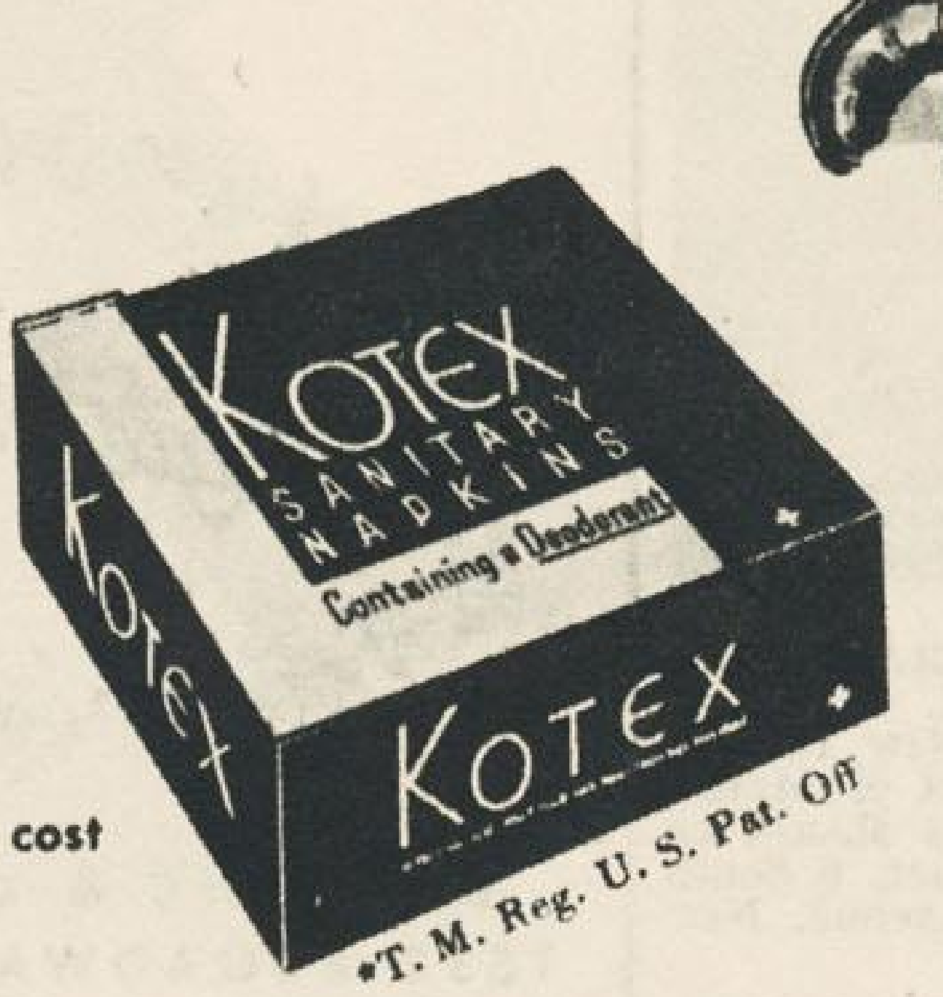
Your shoulders are showing! Or will be, when you see the swoonsation this new neckline creates! It's for you, if you watch your posture. So bone up on workouts that square droopy shoulders, correct "hat-rack" shoulder blades. And you needn't let down on "those" days; for exercise—and Kotex—help you keep comfortable. You get lasting softness with Kotex, the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*—put chafing trouble on the double!

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

☐ *Pack junior off to bed*
☐ *Be a stand-in for his Mom*
☐ *Ask your gang over*

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real *interest* in junior: be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time . . . and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears . . . choose Kotex!





A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*More women choose KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

glamour today

with an eye on tomorrow

MILK-TONE

CAKE MAKE-UP

Beautiful—and brains too! You love the wonder-smooth finish of your complexion when you wear cake make-up, so—clever girl, you swear by the one that's actually good for your skin! Helena Rubinstein's **MILK-TONE.** Good for your beauty today, good for your beauty tomorrow 'cause Helena Rubinstein has made her cake make-up *with milk protein*—which forms a film to keep your precious young skin dewy soft. Instant smoothness. No flaws to meet the naked eye. And beautiful colors to put a new complexion on things, Peachbloom, Rachel, Mauresque, Suntan. 1.00

keep that young skin clean! clean! clean!

PLUS CLEANSER—the amazing Helena Rubinstein cream that lathers and washes like a fine soap yet leaves your skin soft and smooth because it is actually a cream! 1.00 *plus tax*

helena
rubinstein

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WESCO . . . MISS AMERICA SEWING CONTEST

Another Wesco Fabric Service for the American girl . . . to encourage her to sew her own wardrobe in order that she can have finer quality clothes on a small budget. Now the Wesco Fabric Service proudly sponsors the WESCO — MISS AMERICA SEWING CONTEST. In the past we have presented her with visual sewing charts, sewing instruction sheets, co-ordinated wardrobes . . . all written with easy-to-follow instructions. Available at present for class-room use: Seams and Seam Finishes, Chart No. 3 of a series.

Although any fabric may be used, we suggest making your garment with wonderful *Serg-a-Hed* . . . the fabric of spun rayon and aralac that looks and feels like fine French serge . . . that holds its shape . . . tailors with lasting crispness and drapes gracefully. It's easy-to-work-with, inexpensive, fashion-right, and comes in many colors that will give you real service, beauty, and satisfaction.

WIN CASH PRIZES!

First Prize:	$50.00 cash . . . Miss America Blue Ribbon
Second Prize:	$25.00 cash . . . Miss America Red Ribbon
Third Prize:	$10.00 cash . . . Miss America Yellow Ribbon

First ten winners will receive 2 year subscriptions to Miss America Magazine.
Second ten winners will be awarded 1 year subscriptions to Miss America Magazine.
Honorable Mention will be given to the runners-up.

Here's all you have to do: Make that dream dress, that special blouse . . . or perhaps just an unusual pair of collar and cuffs . . . anything that you'd like to have in your wardrobe.

Entries will be judged on originality, workmanship, styling and neatness. The WESCO—MISS AMERICA SEWING CONTEST is open only to teen agers in the United States.

***Contest closes midnight, October 20, 1946.* So, enter now! Contestants may enter as many items as they like.**

Mail your entry to WESCO — MISS AMERICA SEWING CONTEST, c/o Mrs. Katherine Straube, 20-40-121st Street, College Point, N. Y.

Important: Sew a 4" label of any fabric into your garment giving:

Your name • Your address • Your age

If you want to have your garment returned, be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped mailing envelope large enough to hold your entry. All merchandise received without this envelope will be given to charity. WESCO FABRICS and Miss America will not be responsible for loss of any property.

Winners will have their photographs taken and will see their items in Miss America Magazine, and at the Miss America Booth at the Women's International Exposition in New York in November. Local department stores throughout the United States will feature winners and their garments.

It's all fun . . . so, Hep Cats . . . step to it now!

WEIL & SCHOENFELD FABRICS :: NEW YORK

WESCO FABRICS

FLASHES FROM MAC . . .

MISS AMERICA CLUB CHAPTERS ARE A-WHIRL WITH ACTIVITY AND EXCITEMENT OVER THE WESCO MISS AMERICA SEWING CONTEST, OPEN TO ALL READERS OF MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE. TYPICAL IS THE SEWING CONTEST, PLANNED TO TEST YOUR SKILL AND DESIGNING INGENUITY. IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER, SO HOW ABOUT MAKING THAT DREAM DRESS, THAT SPECIAL BLOUSE, THAT JUMPER? ENTER IT IN THE CONTEST! WE SUGGEST THAT YOU CONSIDER MAKING YOUR GARMENT DREAM COME TRUE IN WESCO SERG-A-HED, A SPUN RAYON FABRIC, BECAUSE IT'S DURABLE, INEXPENSIVE, EASY TO MANIPULATE, AND COMES IN A RAINBOW OF HEAVENLY COLORS. START WORKING NOW. SEND YOUR FINISHED GARMENT TO WESCO-MISS AMERICA SEWING CONTEST, C/O MRS. KATHERINE STRAUBE, 20-40 121 STREET, COLLEGE POINT, NEW YORK.

BESIDES GIVING YOU AN INCENTIVE TO THE FUN OF DESIGNING AND MAKING A VALUABLE ADDITION TO YOUR WARDROBE, THE SEWING CONTEST OFFERS LOADS OF WORTHWHILE PRIZES AND HONORS FOR WINNERS. THERE'LL BE CASH AWARDS, SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISS AMERICA, PRIZE RIBBONS, AND, IN ADDITION, WINNING WORK WILL BE ON DISPLAY AT THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT THE ARMORY IN NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2-10. AFTER THE EXPOSITION, WINNING ITEMS WILL BE DISPLAYED, WITH WINNERS' NAMES, IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! CAREERS IN DESIGNING HAVE BEEN STARTED THAT WAY. WHAT A CHANCE FOR YOU, MISS AMERICA!

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION REGARDING THE SEWING CONTEST SEE PAGE 4—OR WRITE TO AILEEN FOGARTY, VICE-CHAIRMAN, MISS AMERICA CLUB, 350 5TH AVENUE, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

STRIPED... and SOLID
Blackfriar
TEENTRIX

Striped bell hop jacket in grey, maize and beige* . .	about $11
Slacks in 100% virgin wool	about $ 9
Striped Jumper in grey, maize and beige*	about $11
Turtle neck blouse in Fuji rayon	about $ 4

*Cotton, rayon, r. u. wool

If not carried by your local store send us your order and a reliable retailer will serve you.

LOUIS GEIGER INC. · 1384 Broadway, New York 18

GLORIA JEAN
popular young singing starlet

For Your Hair
SPRING FRESHNESS
the year 'round...

Daintily Soft . . . Swiftly Cleansing . . . with **Blended** *Vegetable Oils*

Do as thousands have done—*test* GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo this easy, interesting way! Be convinced that it's quicker, easier . . . and so satisfying!

No other shampoo can claim more natural-looking beauty for your hair, more lustrous sheen, smarter radiance and sparkle, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, *instantly!* Not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—and, best of all, leaves your scalp so *clean*, your hair soft as springtime and amazingly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

GLO-VER
SHAMPOO

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each—with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

Your Hair will be Lovelier with
GLO-VER
Beauty Shampoo

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 2310, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

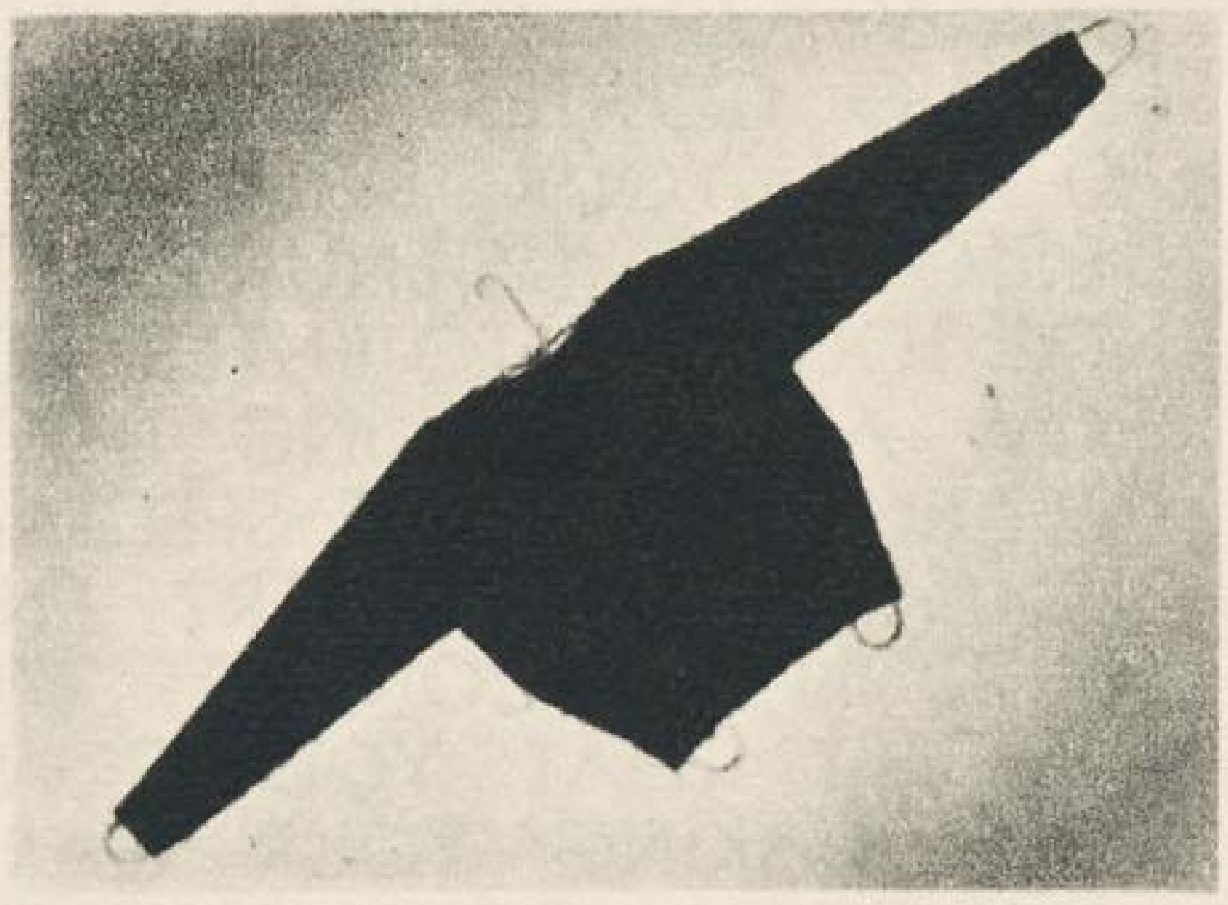
Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.. *Please print plainly*

Address..

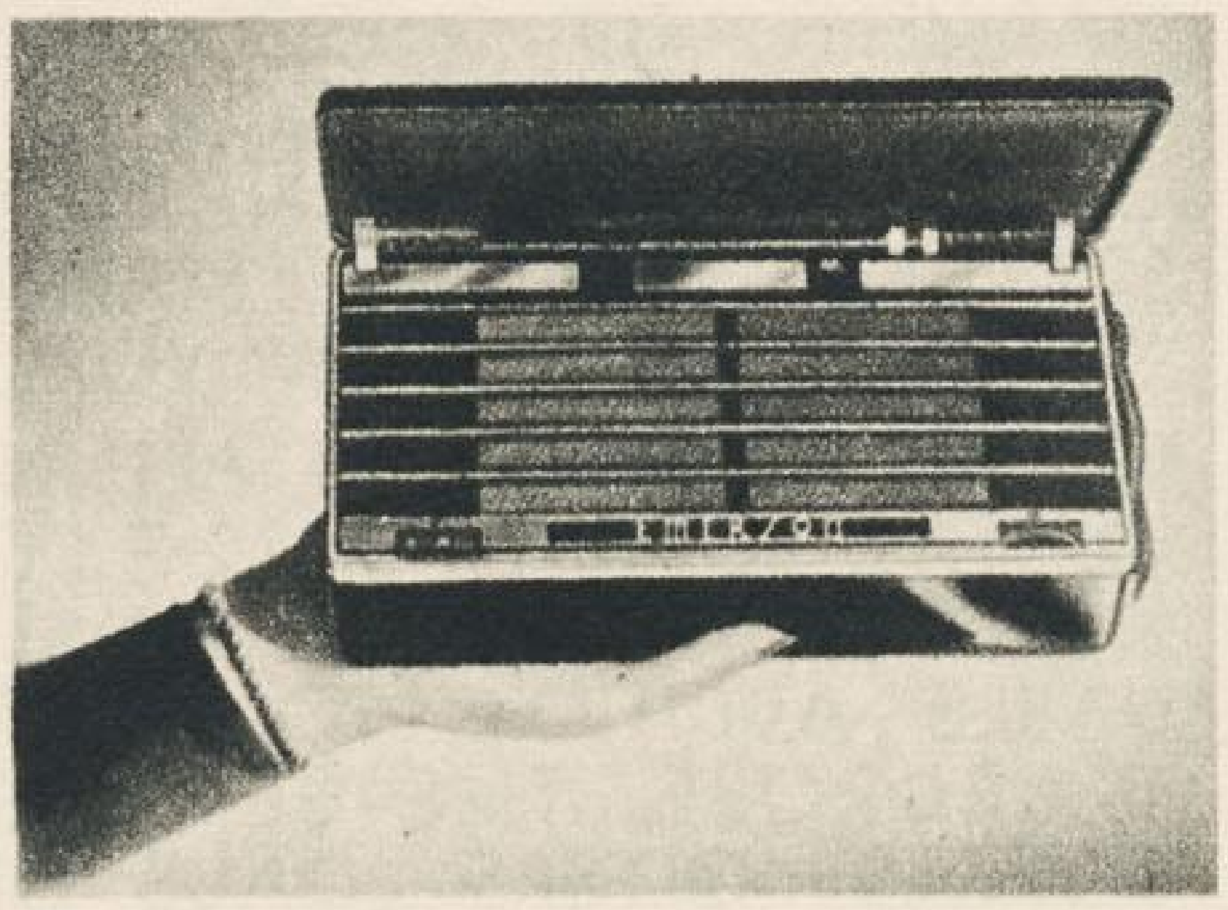
City.................................... *Zone*........ *State*..................

SHOPPING



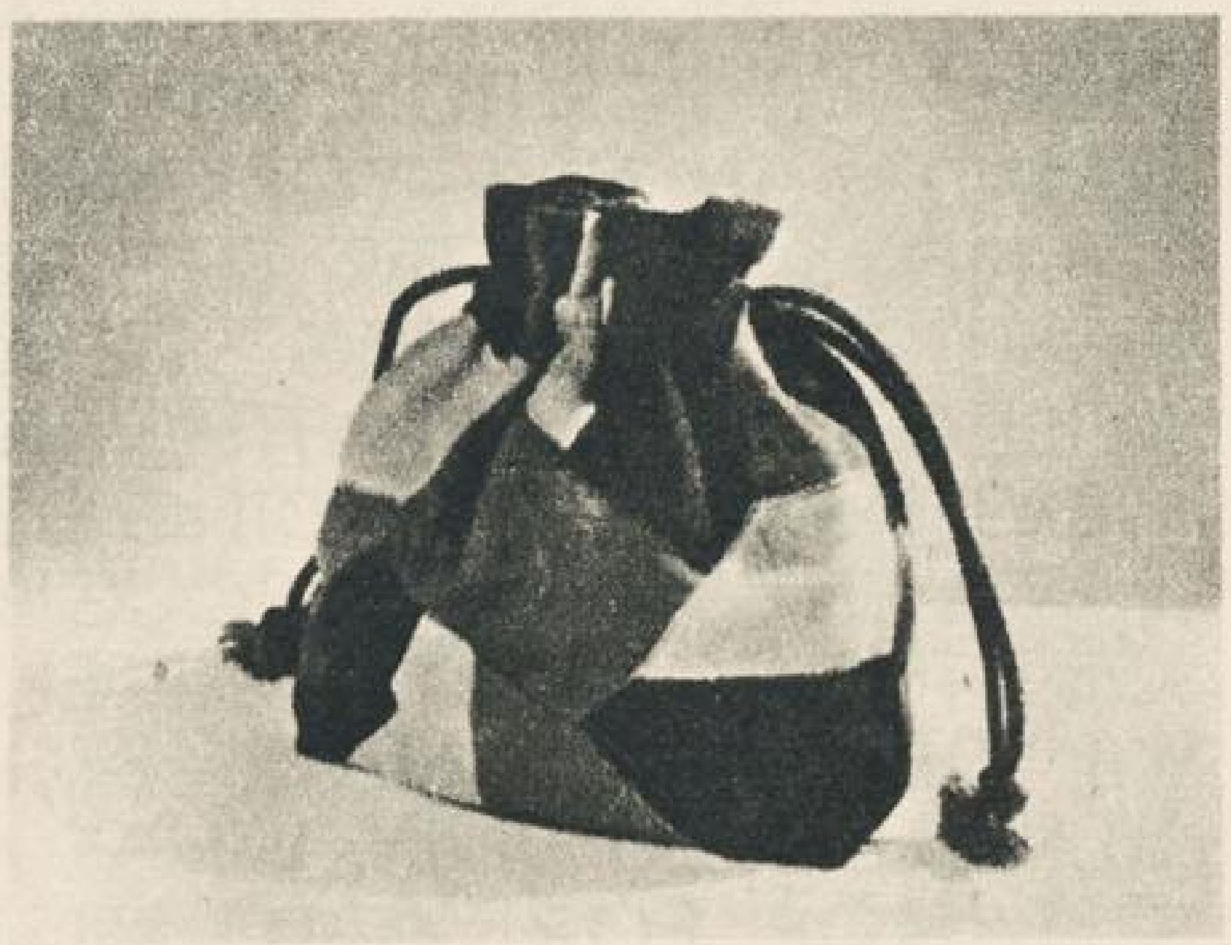
SWEATER STRETCHER

Perfect sweater shape, sturdy rustproof metal . . . adjusts from sizes 32 to 44 . . . Hangs on a hook for speedy, effective drying $1.50
Lewis and Conger, New York, N.Y.



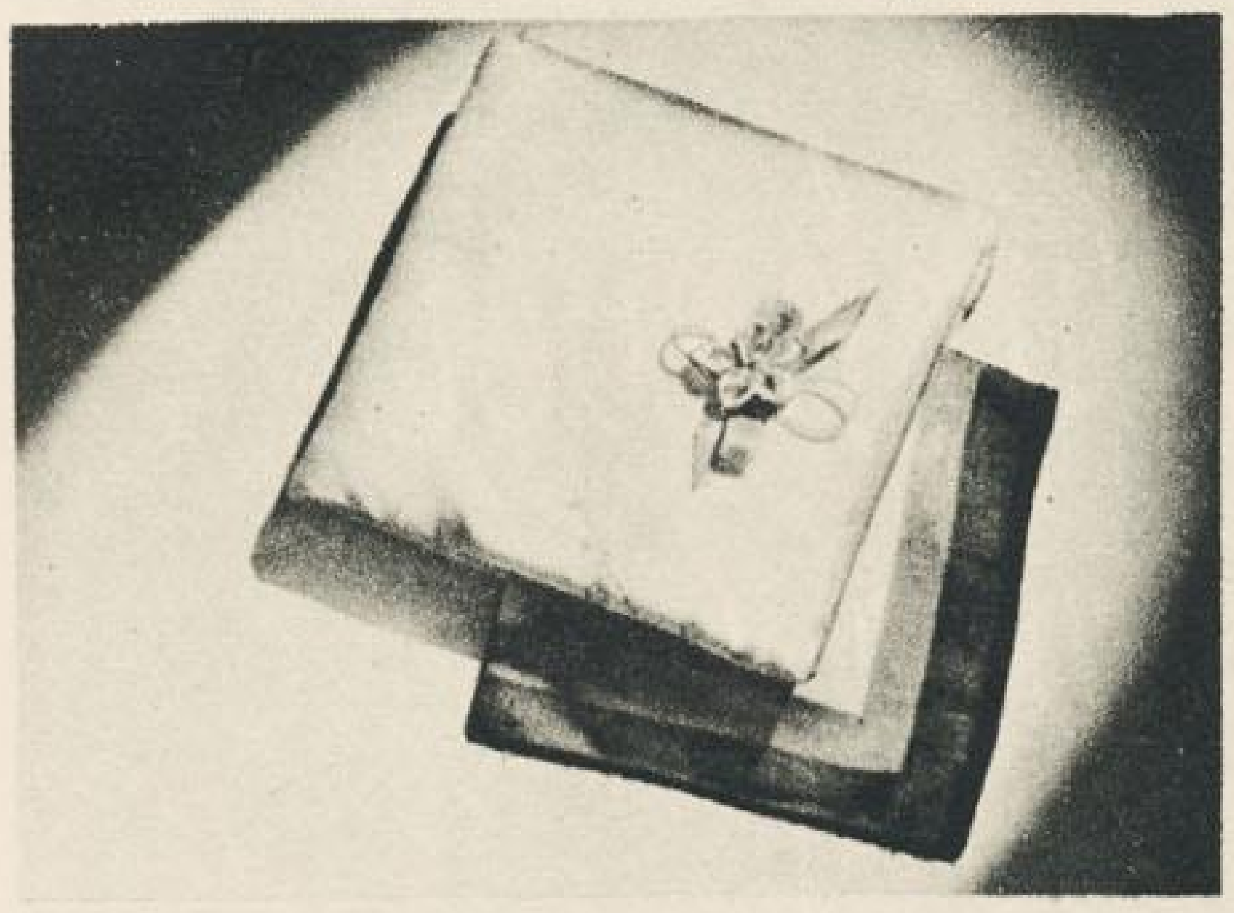
POCKET RADIO

A wonder of reception and tone . . . no outside wires . . . ideal member of picnic and hiking parties . . . with batteries $25
Arnold Constable, New York, N.Y.



DRAWSTRING BAG

California inspired, multi-colored suede patchwork, artistically combined to make a practical all-purpose, all-season bag $3.95
Mary Lewis, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE

Rose trimmed, sacheted case gives your best hankies a pleasant fragrance. Herbery Gardens is the scent for daintiness..........$1
Abraham and Straus, Bklyn., N. Y.

MISS MILKMAID

A trio of cleansing milk, dry skin emulsion, and lipstick with a generous portion of pure milk for a base for beauty..........$3.25
B. Altman's, New York, N.Y.

PLASTIC BRUSH

For perfect grooming . . . removes dust, line, and hairs . . . operates on atmospheric "electricity." No chemicals or current.......$1.75
Lewis and Conger, New York, N.Y.

How to Serve
6 HALLOWE'EN COUPLES

FOOD THAT'S FUN FOR ABOUT 60¢ A COUPLE

Recipes For You

***BLACK CATS:** Make a cat's head paper pattern, place on bread slices and cut around it. Spread bread with Nucoa and orange marmalade creamed together and top with chopped cooked prunes. Use orange rind for eyes and nose. Make 36.

Note: *Save bread trimmings for mother to use in meat stuffing or bread pudding. Bread is precious these days!*

***PUNKINS:** Cream together 3/4 cup Nucoa and 5 oz. cheese spread (chilled). Add 1½ cups sifted flour. Measure level tablespoons and shape into balls. With a toothpick make grooves around sides of ball to look like pumpkin. Place balls on a cooky sheet, flatten tops slightly and with the toothpick make a hole in the center. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, or until delicately browned. Insert parsley stems in top hole for pumpkin stem. Yield: 4½ dozen.

MENU

Black Cats*

Punkins*

Cider Fruit Punch
(cider, ginger ale, sliced oranges)

Popcorn Balls

THE WHOLESOME VEGETABLE MARGARINE WITH 15000 U.S.P. UNITS OF VITAMIN A
NUCOA
VEGETABLE
OLEOMARGARINE

IT'S SMART TO USE NUCOA

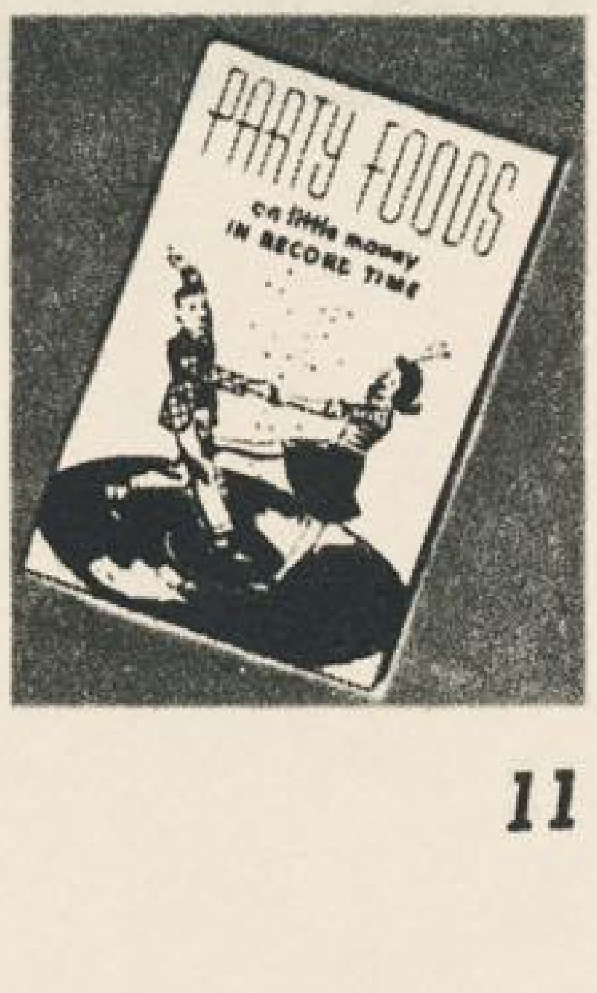
TASTES so sweet and fresh
CREAMS so easily
SPREADS so smooth and even
COSTS so very little

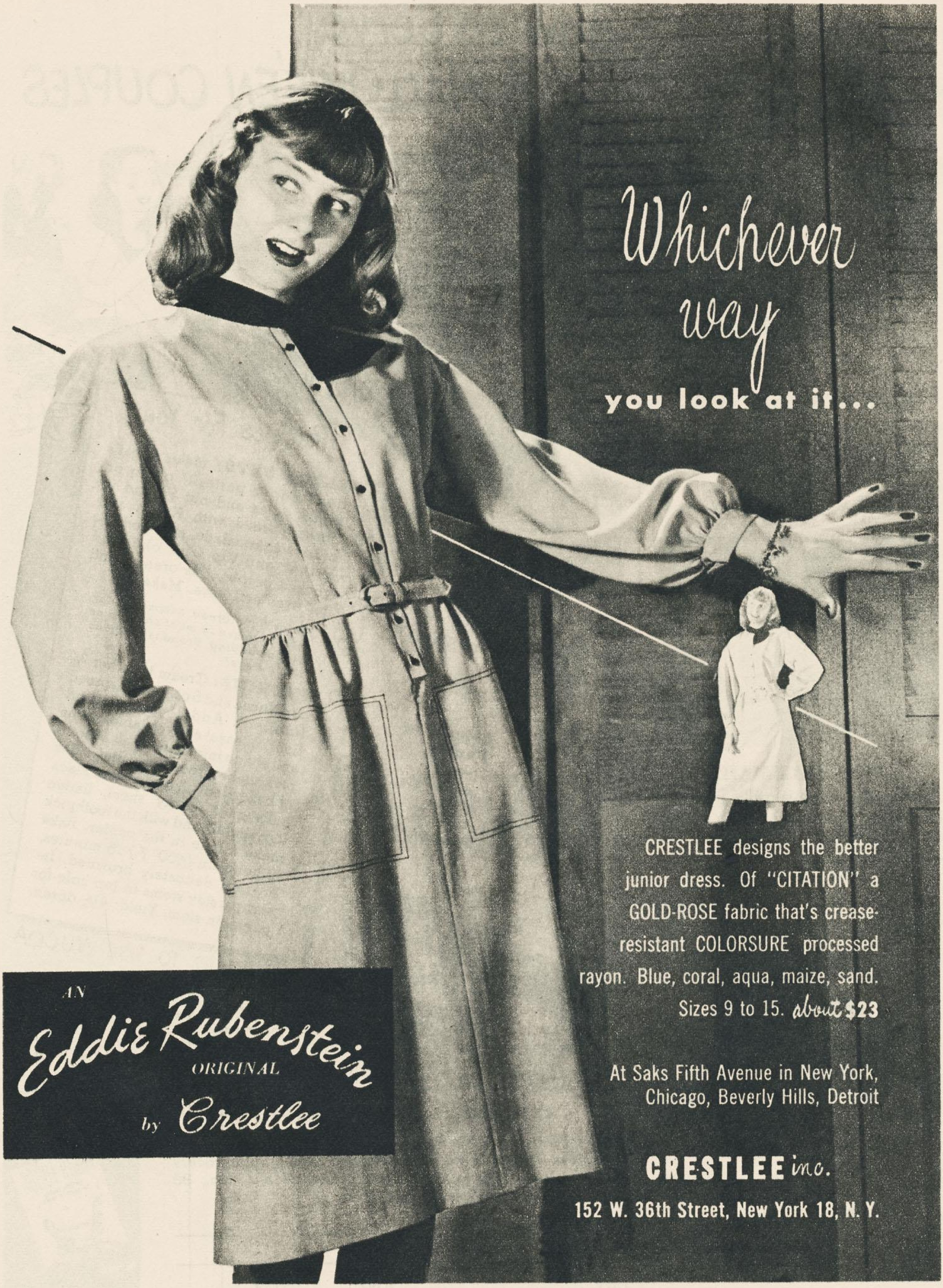
AND HERE'S GOOD NEWS—FOR FREE!

MA-10

"Party Foods on Little Money"—for club, class or private high jinks. Illustrated booklet contains 8 menus, with grocery lists and easy recipes. Address: The Best Foods, Inc., 88 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

NAME________________________________
ADDRESS______________________________
CITY__________________ZONE______STATE________





CRESTLEE designs the better junior dress. Of "CITATION" a GOLD-ROSE fabric that's crease-resistant COLORSURE processed rayon. Blue, coral, aqua, maize, sand. Sizes 9 to 15. *about* **$23**

At Saks Fifth Avenue in New York,
Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit

CRESTLEE *inc.*
152 W. 36th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

AN
Eddie Rubenstein
ORIGINAL
by *Crestlee*

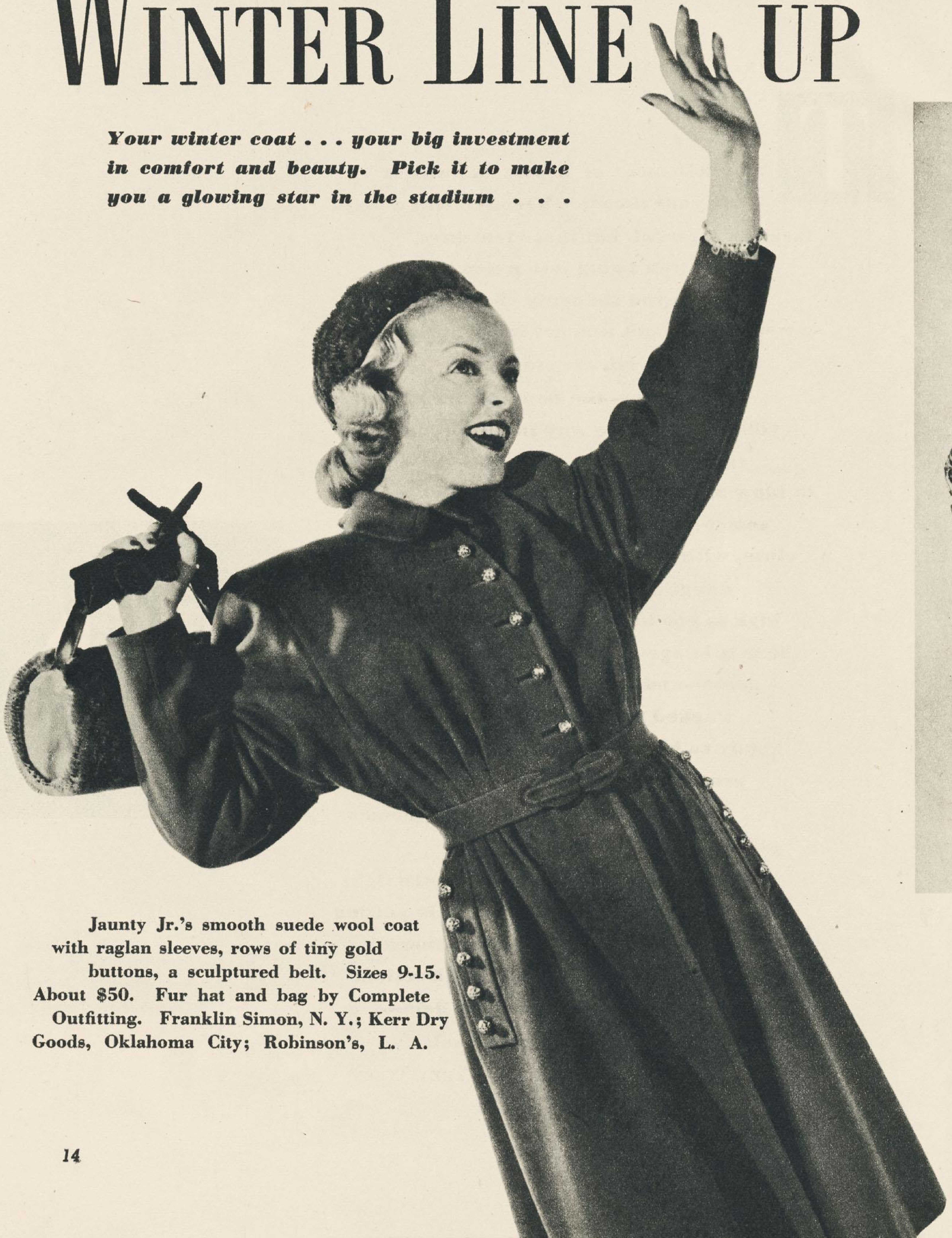
KICK OFF

The excitement of it sort of catches in your throat. Vacation was a lazy, luscious interval, but those few days before you swing into a new school term, you suddenly shed summer like a wet bathing suit and get into training for the kick off, the start of a great game—the new fall term. Maybe you felt the same way last year, in a tailspin of anticipation for the whistle to blow and the game to begin. Yet somehow the school year petered to a close, with so many of your shining plans still dangling, your score not nearly so high as you had dreamed. But now, here it is again. Another term, another game—and again your chance to win. Packed with possibilities, the term is ready to be shaped into something pretty special. Dish up a blueprint for yourself so that every moment piles up your score. No more hoarding of homework; no more tight little clique. Your world is getting bigger—your runs must cover more ground and in the right direction. You're going to head down the field—straight for your goal.

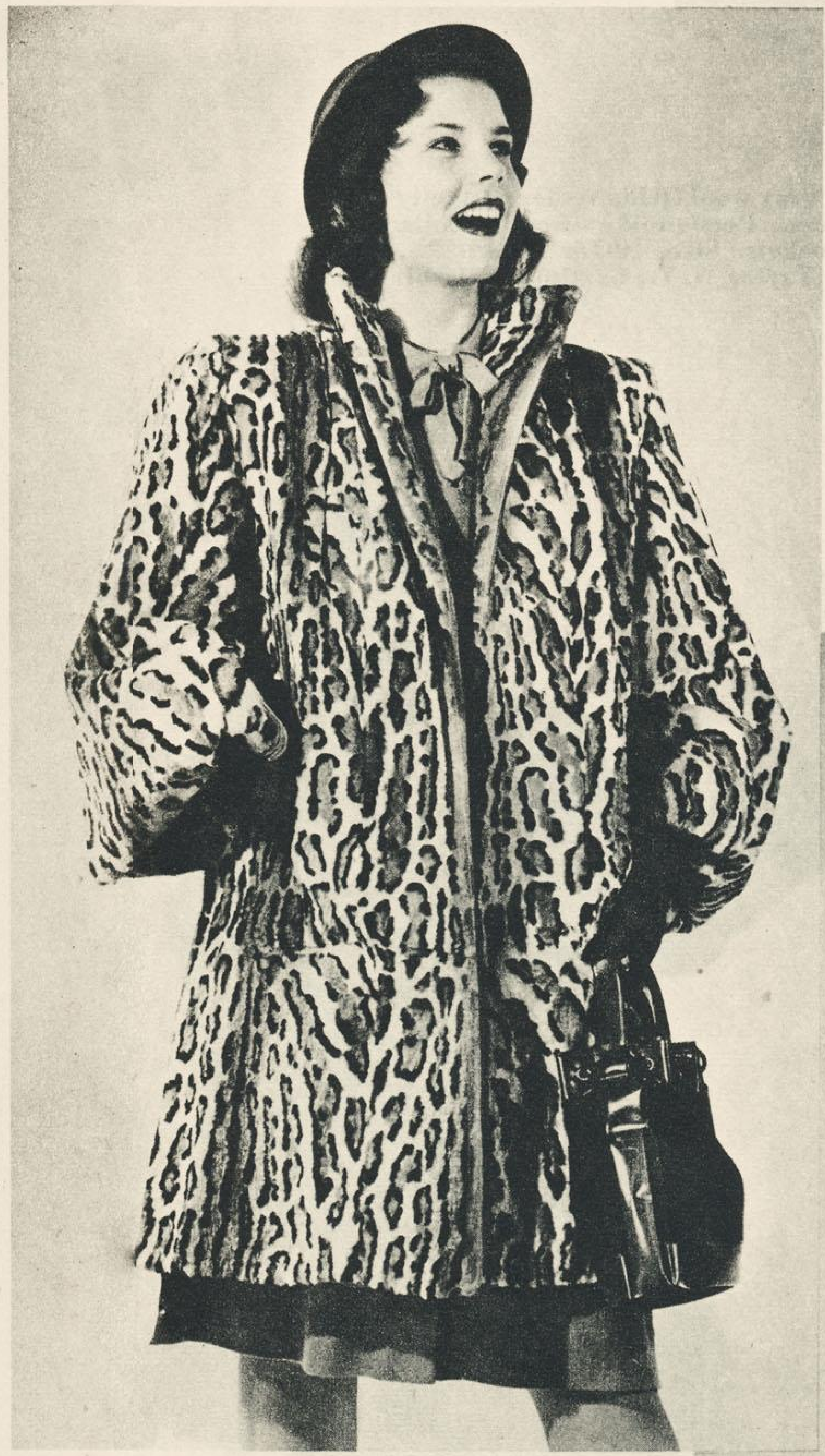
—Thea Tyler

WINTER LINE UP

Your winter coat . . . your big investment in comfort and beauty. Pick it to make you a glowing star in the stadium . . .



Jaunty Jr.'s smooth suede wool coat with raglan sleeves, rows of tiny gold buttons, a sculptured belt. Sizes 9-15. About $50. Fur hat and bag by Complete Outfitting. Franklin Simon, N. Y.; Kerr Dry Goods, Oklahoma City; Robinson's, L. A.

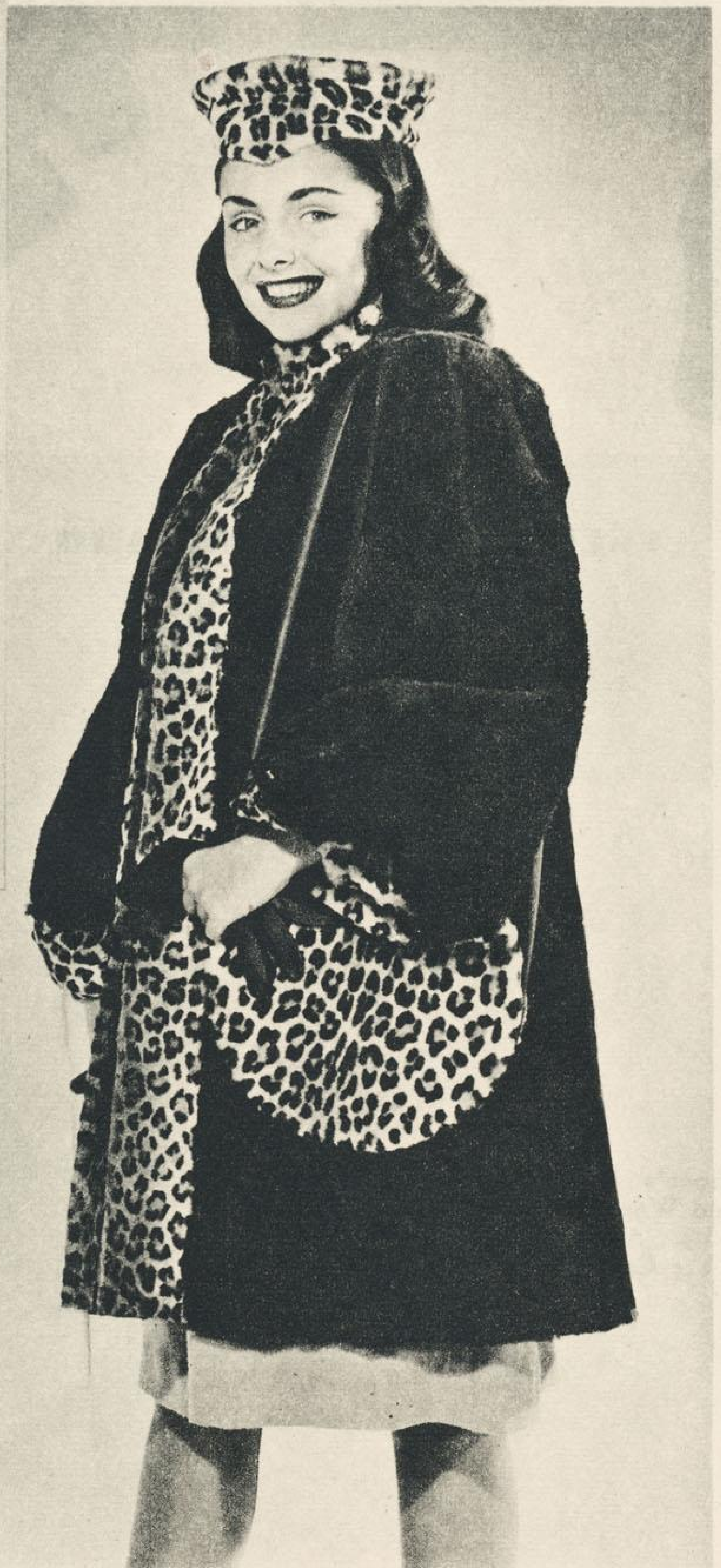


Striking ocelot stenciled coney with pushup sleeves in the Cardigan-Tuxedo style. Sizes 10-16. About $175 plus federal tax. I. J. Fox Stores, N. Y.; Boston; Cleveland.

HERMAN WEDEMEYER

HALFBACK

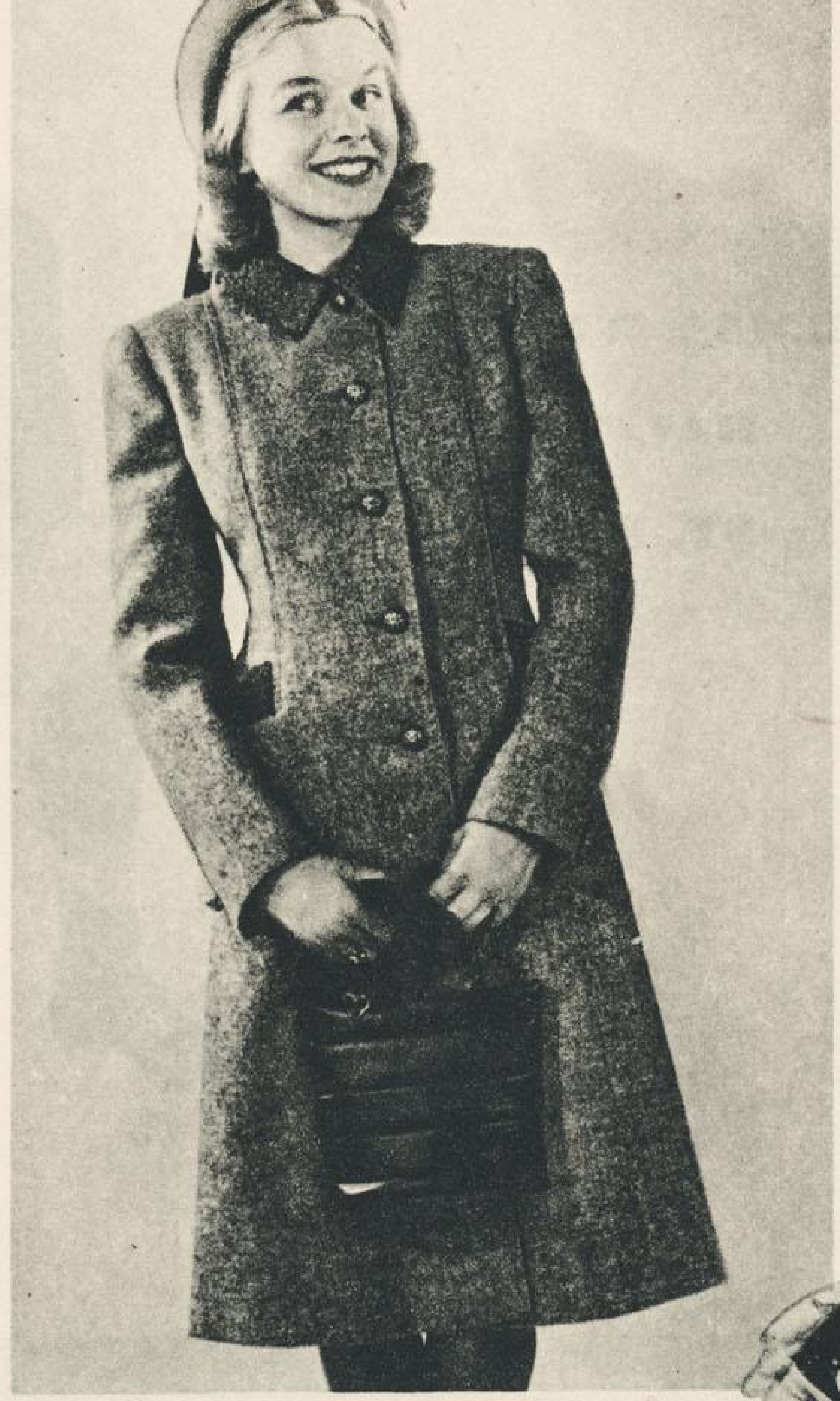
ST. MARY'S



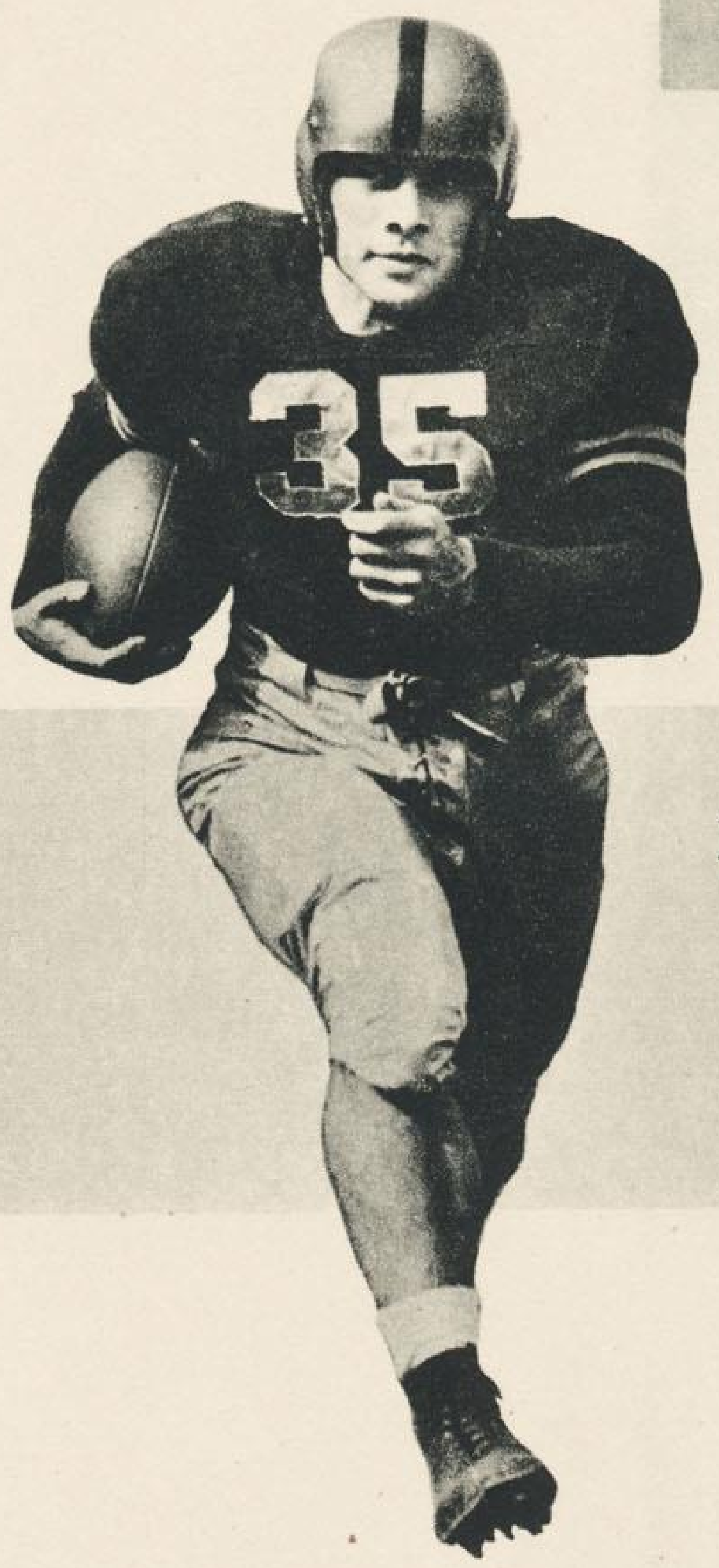
Beaver-dyed coney coat by Fluid Fit Furs. Sizes 9-17. With leopard stenciled coney cap and bag, about $150 plus federal tax. R. H. Macy, N. Y.; May Co., Denver.

WARM UP TIME

Winter's a great season—and football's a great game. So snuggle into your coat, chosen to keep you toasty warm, "come wind, come weather" in the stadium



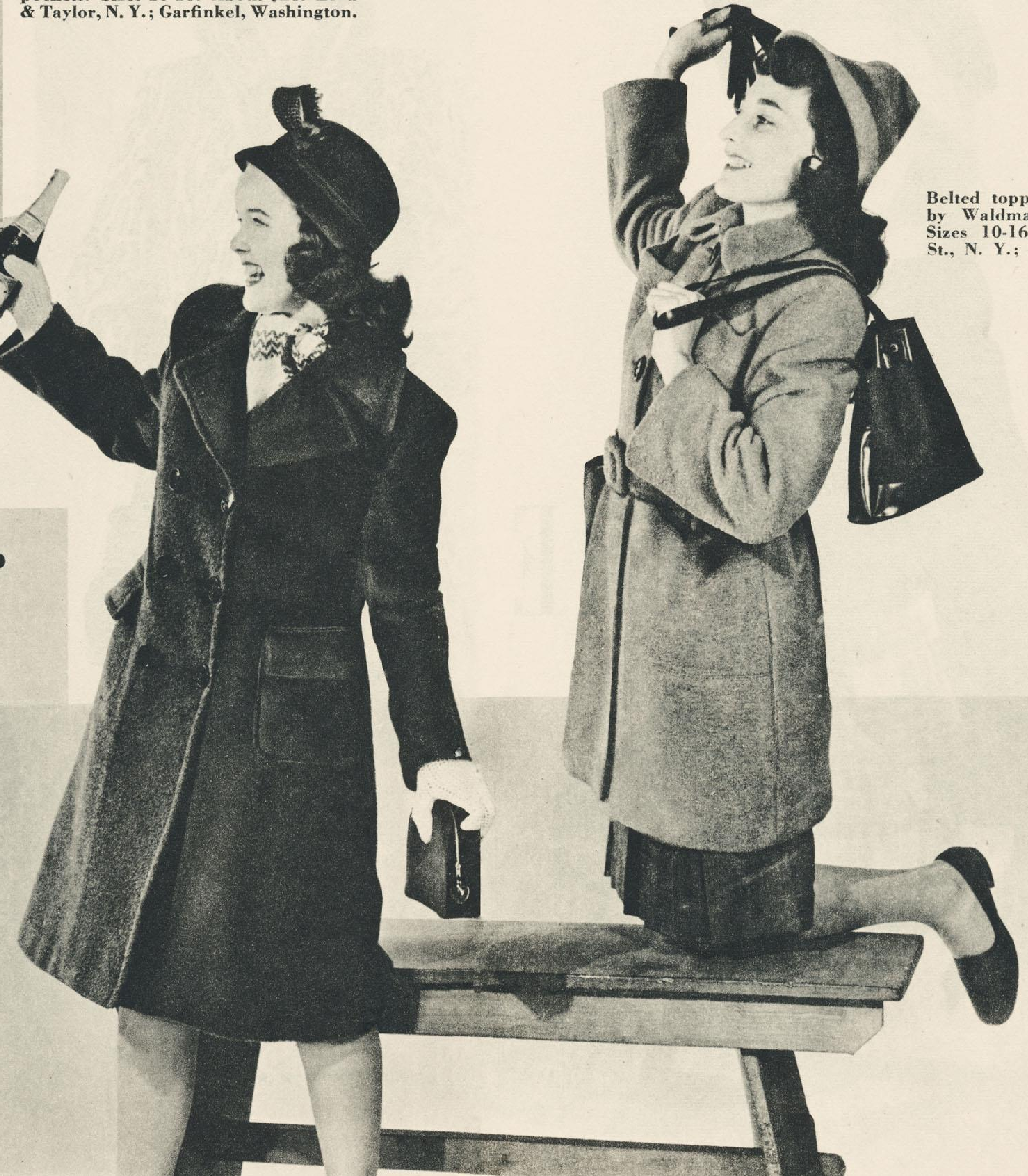
A gray wool Nelda reefer with city manners. Persian-like chenille collar and pockets. Sizes 10-16. About $26. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; Garfinkel, Washington.



FELIX "DOC" BLANCHARD

FULLBACK

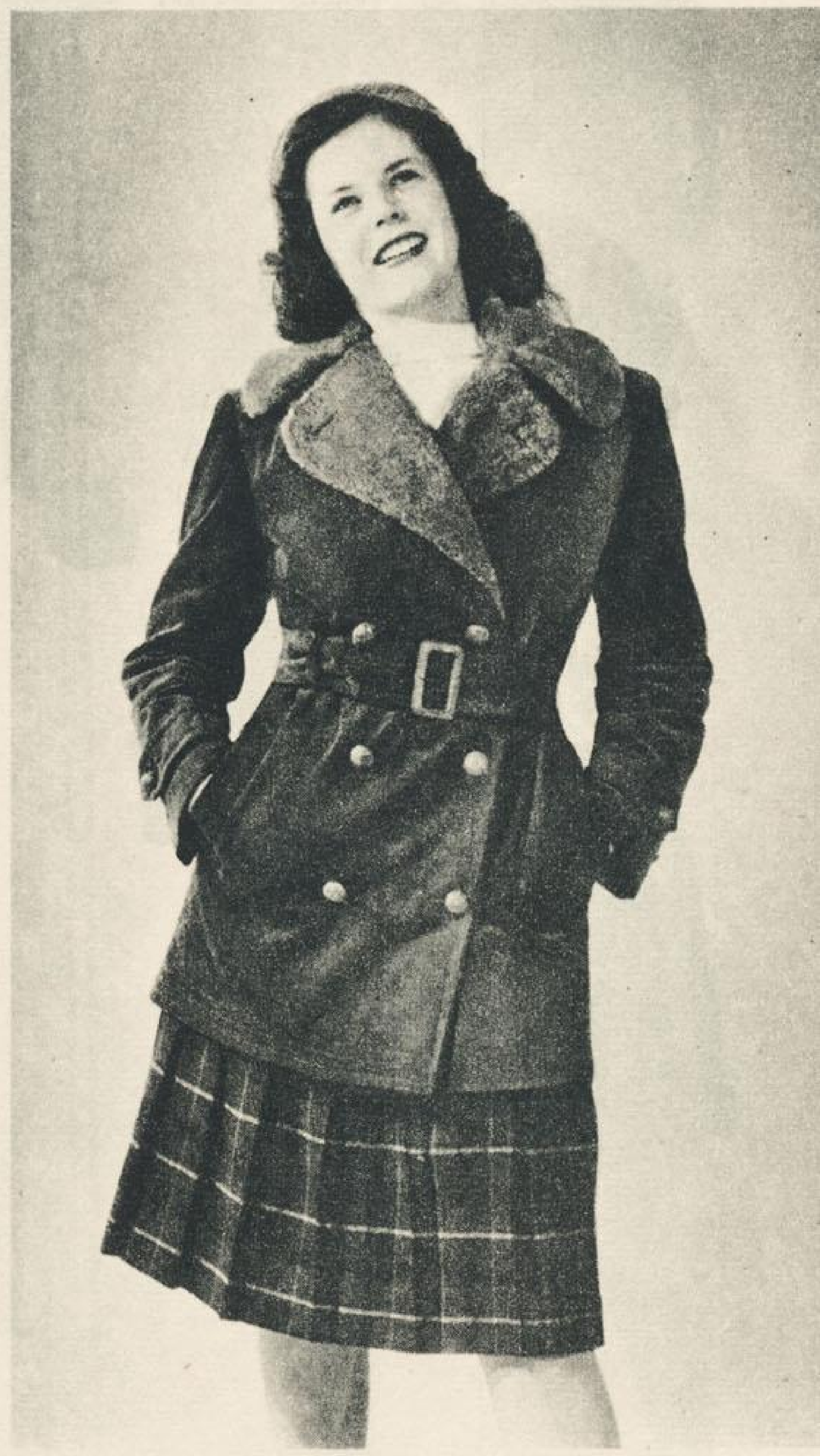
ARMY

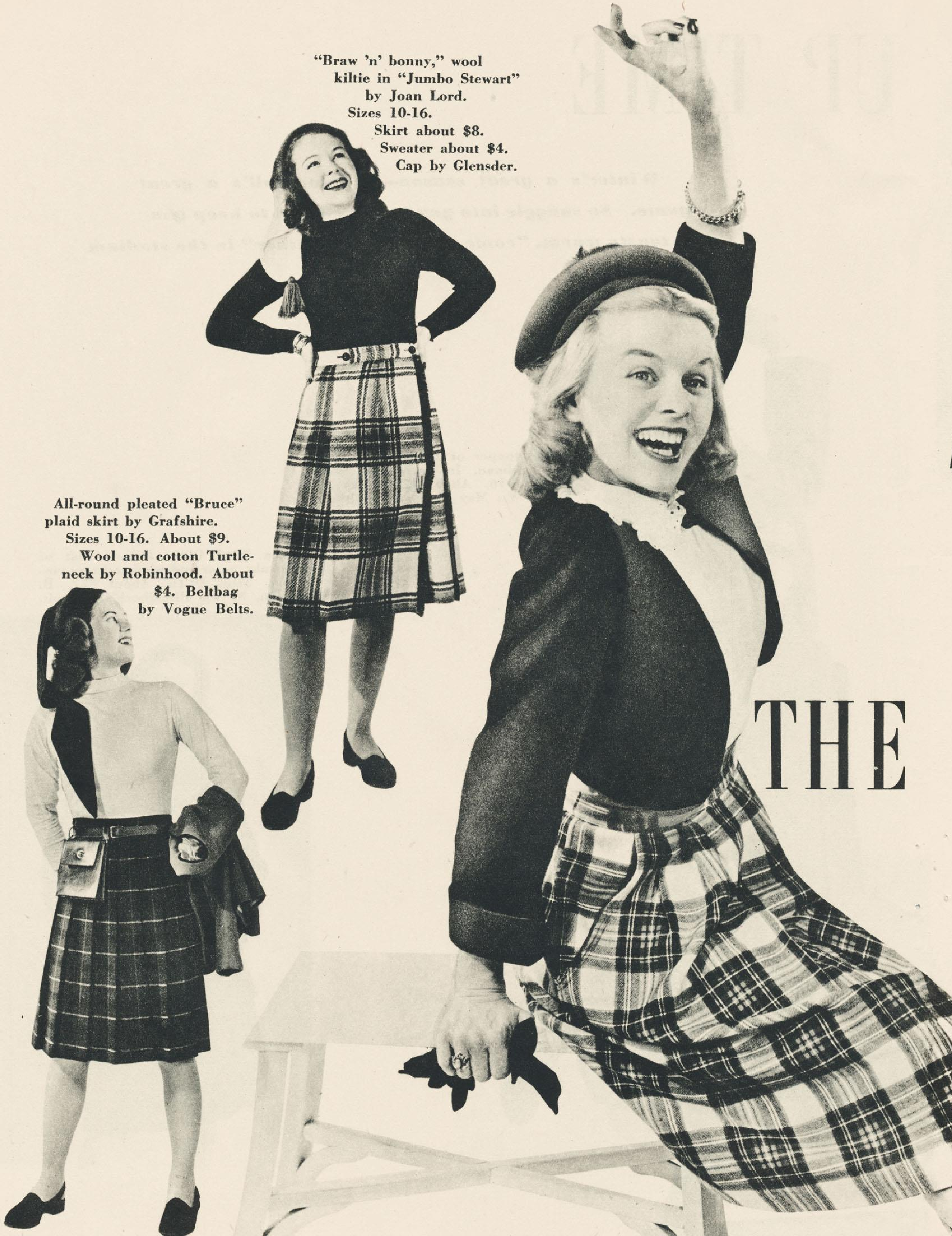


Officer's coat by Debuteen in deep-piled Warren fleece. Fall shades. Sizes 10-16. About $25. James McCreery, N. Y.; Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago.

Belted topper of Kitten's Ear Fleece by Waldman. In grandstand colors. Sizes 10-16. About $25. Saks 34th St., N. Y.; May Company, Baltimore.

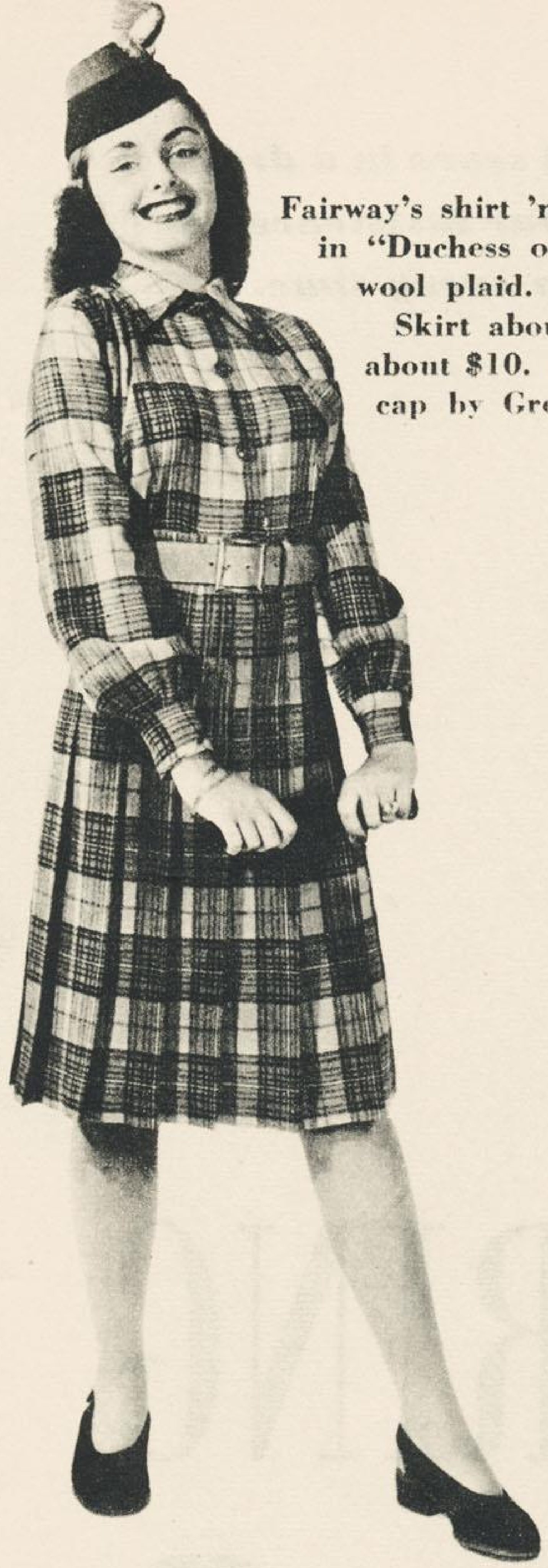
Alpaca lined Oldin Dennis coat of fine wale, water and wind resistant corduroy. Sizes 10-16. About $27. B. Altman, N. Y.; Himelhoch's, Detroit.





"Braw 'n' bonny," wool kiltie in "Jumbo Stewart" by Joan Lord. Sizes 10-16. Skirt about $8. Sweater about $4. Cap by Glensder.

All-round pleated "Bruce" plaid skirt by Grafshire. Sizes 10-16. About $9. Wool and cotton Turtleneck by Robinhood. About $4. Beltbag by Vogue Belts.



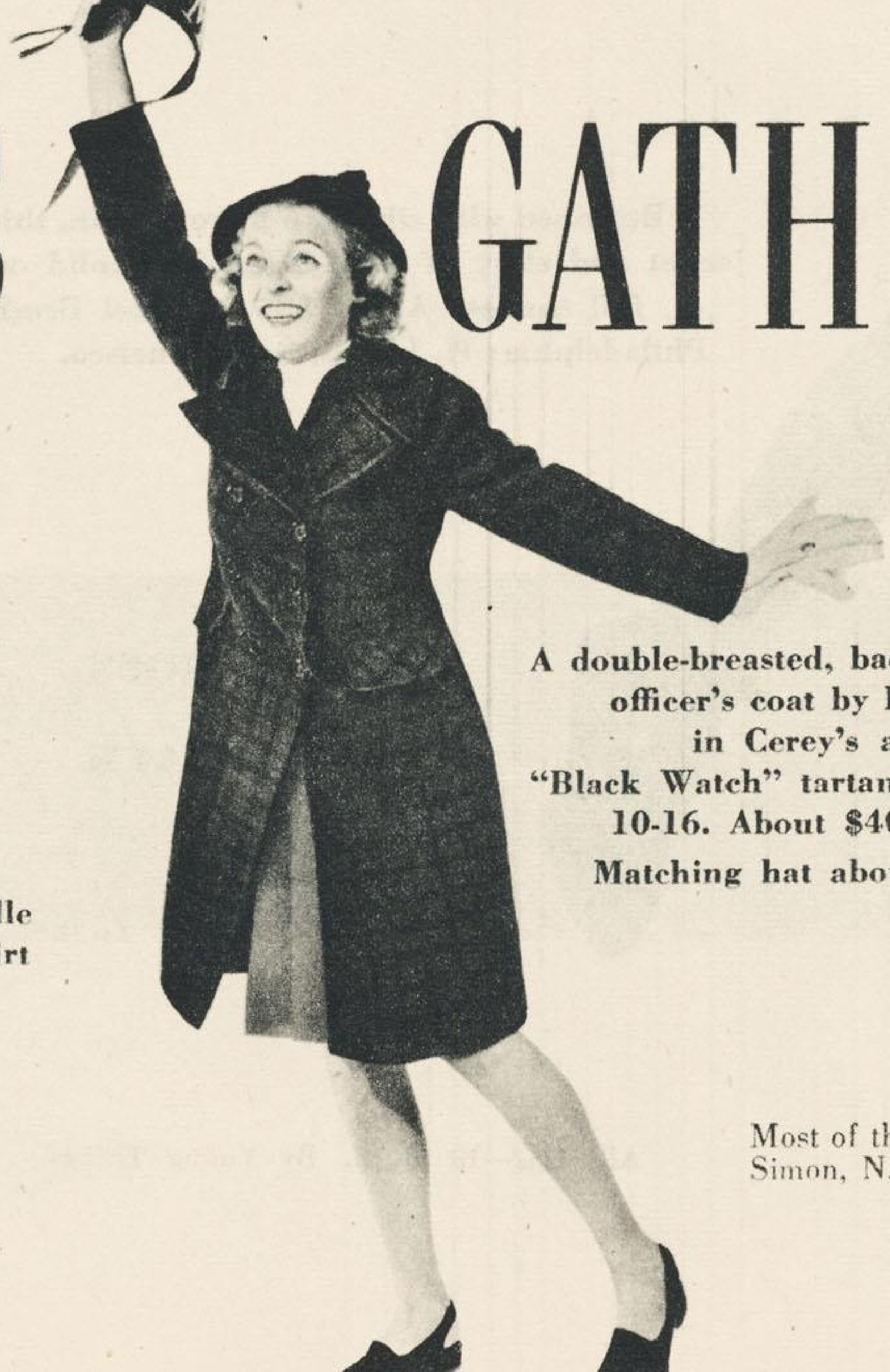
Fairway's shirt 'n' skirt duo in "Duchess of Kent" wool plaid. Sizes 10-16. Skirt about $9. Shirt about $10. Glengarry cap by Greenberg-Fisch.

RALPH STEWART
CENTER
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

Let the world know your heart's in the highlands. . . . This year it's fashion-wise to don authentic clan plaids

THE CLANS GATHER

Look lovely, lassie, in a "Dress Stewart" shirred skirt, a black wool bolero by Mademoiselle Modes. Sizes 10-16. Skirt $8. Bolero $10. Tam by Greenberg-Fisch.

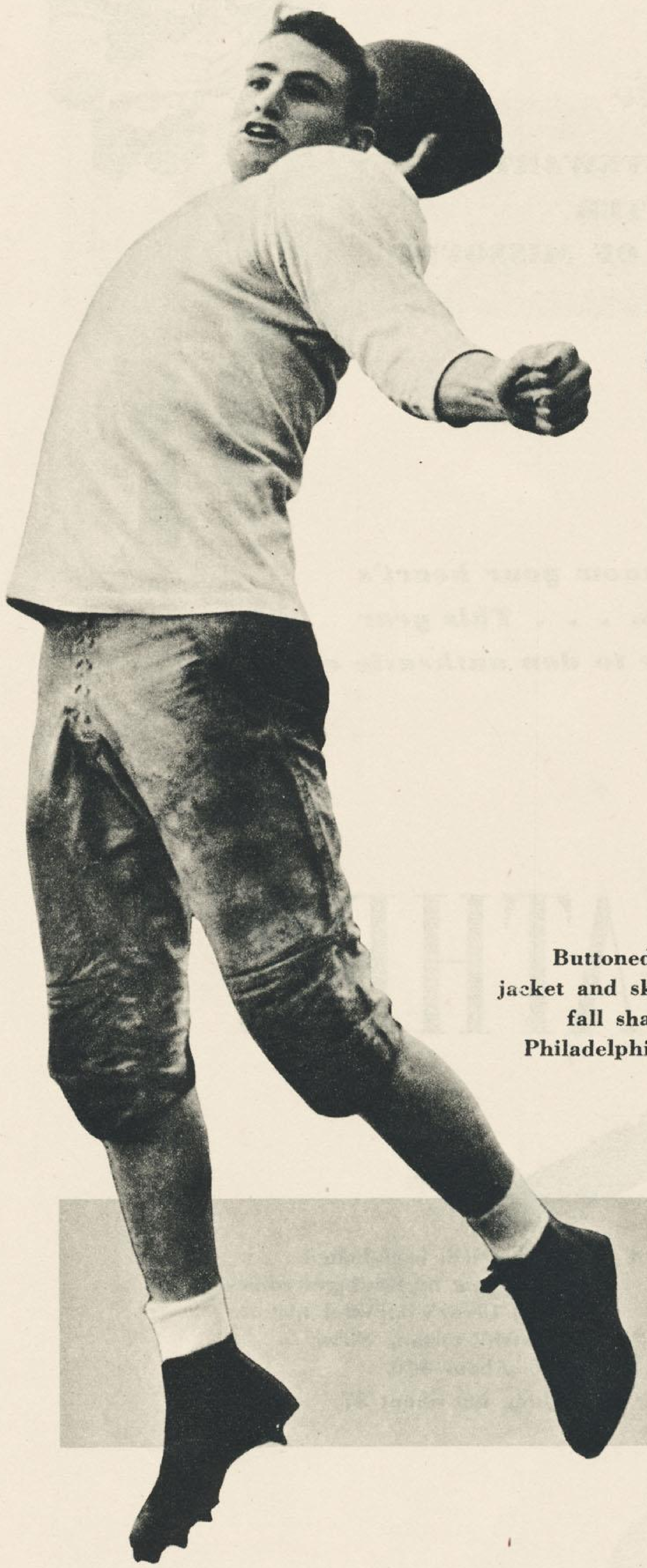


A double-breasted, back-belted officer's coat by Rudinger comes in Cerey's all-wool historic "Black Watch" tartan. Sizes 10-16. About $40. Matching hat about $7.

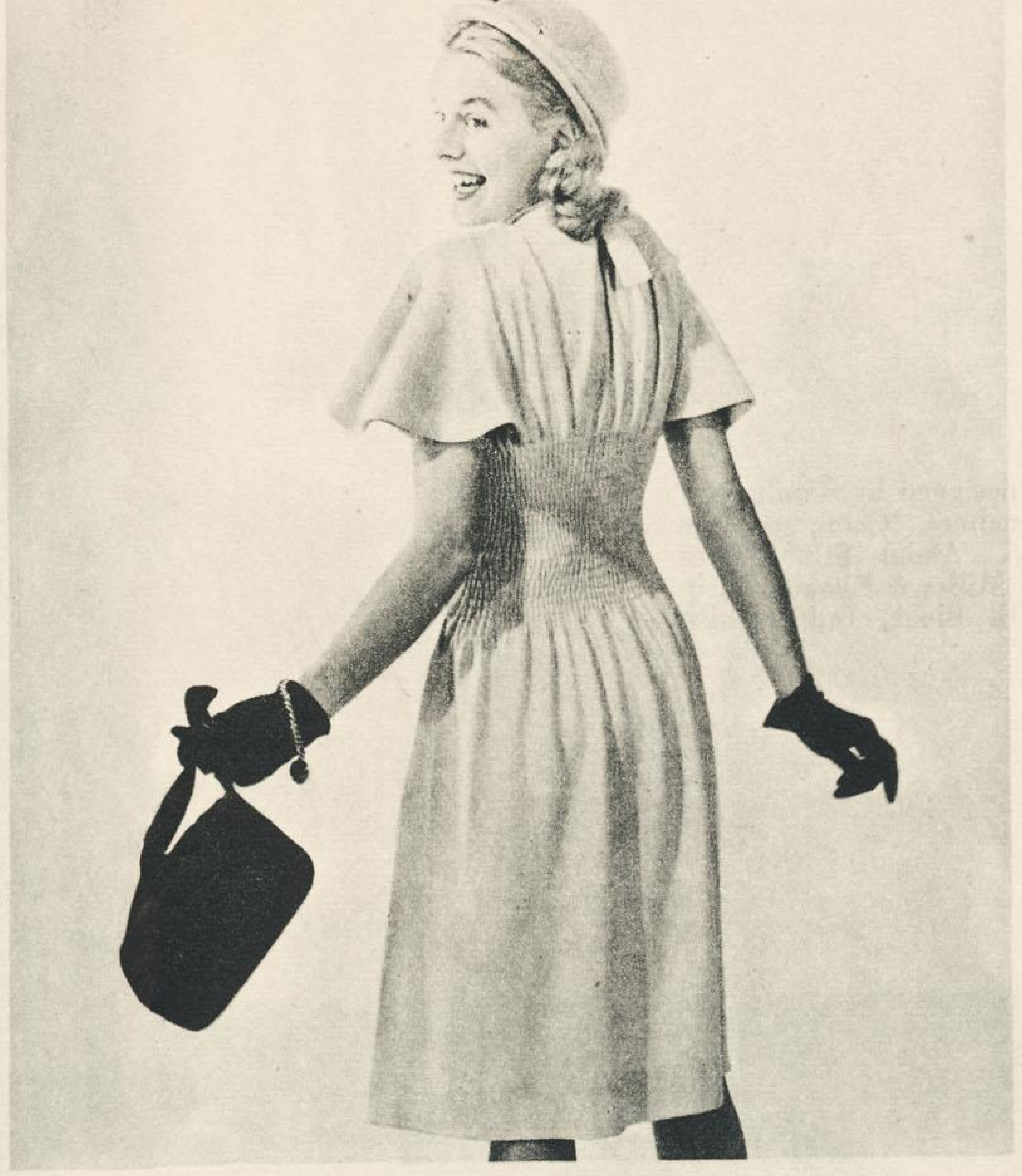
Most of these fashions available at Franklin Simon, N. Y.; Stix, Baer Fuller, St. Louis.

Run up a record-breaking personal score in a dress which shows your flair for style, your insistence on quality—A winning combination every time.

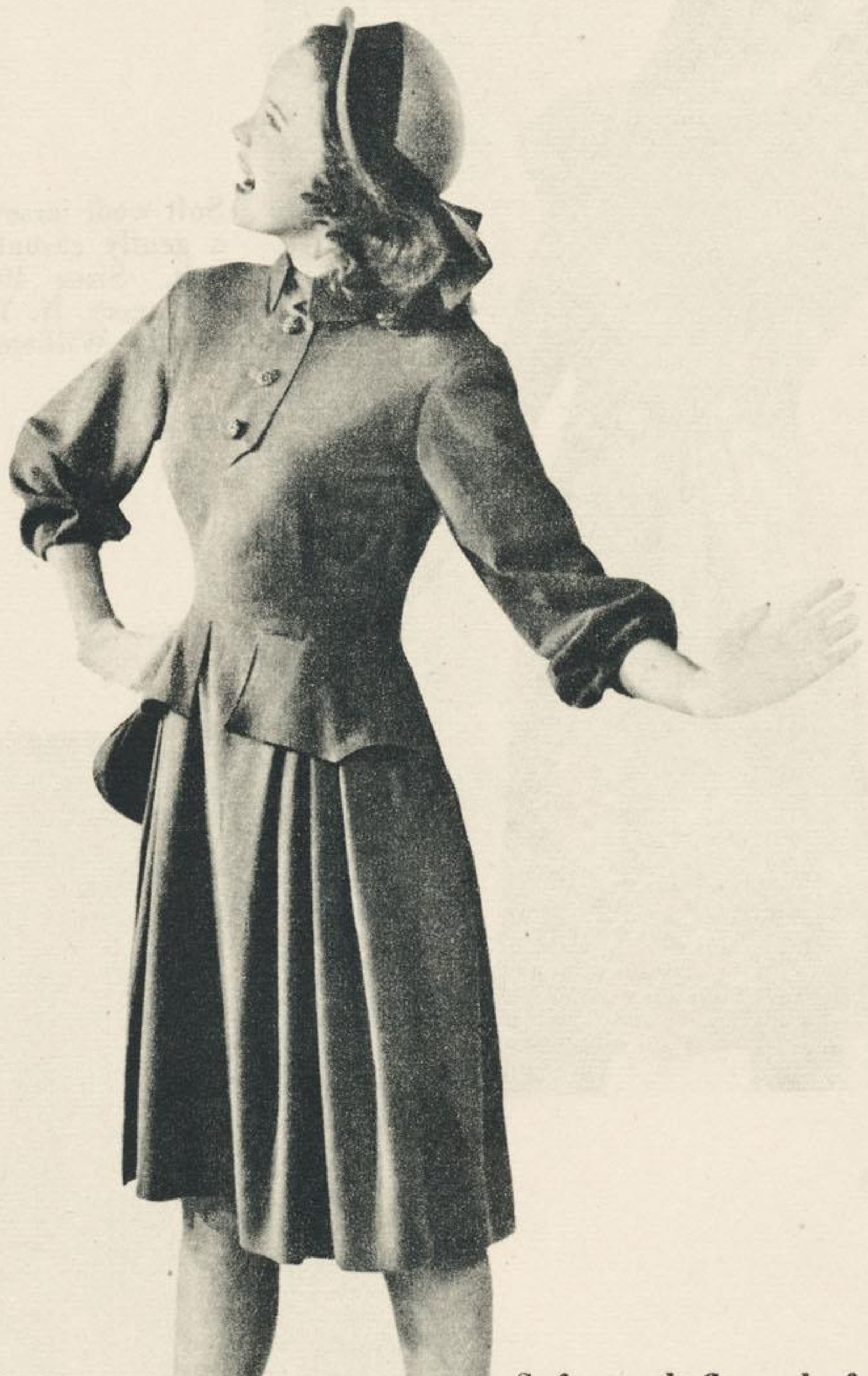
SOARING HIGH



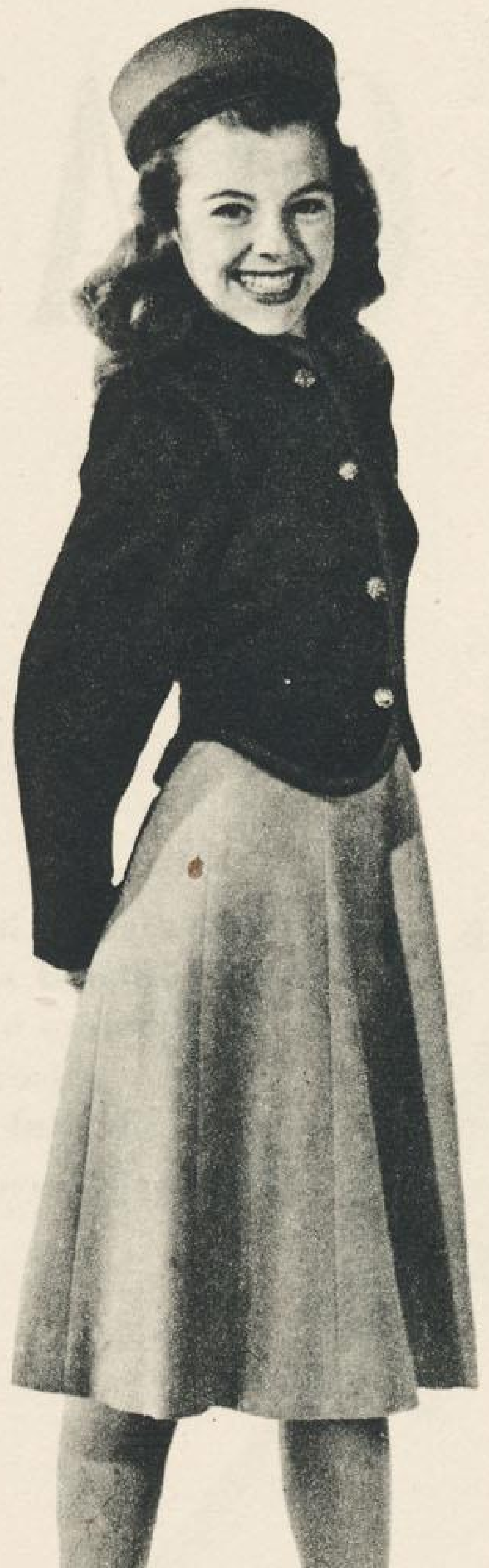
BOB DE MOSS
QUARTERBACK
PURDUE



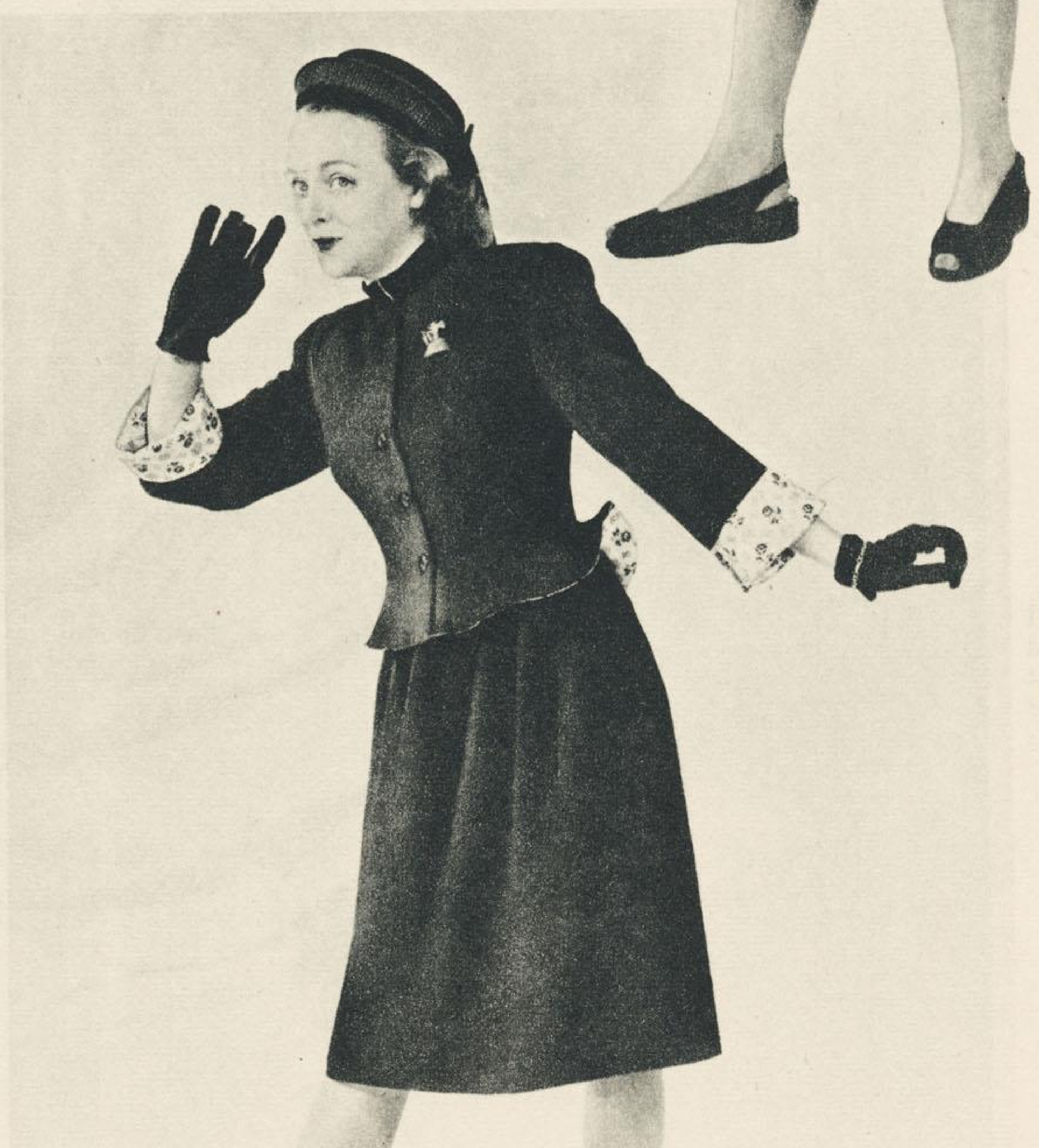
Wool jersey, a beloved old friend, done up with a spool-style, elasticized midriff and fluttering cape shoulders. About $25. A. Harris, Dallas; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



Soft wool flannel, fashioned into a peplum effect dress with pushup sleeves. Rich winter colors. About $30. B. Altman, N. Y.; Lipman Wolff, Portland, Ore.

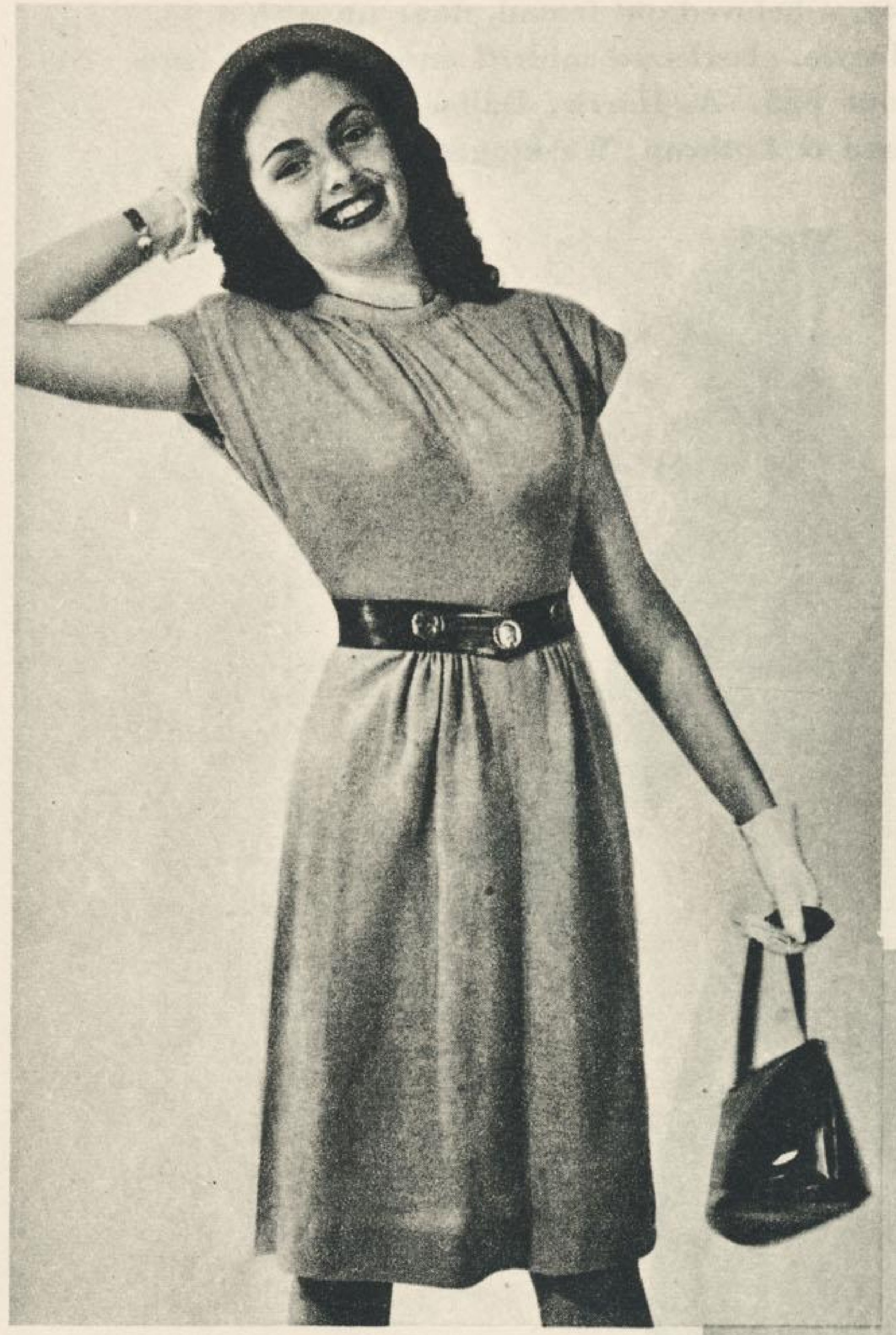


Buttoned with silver up to your chin, this fitted jacket and skirt of wool flannel in solid or combined fall shades. About $35. Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia; H. Liebes, San Francisco.



Reversible! The jacket of this wool jersey suit-dress turns inside out to lead a double life, in cotton print. About $35. Bamberger's, Newark. The May Company, Los Angeles.

All sizes—10 to 16. By Young Things.



Soft wool jersey, designed by Rainbow in a gently casual manner. Coins stud the belt. Sizes 10-16. About $13. James McCreery, N. Y.; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; William H. Block, Indianapolis.

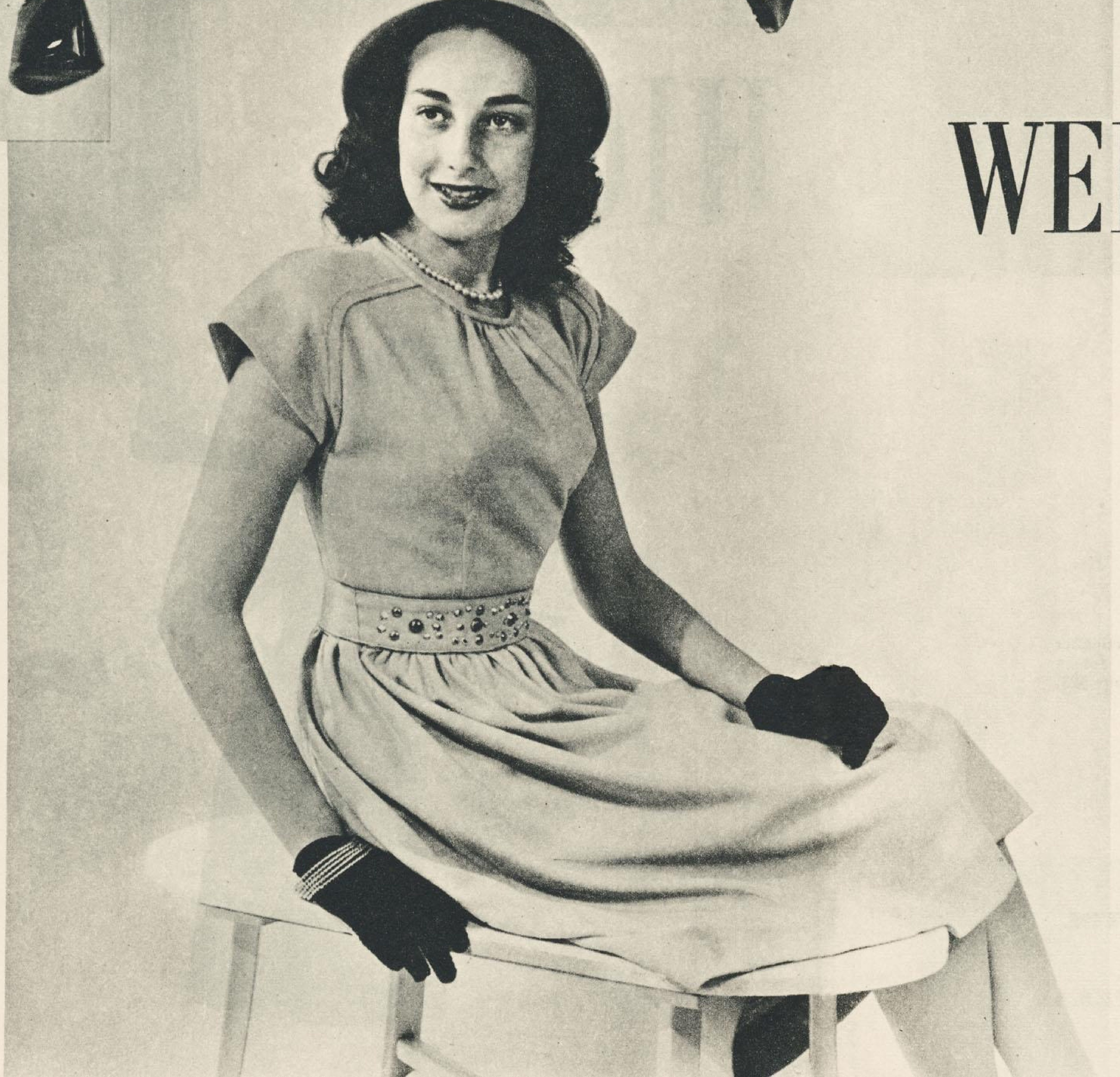
STAN KOSLOWSKI

HALFBACK

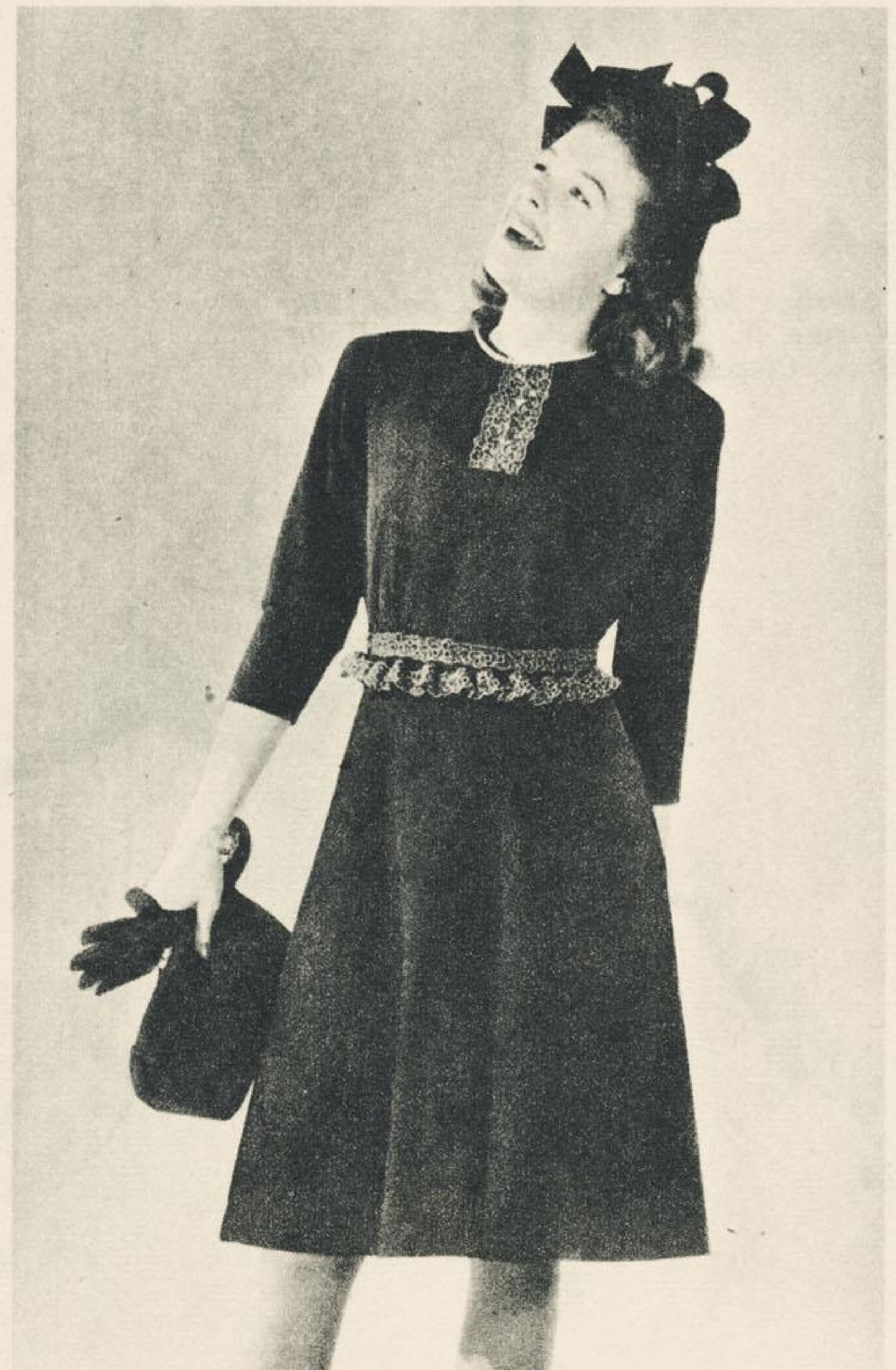
HOLY CROSS

The little date dress—not too glittery, not too plain-Jane, sets the mood for good times. Have it dark and handsome or prettily pastel—but have it!

WEEKEND WINNERS

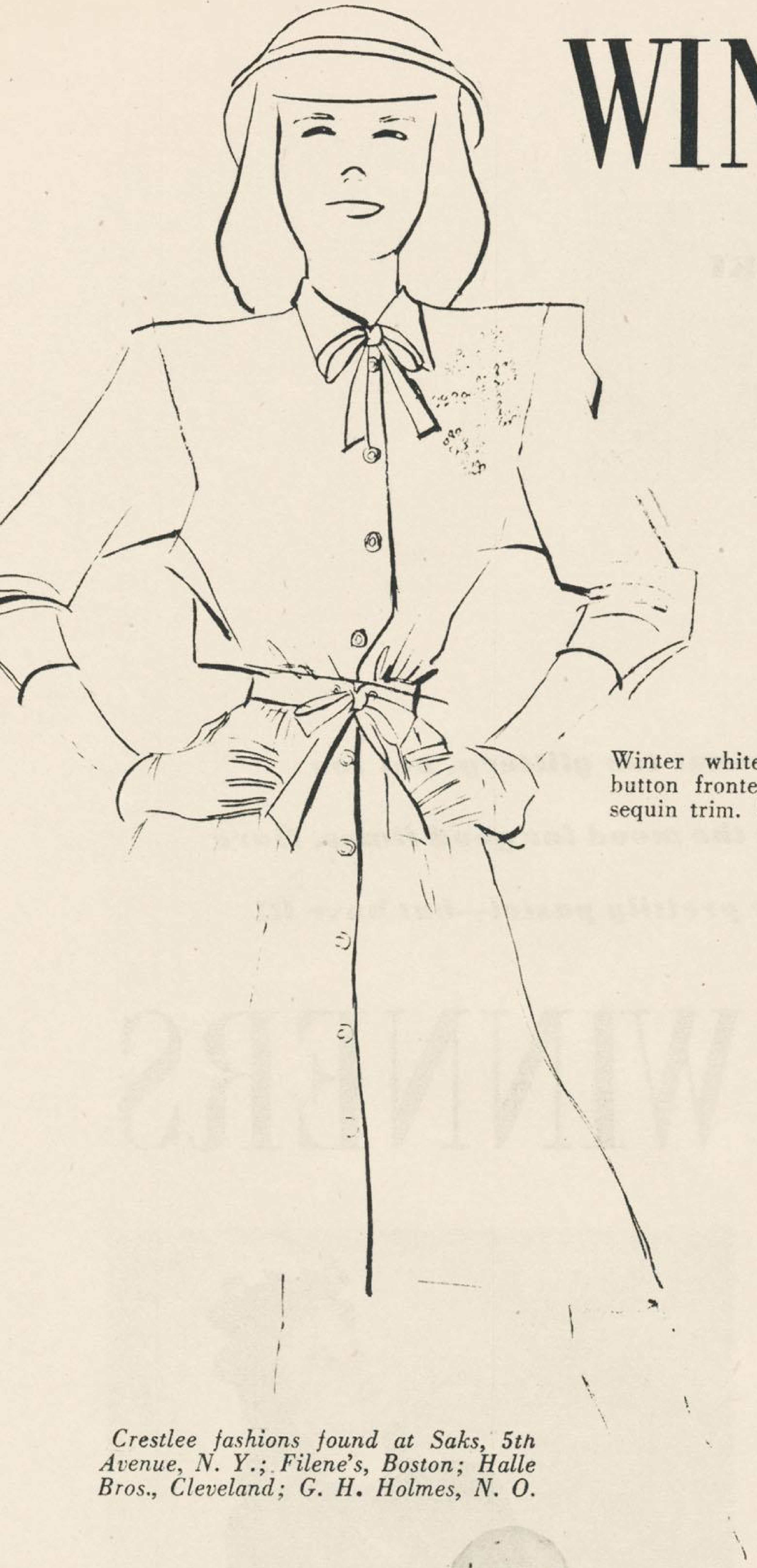


A Seventeen Jr. Teen natural wool jersey dress is gracefully gathered and belted with jewels. Sizes 7-13. About $18. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.; Davis and Paxton, Atlanta; Bullock's, L. A.



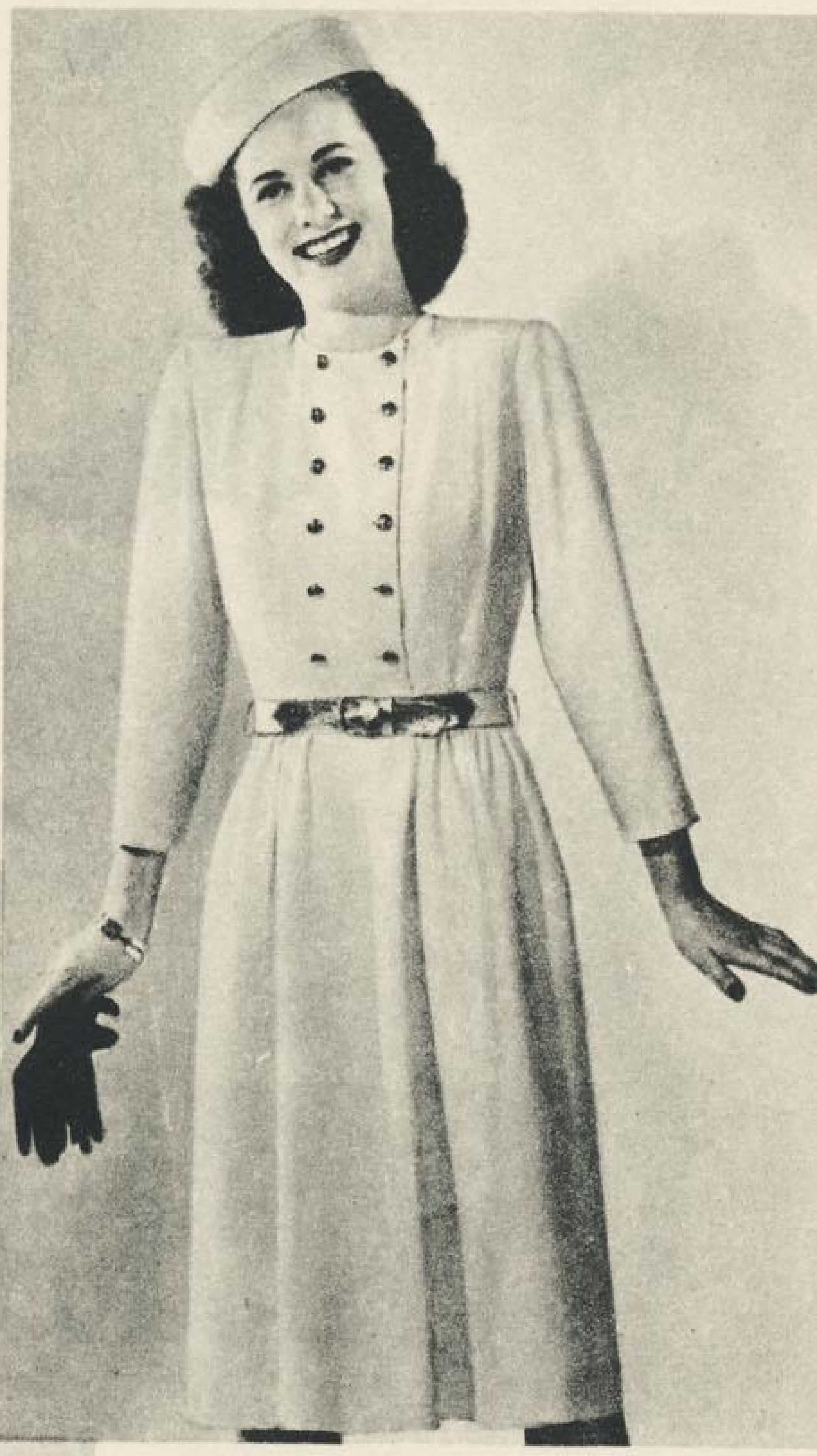
A black wool Tiljane Jr. dress brightened with eyelet at waist and throat. Sizes 7-15. About $16. Hat by Fortune. Saks, 5th Avenue, N. Y.; Garfinkel, Washington, D. C.; H. S. Polk, Cincinnati.

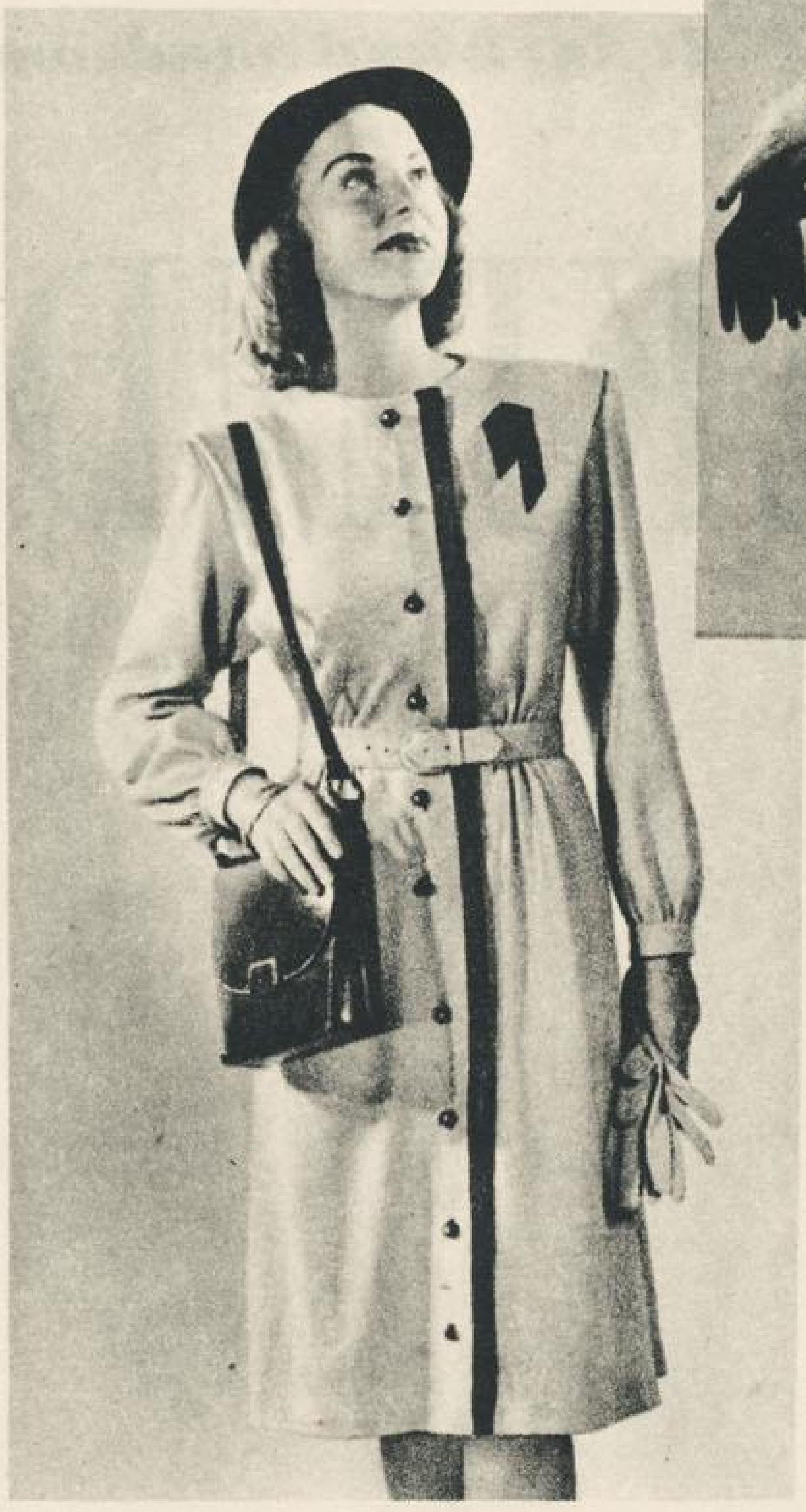
WINTER WHITE



Winter white in all wool jersey, button fronted, takes to bows and sequin trim. Sizes 9-15. About $23.

White jersey goes to a party — with gold kid on the belt and gold buttons like a bellhop's. Sizes 9-15. About $23.





White jersey again with shirtmaker sleeves and grosgrain binding for a touch of contrast. Sizes 9-15. About $23.

Crestlee fashions found at Saks, 5th Avenue, N. Y.; Filene's, Boston; Halle Bros., Cleveland; G. H. Holmes, N. O.

HUBERT BECHTOL
END
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

Your own "exchange-mart"—where you can offer original ideas, suggestions, opinions . . . and receive $1 for every one published . . .

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

OUR first letter this month comes from Platinum, Alaska—from the only MISS AMERICA in that town. Diana Murphy writes: "I'm the only American girl here—and very lonesome. You girls who read my letter—please, write to me. I really look forward to letters, and I assure you, I'll answer all of them!" Diana also adds that her ambition is to be an opera singer or actress.

This poem by Shirley Cushing, of Akron, Ohio, is indeed worthy of being printed here, in your own column. See if you don't agree. . .

BLIND

A gossamer cloud slipped past the moon,
And the stars paled in the night,
All too soon
For me to grasp the beauty of their light.

I watched the sun as it did rise,
And felt a loss for words,
Yet—my eyes
Felt the burning beauty, as a melody in chords.

I watched, bewitched with loveliness. Beyond me
I saw night—then the day,
And still I see—
Though my sight has gone away.

We've received a couple of letters commenting on Barbara Zimmerman's recent suggestion to put colorless nail polish around the tops of your boots. Shirley Sonjanen, Ely, Minn., claims that the boot at the top became so hard, that she got white rings on her legs; and Suzanne Caum, Altoona, Pa., says that there were little pin pricks and tiny runs in her stockings when she removed her boot. Which leads us to think, that perhaps you'd better be especially careful when you apply polish—or better yet, stick to adhesive tape for boot tops, since we've had no complaints on that score, at all.

For "dressing up" a plain woolen school dress, here's a dandy idea from Marea Kussmaul, Brockton, Mass.: "Get a package of paper clips with heads on, and stick them through the material, opening them flat on the inside of the dress. The bigger the head, the better the effect," says she.

And Aurora Gandia, Brooklyn, N. Y., comes through with this helpful suggestion for looking your best: "Put a little cleansing cream around the edge of your lipline, before you apply your lipstick. After the lipstick is on, wipe off the cream, and presto! all excess lipstick comes off with it!"

Madora Morash, Whittier, Calif., would like to suggest "a trick for anyone having the job of arranging flowers at home.

(*Continued on page* 84)

Mary Engstler, Caledonia, Minn.

Rosemary Crifasi, Baton Rouge, La.

Madora Morash, Whittier, Calif.

Marea Kussmaul, Brockton, Mass.

GROOVY GIRLS ARE FASHION WISE . . .
HENCE THESE POINTERS FOR YOUR EYES.

By Elizabeth Leigh

The competition's keen these days,
And so it really, truly pays
To learn your fashion P's and Q's.
(That brain of yours is there to use!)

Far from you the lads are going—
If your slip's forever showing.

"You're slipping!" is how the boys describe it—and, baby, you sho' are! In fact, that peek'a below your dress, ot "careless underclothes," will soon have you slipping right out of the whole picture (including His Heart). And what's the excuse for it? Most slips have adjustable shoulder straps —so how about a little adjusting? Or have you seen those with the triple-hem bottoms? (Idea is, you keep on cutting off hems until the length is just right.) If all else fails, you can always do a little hem-sewing yourself in a couple of minutes. So heed now, and don't you be a slip-tripper!

Some other girl your sweetheart steals—
If you wear shoes with rundown heels!

Men are funny. As they tinker with the old bus or do a little football scrimmaging, they trot contentedly around in worn shoes and grease or mud-stained duds. But they never want to think of (much less see!) Dream Girl You that way! No sir, a girl has to be a clothes-perfect pretty pigeon ALL the time if she wants to MAKE time. Neat, trim and up to the minute. So, starting at the bottom mind the shoes-ies. Wearing an old heel can make you look like same. A stitch—or a new heel, that is—in time saves plenty. Saves your shoes, your reputation.

"Gaposis Girls" are off their beams—
There's no allure in open seams!

Need I say more? Or have the ads already convinced you—there's nothing worse than an open seam staring shamefacedly at the world. Your hooks-and-eyes or buttons fell off? Well, sew 'em back on! Or if you've Just Lost Interest because the dress doesn't have a zipper, go through your wardrobe and see if there isn't some discarded item whose pre-war zipper can be removed and transplanted into the number you're wearing now. Gaposis proves either that you're careless or Getting Fat—and heaven knows, Groovy Guys hate both! So Gals—get on the beam.

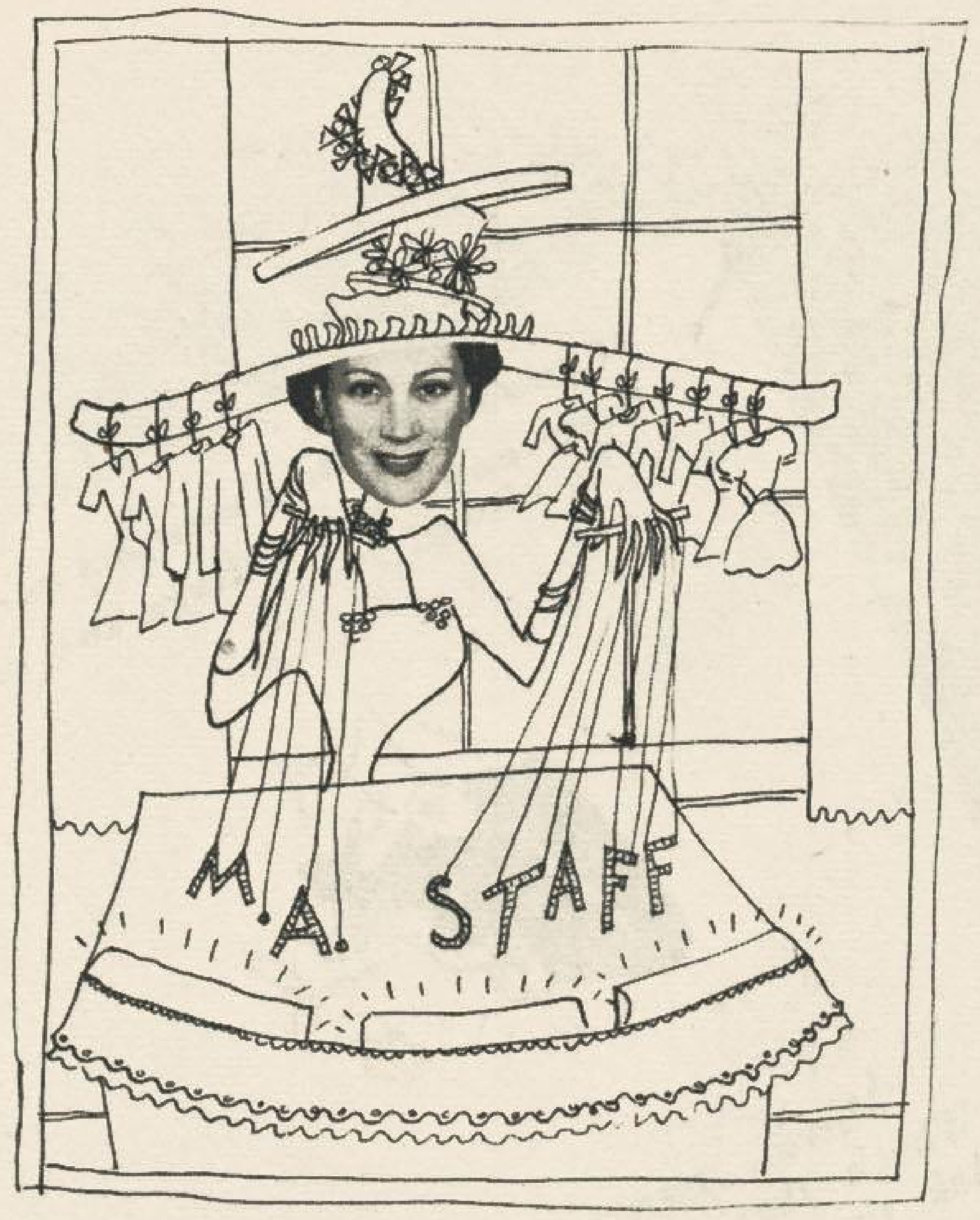
If you would be a campus queen—
Your cuffs and collars too must be clean!

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall— What's the saddest sight of all?" Ask that question, and buttons-to-bachelors, I'll bet your answer is "Collars and cuffs that are soiled or no longer fresh." They make the oomph of any dress (and yourself) go down like a deflated éclair! Solution of that little problem is simple—soap and water. And those collars and cuff-eroos are going to need a good dunking many times over before their dress is ready for the cleaners. The threads which hold them are easily ripped out, and just as easily resewn when the laundering process is over.

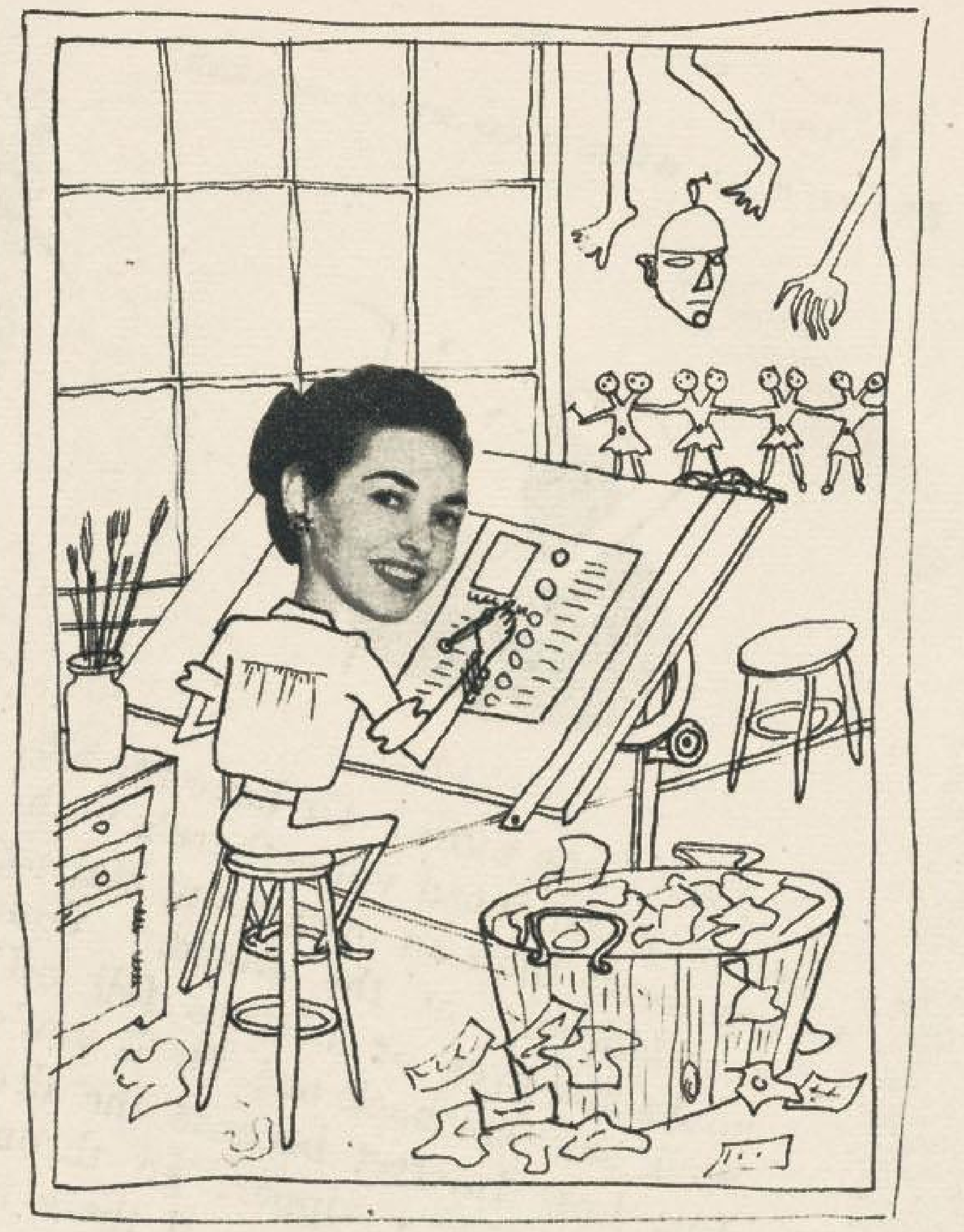
To join the class of Unloved Ones—
Wear hose with crooked seams or runs.

And now, lambs, we talk of legs. Even if you've a pair of Dietrichs, you can Ruin All with a pair of misguided seams or a neglected run. Then where are you? Much better, any day, to wear well-behaved, well-tended hose that make the most of your leggies Whatever They Are. No backbends in public, however, to accomplish those straight seams, please. Put them in line before you leave home, or else retreat to the Little Girls' Room to accomplish this feat. Runs? But the best of families also catch them up, with needle and thread, as soon as they are discovered!

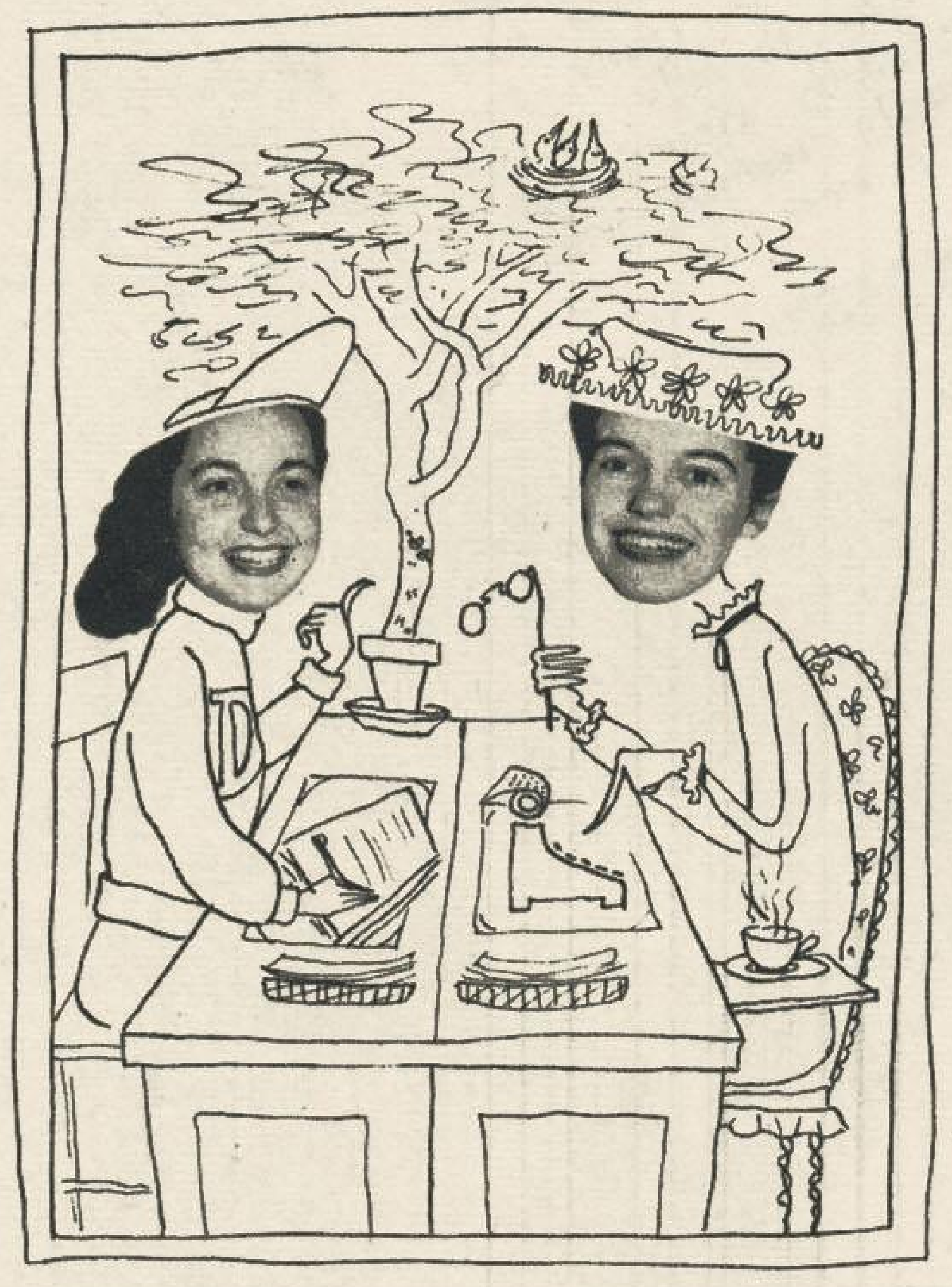
PERSONNEL APPEARANCE



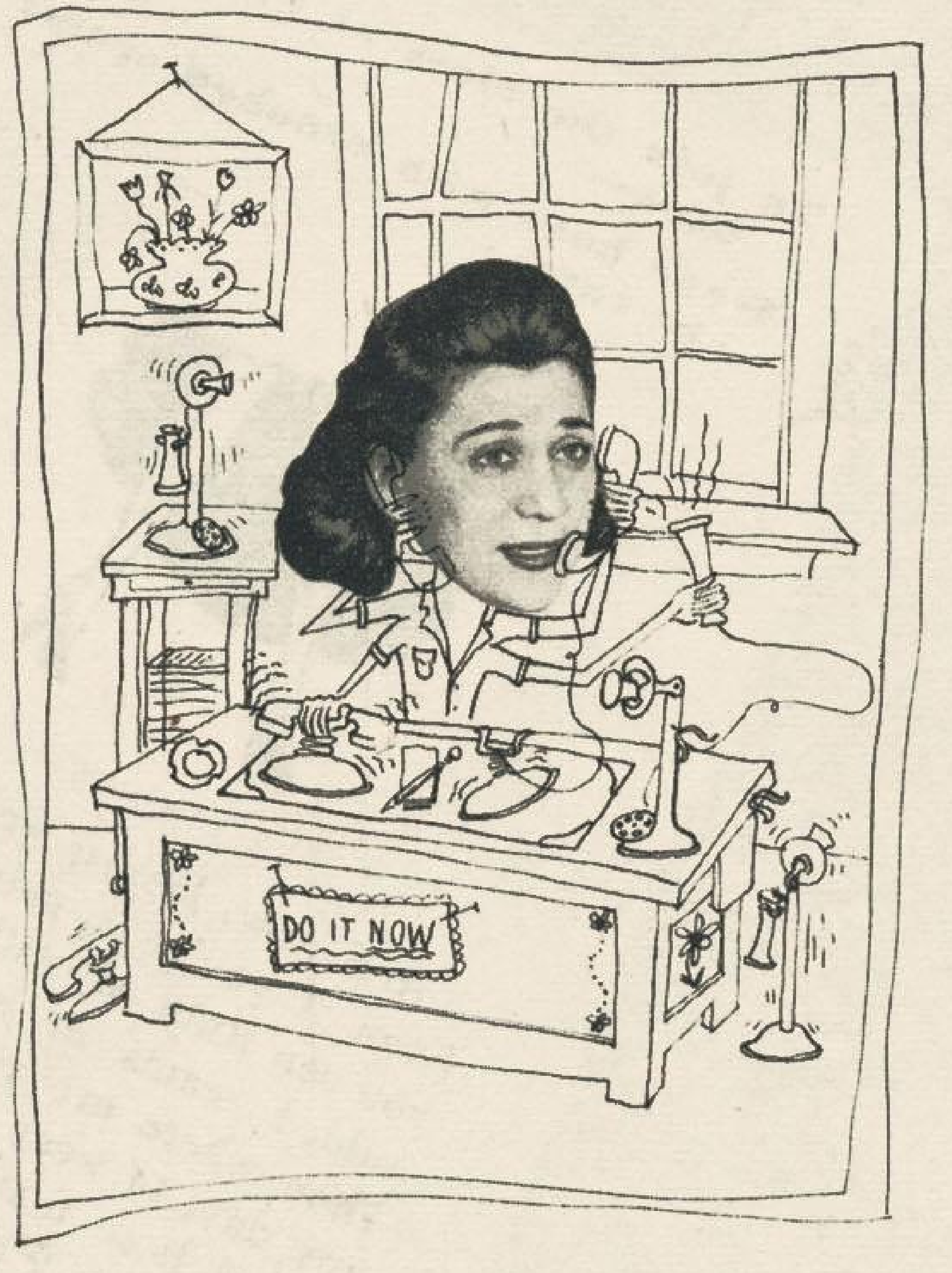
THEA TYLER: Editor-in-Chief—*"I want it yesterday!"* She came, she saw, she conquered. *"Iron hand, velvet glove"* technique. Dark, dynamic, plans bigger 'n' better issues of MA.



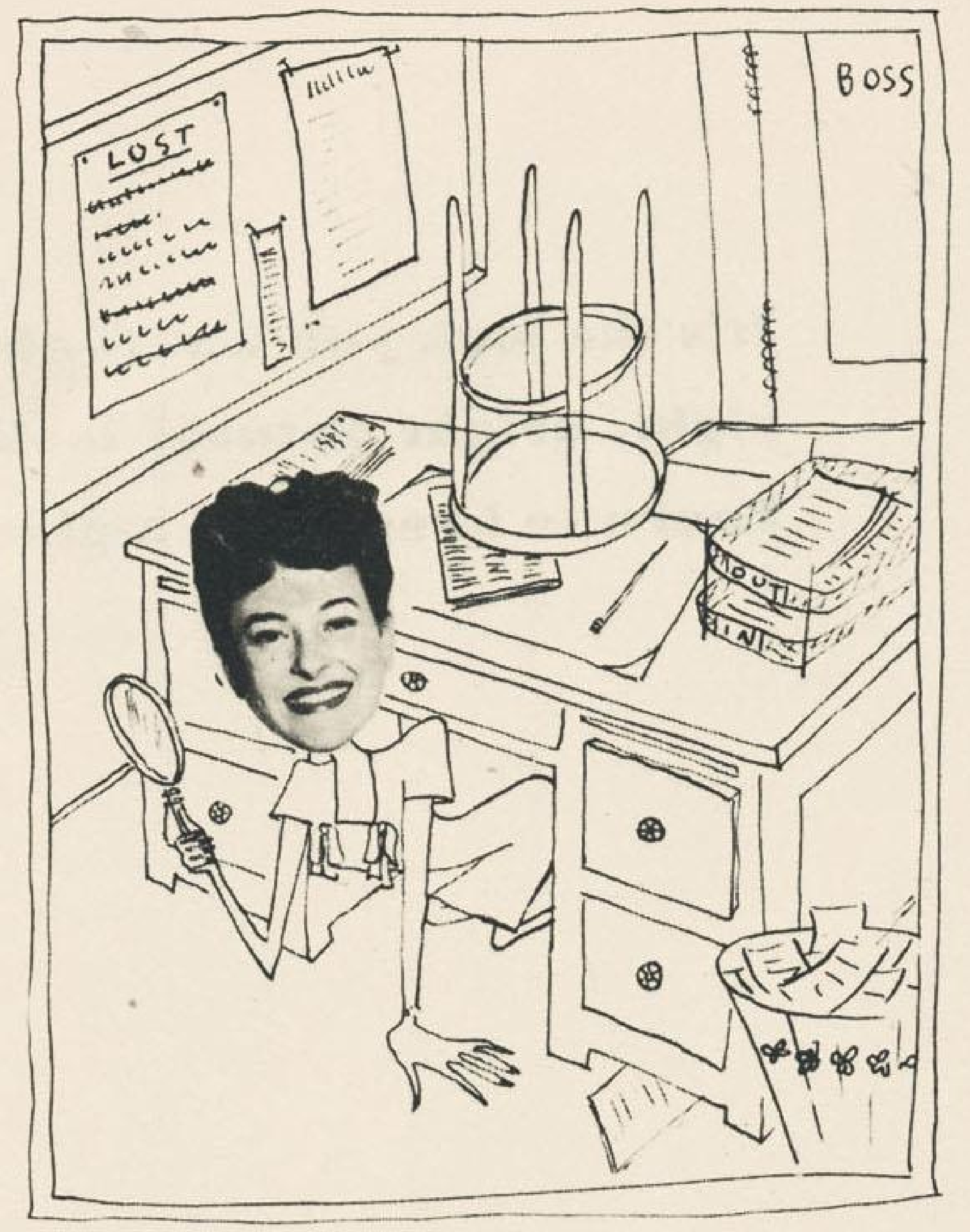
SEENA SAND: Art Director—*"Make it slick but keep it young."* . . . no time for temperament with every page of MA a responsibility . . . teen-conscious to the last line drawn.



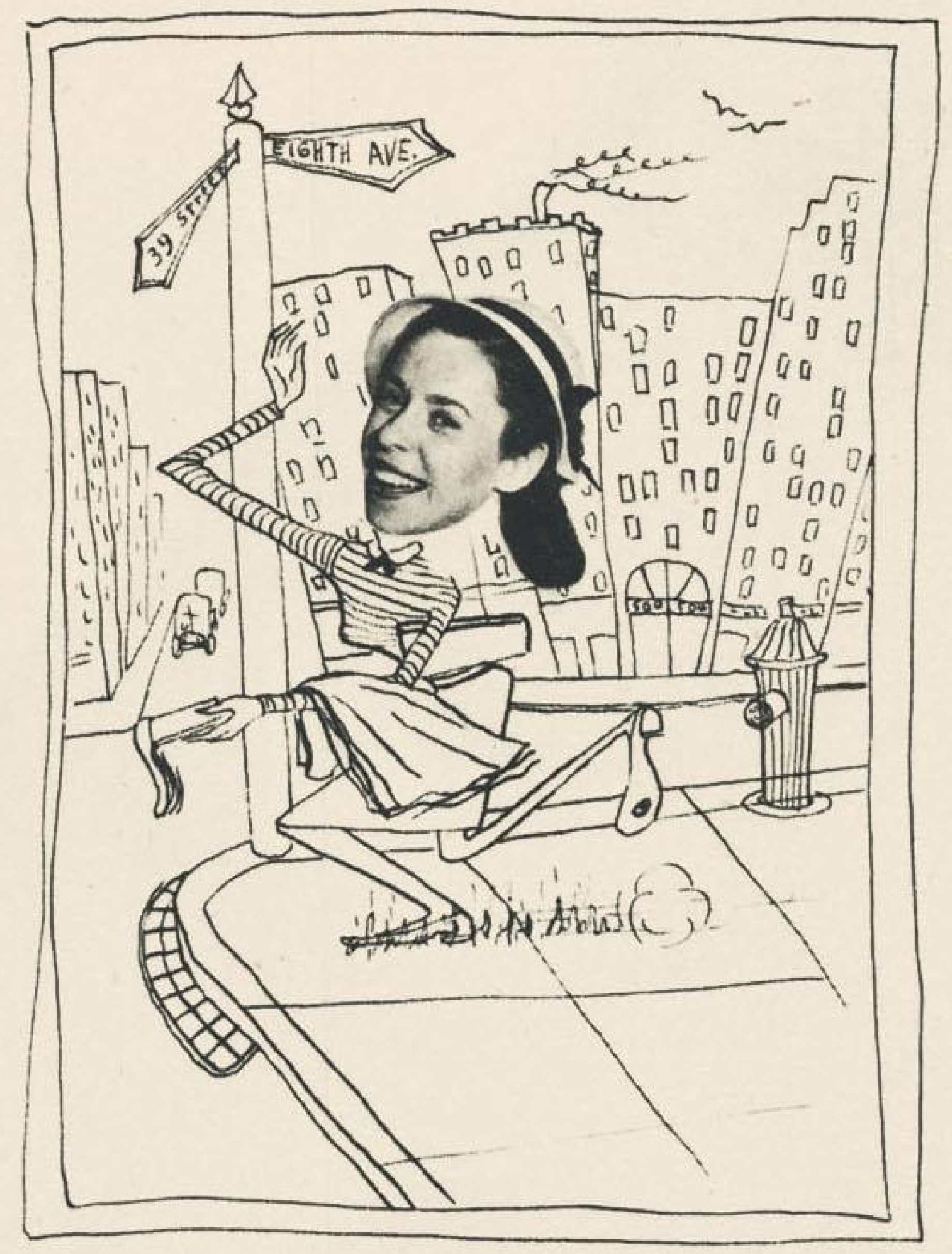
ANNETTE BLACKMAN AND JOAN LIST: Associate Editors—*"Gimme back that copy pencil!"* Puns from Brooklyn; A's from Boston. The gals produce captions, and features.



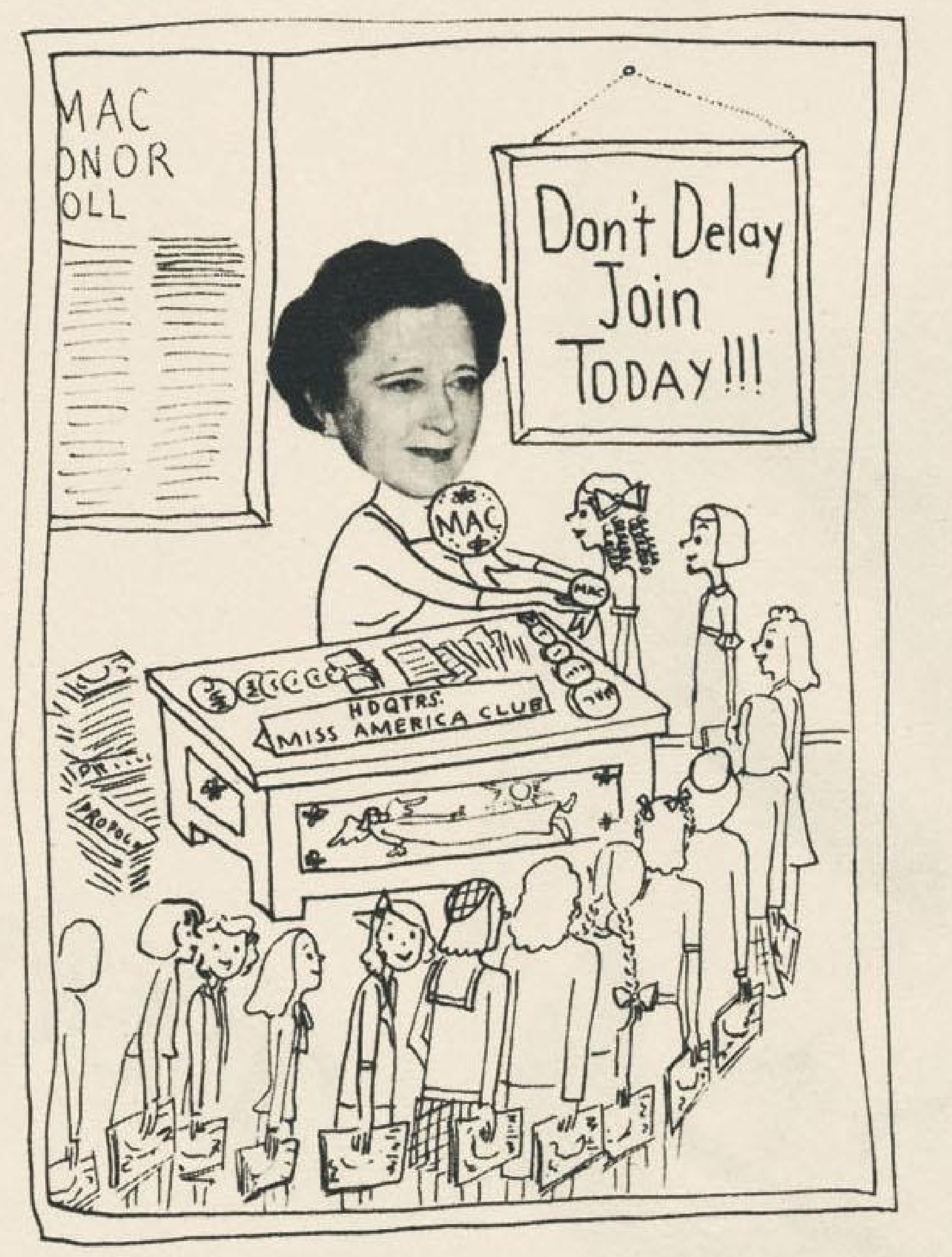
GLADYS KAY: Shopping Editor—*"What does it sell for?"* To market to market, she goes daily, following her jingling telephone lines to sources of novel items, budget-sized.



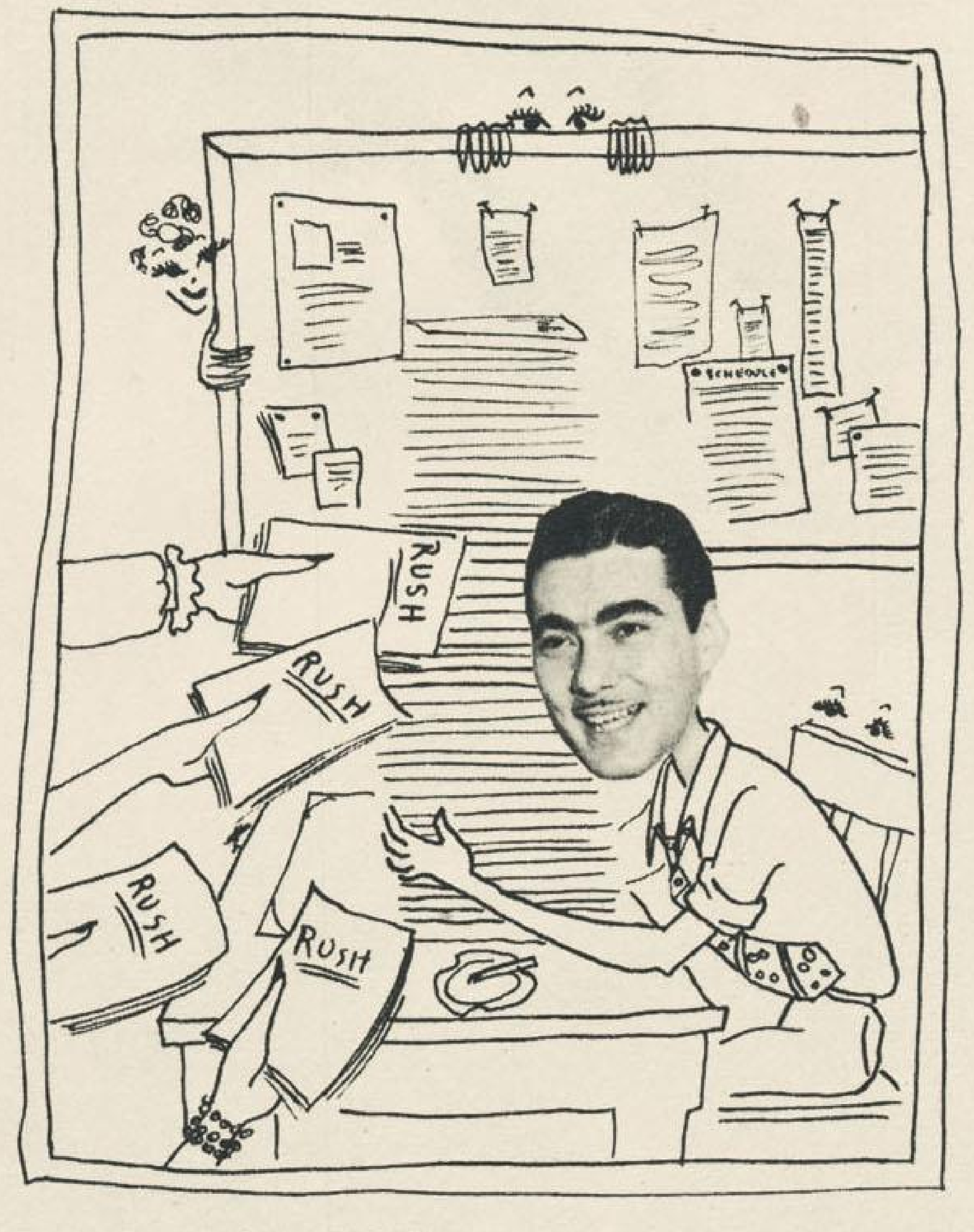
SYLVIA TEARSTON: Assistant to The Editor—*"Miss Tyler says—."* Miss Tyler's right hand woman and office Rosalind Russell. Sherlock of missing manuscripts, type errors.



JOYCE REBACK: Fashion Editor—*"Isn't this darling?"* Dashin' for fashion her passion . . . knows what's what, what's new, what's where for fashion-wise teens . . . eye for style.



AILEEN FOGARTY: Promotional Director—*"What a grand idea for MAC!"* Supreme organizer of contests. Interprets your needs, desires, demands to your local department stores.



DAN MERRIN: Production Mgr.—*"Yes, but rush."* Tangles with deadlines, pacifies the printer. Women to right of him, women to left of him — and he's married. *Shucks!*

It's the look you want—the right, bright natural look. Learn to keep it all a-glow

THE NATURAL LOOK

By *Eleanor Hiteshew*

WHEN Theda Bara had them falling in the aisles it was considered devastating to go around in disguise, hiding away under layers of make-up. We're interested in you and *today's look.* It doesn't involve a guessing game to figure out what makes the boys sigh over modern misses. Glow with health from the inside, and have the eye appeal of naturalness and grooming on the outside.

Today, make-up's function isn't to create a cosmetic-caked zombie whose resemblance to you, waking-up-in-the-morning, is purely coincidental. Classify lipstick as a handy item for coaxing your lips to a little extra rosiness. Don't use it to slash outlines into a cupid's bow and a sulking lower lip. Rely on the filmy flip of powder puff for dusting away shininess.

As for your eyes, their rested clearness and sparkle do all right for themselves, unassisted by lashes gooed into mascara spikes. When lashes are pale blond, help them out a little with a brush rubbed against a brown eyebrow pencil. But, leave your eyebrows strictly alone, except for a whisper of vaseline. Men get goose bumps at the sight of brows pencilled into hard lines, arched into perpetual surprise. If your cheeks have a color all their own, adding rouge is guaranteed to make you look like somebody who's been bending over a hot stove.

The look-once, look-twice kind of attractiveness isn't something synthetic you scoop out of jars and boxes. You don't apply it like a coat of nail polish. *Today's girl* looks like herself, and her make-up cooperates, but does not camouflage.

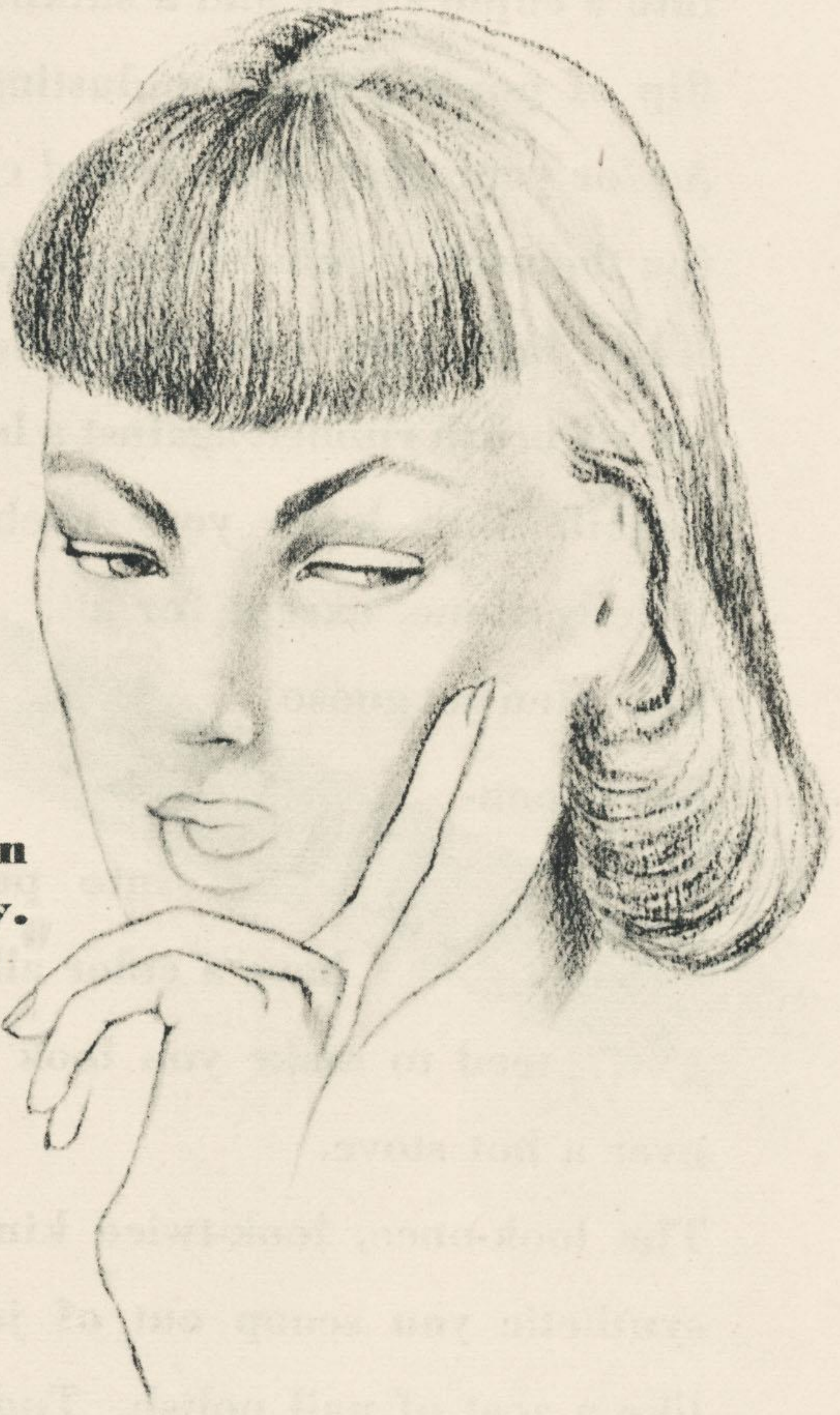
Bowled Over by Bangs

By Victor Vito

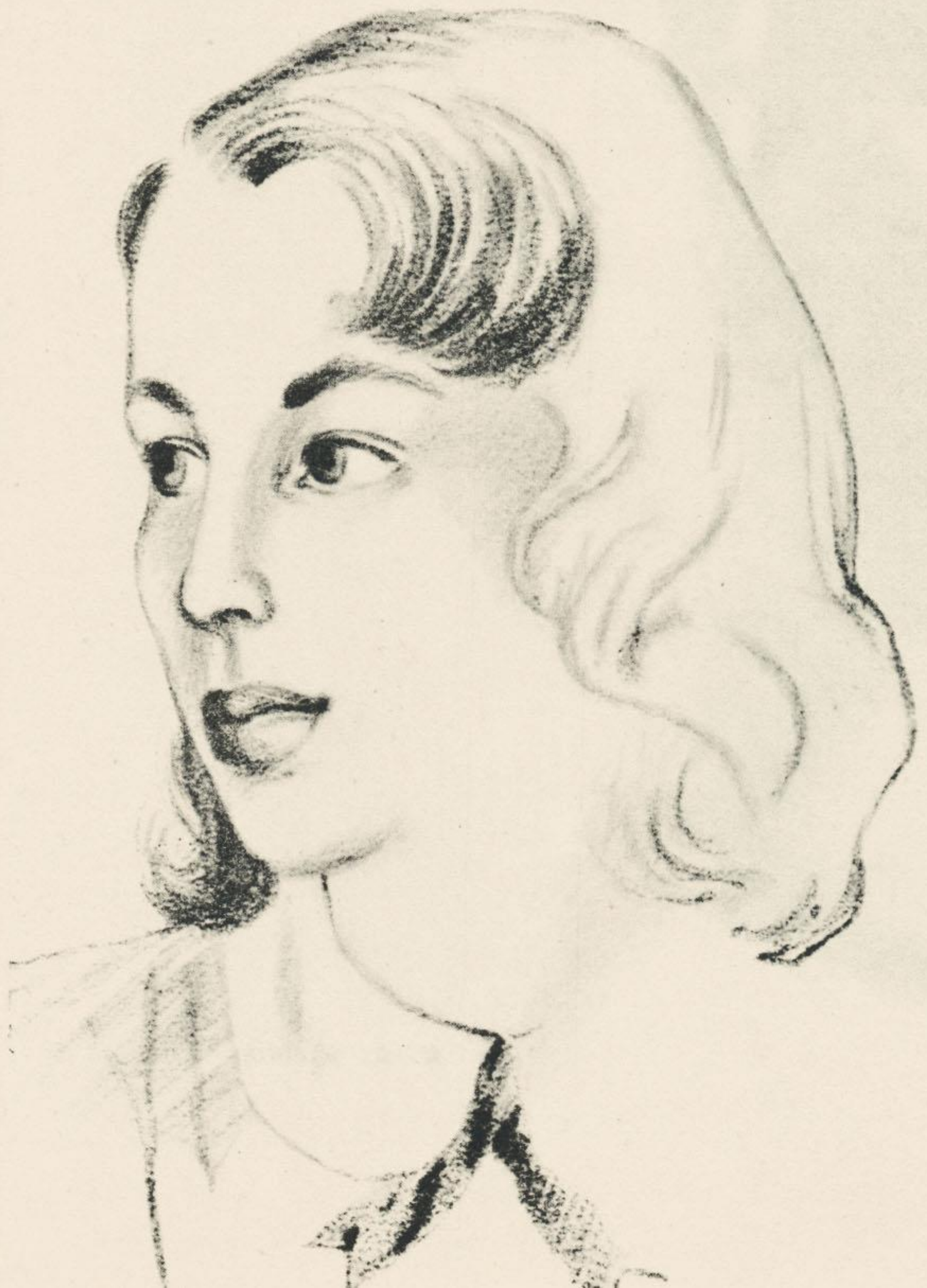
STARTLE your public with any new hairdo, and everybody does a double take. But burst upon them with bangs and the admiring reaction will explode into exclamation points!

There's no switch in hair styles that's quite so attention-getting, and who's allergic to attention? Don't waste any more time looking longingly at somebody else's bangs, morosely deciding you just haven't got the face to cope with such things. Actually they do lovely things for all varieties of features. It's the kind of bang you decide upon and also just where it sits on your forehead that clinches its success. Whatever species you go in for, bangs are gay and giddy, and regular wizards at dramatizing your eyes and deepening their color. They balance the thin face, compliment the round. If your hair grows too high or too low, they camouflage the situation.

A rumor was started, somehow, that bangs are difficult to care for, which untruth we axe, as of now. Their upkeep is a cinch, once you master the simple mechanics of pinning them up. A few final tips . . . never bunch your bangs together in the middle of your forehead. They should measure across from just-in-front-of-one-ear to just-in-front-of-the-other, and should start a wee bit further down from the top of your head. To get down to cases. . . .

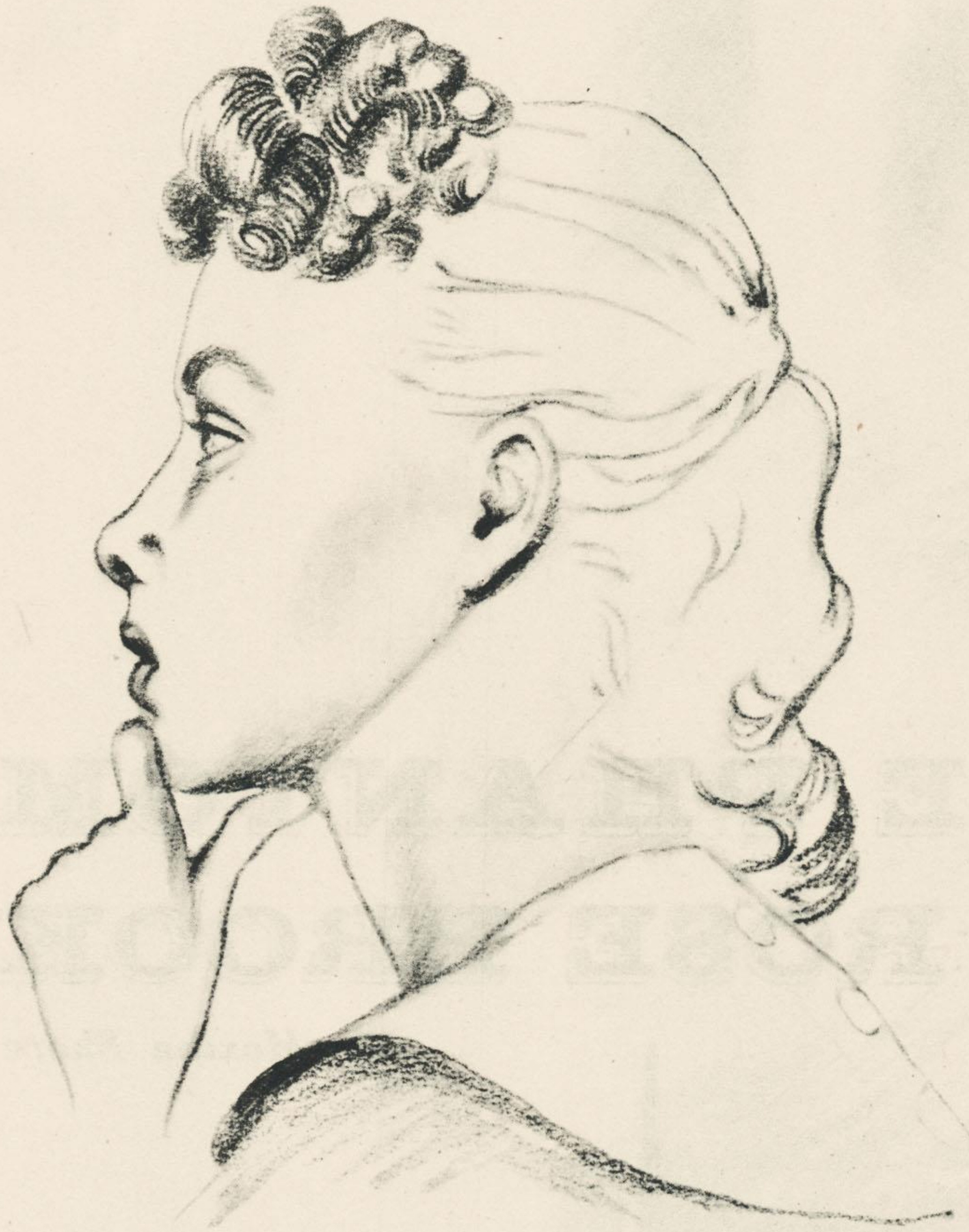


Wear straight bangs if your face can shine through the severe simplicity.

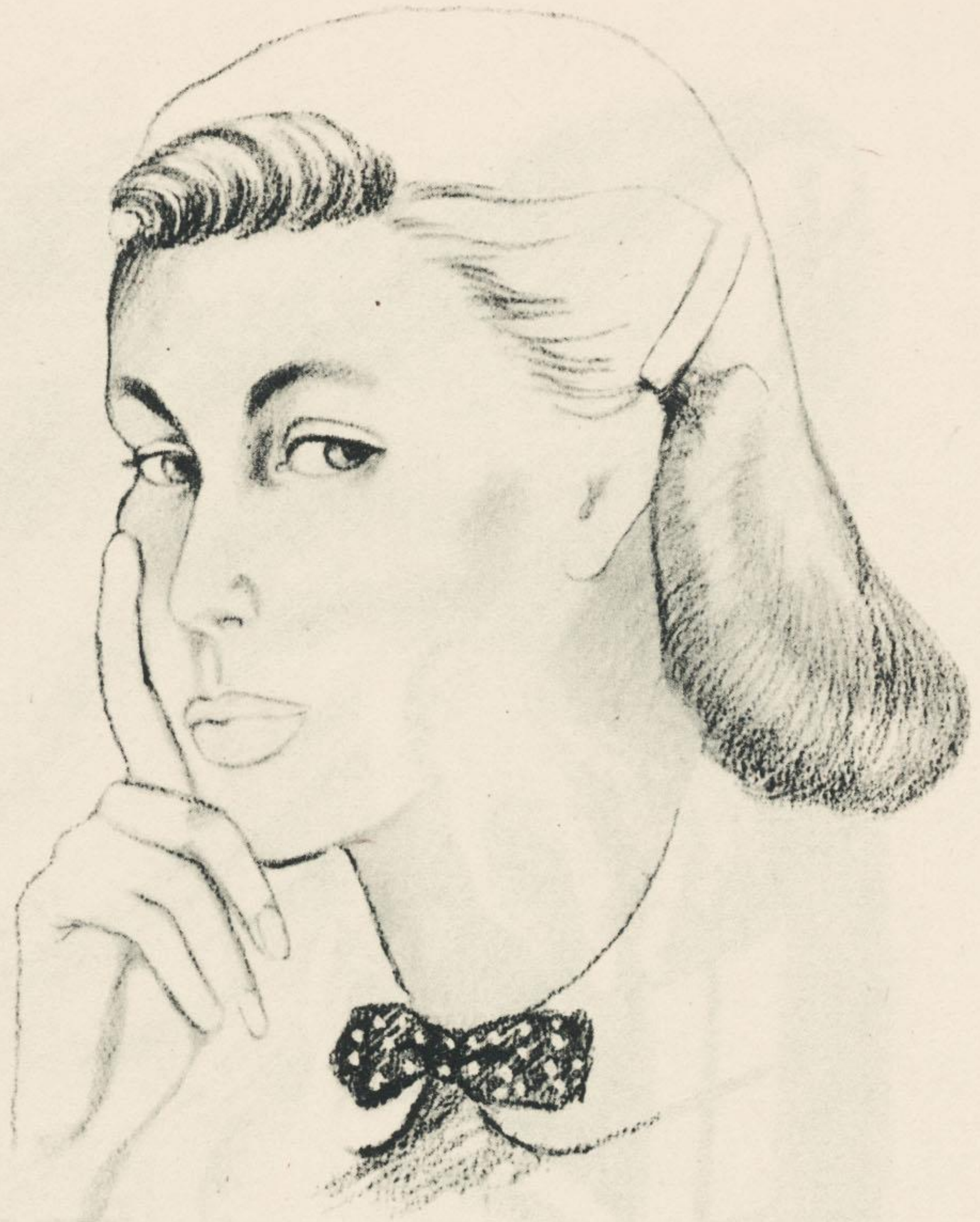


The windswept variety—just a swoosh of bang over one eye. For casual charm.

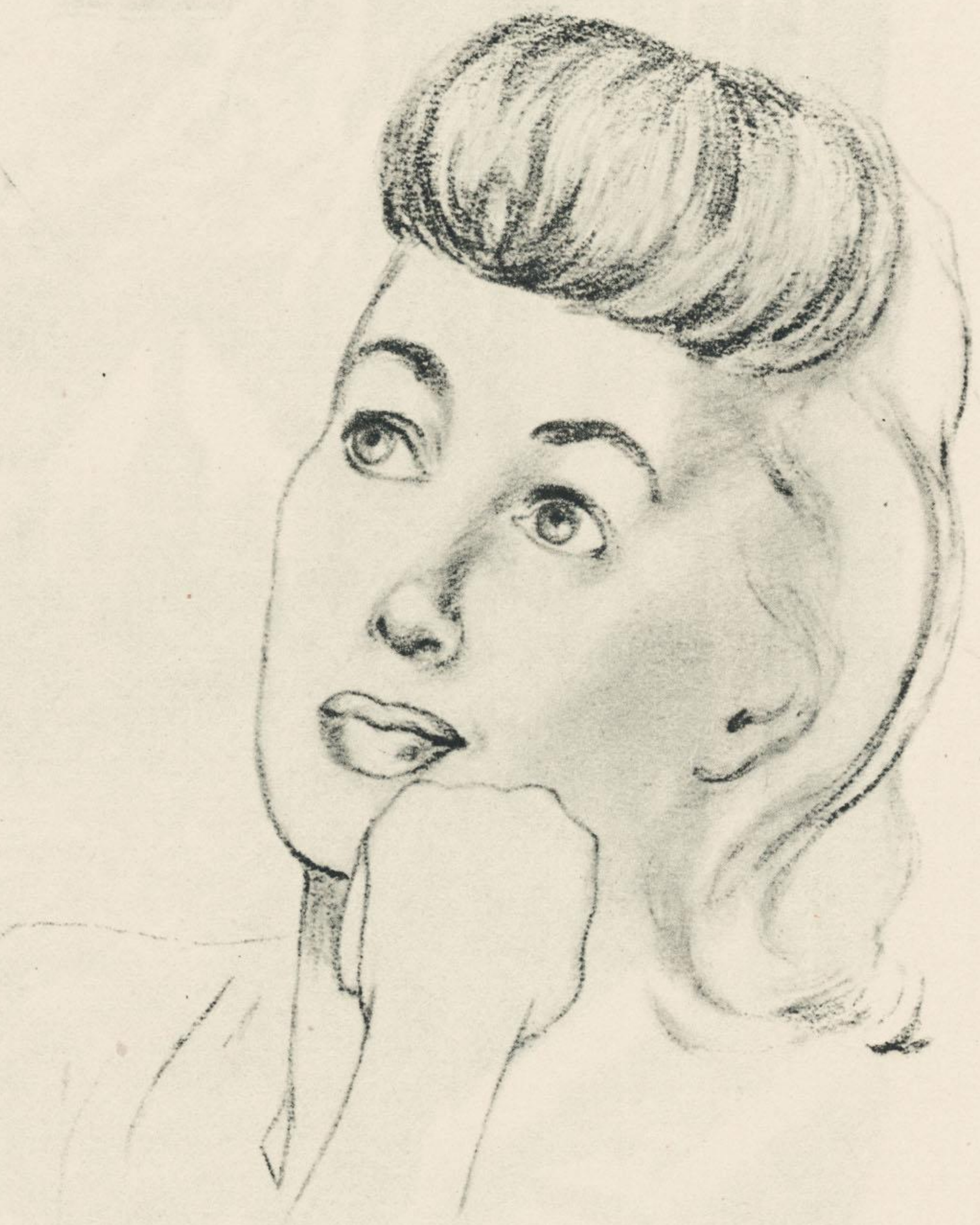
THE BANG-UP HAIRDO ZOOMS UP—UP—UP IN POPULARITY—*YOUR* POPULARITY!



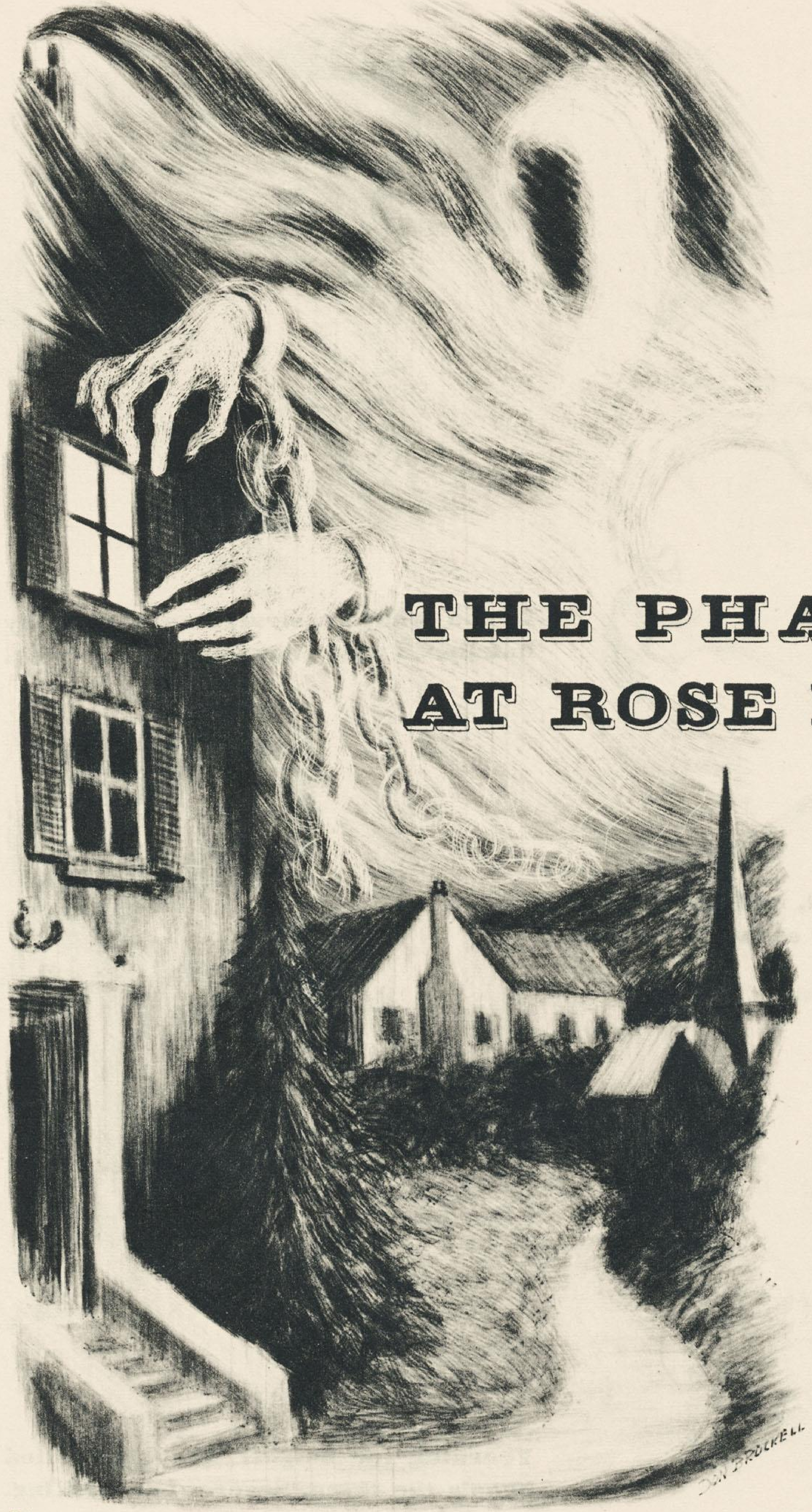
If your face is round, and needs more length, the big billow of fluff is for you.



If you want to straighten a raggedy hairline, a wispy bang will do the trick.



Yearning for height? The high-rolled bang's the thing. Severe, but striking.



THE PHANTOM AT ROSE BROOK

by Maxine Shore

Old Silver was 170 years old, but still a very upright ghost. Could he be the cause of the strange, ominous "incidents" at Rosebrook School? . . .

EVEN now, when I close my eyes, I can see orange-red flames flowering against the night, hear the terrible crackling laughter of the fire, see pajama-clad figures running against that brilliant background.

I can hear Miss Ruth's anxious voice calling out the names of all of us who lived at Rosebrook, announcing thankfully that everyone was safe and that was all that really mattered.

But it wasn't. It was the most important thing—but not all, as we found out later. The fire was only the terrible beginning.

I remember how, that chilly dawn, Cherry Lester, my roommate, and I huddled together under one bathrobe, and watched smoke climb from the grotesque tumbled ruins of Rosebrook School.

Cherry had managed to save her precious camera, a gift from her ace photographer father, but most of us had lost everything. I mourned my new tennis racket, my autographed picture of Frankie, my nylon hose, but what with Miss Ruth, who had lost more than any of us, being so noble and brave, I just couldn't be a sniffle-snoot.

"Well, anyway," said Cherry philosophically, "that's the last of Old Silver." She raised her camera, squinted and took some more shots of the disaster.

I choked. It had added a certain zest to life at Rosebrook to have a ghost haunting the halls. Until lately, he'd been merely a hundred-and-seventy-year-old legend, and you had to sort of kid yourself into hearing him swish past your door, or stalk up the stairs, or see him glide across the moonlit lawn. But, in the past few weeks, we could have sworn we had actually heard him clank and moan, when we hadn't even been working ourselves up to that goose-pimply state of expectancy when you yodel at the sight of your own shadow. It had been harrowing—but now I was sorry that it was all over.

After the school burned, only the Faculty House was left, and East Cottage, where the help lived. The teachers doubled up in Faculty House to make room for some of us and for classrooms. Four of us, Cherry, Skip, Lois and I, moved into East Cottage with Mrs. Simpson, the cook, and Minnie, the housemaid.

At first, the excitement sort of took our minds off the catastrophe. Then, we learned that all was not well. Miss Ruth went around with a worried expression, and we overheard Minnie, whose work makes it convenient for her to pick up such information, tell Mrs. Simpson that the insurance on the old building wouldn't half cover the expense of a new one, with building costs the way they are. Paying for personal property and the terrific tuition loss, Rosebrook was in a precarious position financially.

The idea that dear old Rosebrook might go under was depressing. We grumbled, but we were fond of the old school. A few days after the first evil tidings had seeped through to us, we heard that a Mr. Brice and a Mr. Harding, of New York, wanted to buy the Rosebrook property.

Hanging over the banisters, listening, we all looked at each other, faces sagging.

"Sell Rosebrook!" whispered Lois. "Oh, no!"

Cherry, Skip and I echoed her. Sell Rosebrook! Sell the huge old elms, the maple trees that flamed a welcome every fall, the brook that flounced over the rocks, the wild roses that always bloomed for commencement? Sell the athletic field where we played hockey in winter, softball in spring, the Pine Grove, the fountain? Sell Faculty House, East Cottage, the rolling land that had been in Miss Ruth's family for generations? A thousand times, no!

That, fortunately, was exactly how Miss Ruth felt. She had told the real estate men that she wouldn't sell our Alma Mater. Minnie said Mr. Brice had sort of smirked, told Miss Ruth that it would be to her advantage to sell while she could make a profit, instead of having to lose it. Mr. Harding said smoothly that, after all, how did she know she would be able to build, with things so uncertain?

"I have already made arrangements," she replied firmly. "The construction of a new school begins directly."

(*Continued on page* 80)

It's orchids for Barbara Whiting, teenager, as she attends preview with tall, dark, and very *mmmmm* Bill Eythe.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

Here's all the latest about dates and dreams, work and play, rumors and humors of—

SWEET Shades of Romance! While visiting Lon McCallister on the set of his new picture, "No Trespassing," at the Sol Lesser Studios, I wondered (out loud) about whom he was dating these days.

Among others, he mentioned Ann Blyth, and he said "Thanks for the introduction."

Me . . . ???????

"Of course, you. You didn't know it, but you played Miss Cupid when you introduced everyone at the MISS AMERICA picnic last summer. We fellows had the opportunity of meeting the girls we had seen on the screen and had hoped that, by some lucky coincidence, we'd meet. You rarely meet stars from other studios. There was a great exchange of telephone numbers that memorable afternoon."

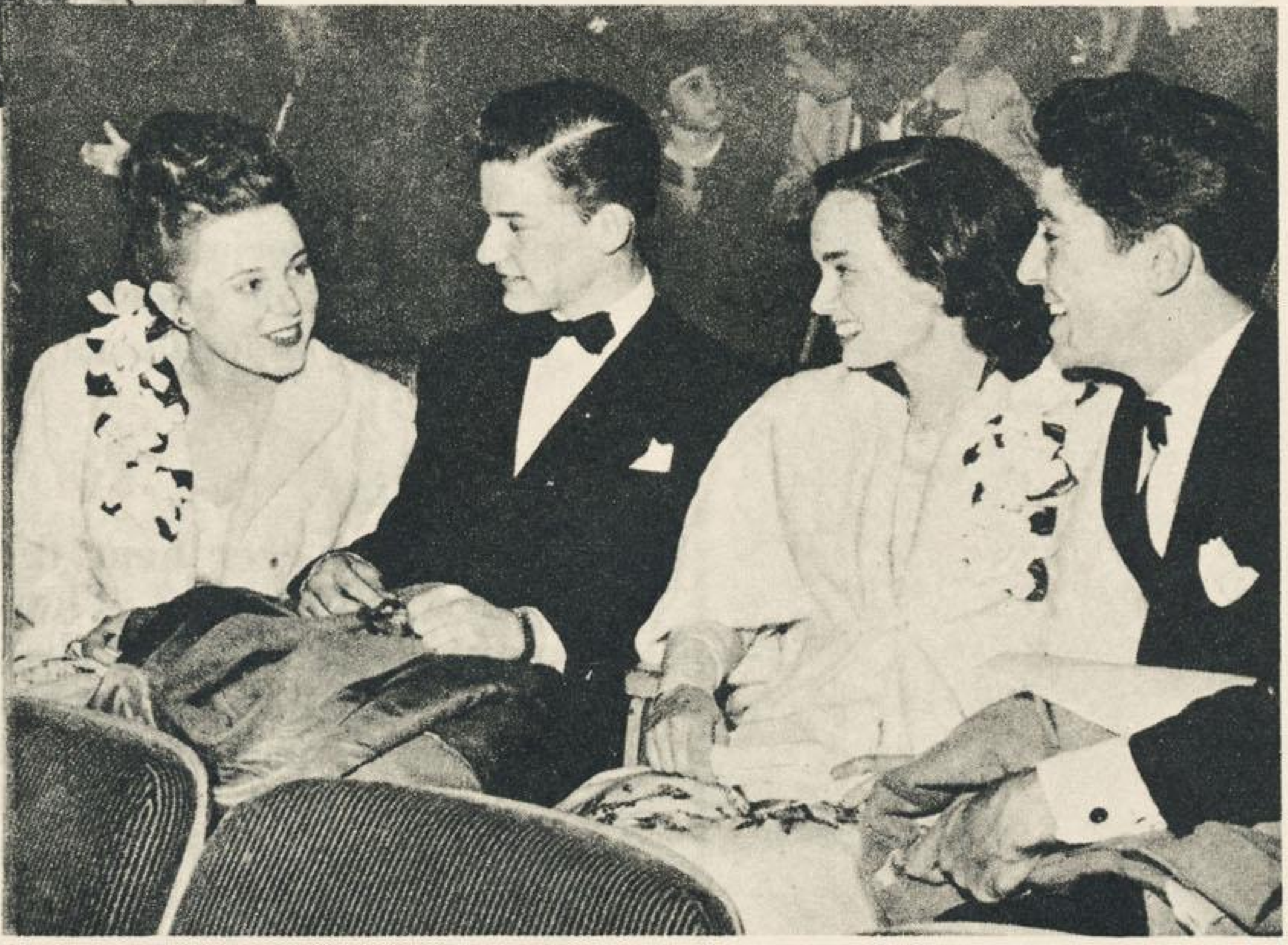
Ann Blyth's telephone jingled with calls not only from Lon, but from Dick Long, Dick Clayton, and Johnny Sands as well. Janet Martin told me that the first date she ever had in her young life was with Johnny Sands, whom she met at the picnic. I think Lon and Dick Clayton also called her for a date. The fellows fell for Cathy Downs, Gloria Jean, Elizabeth Taylor, and Jane Withers. There were rave notices.

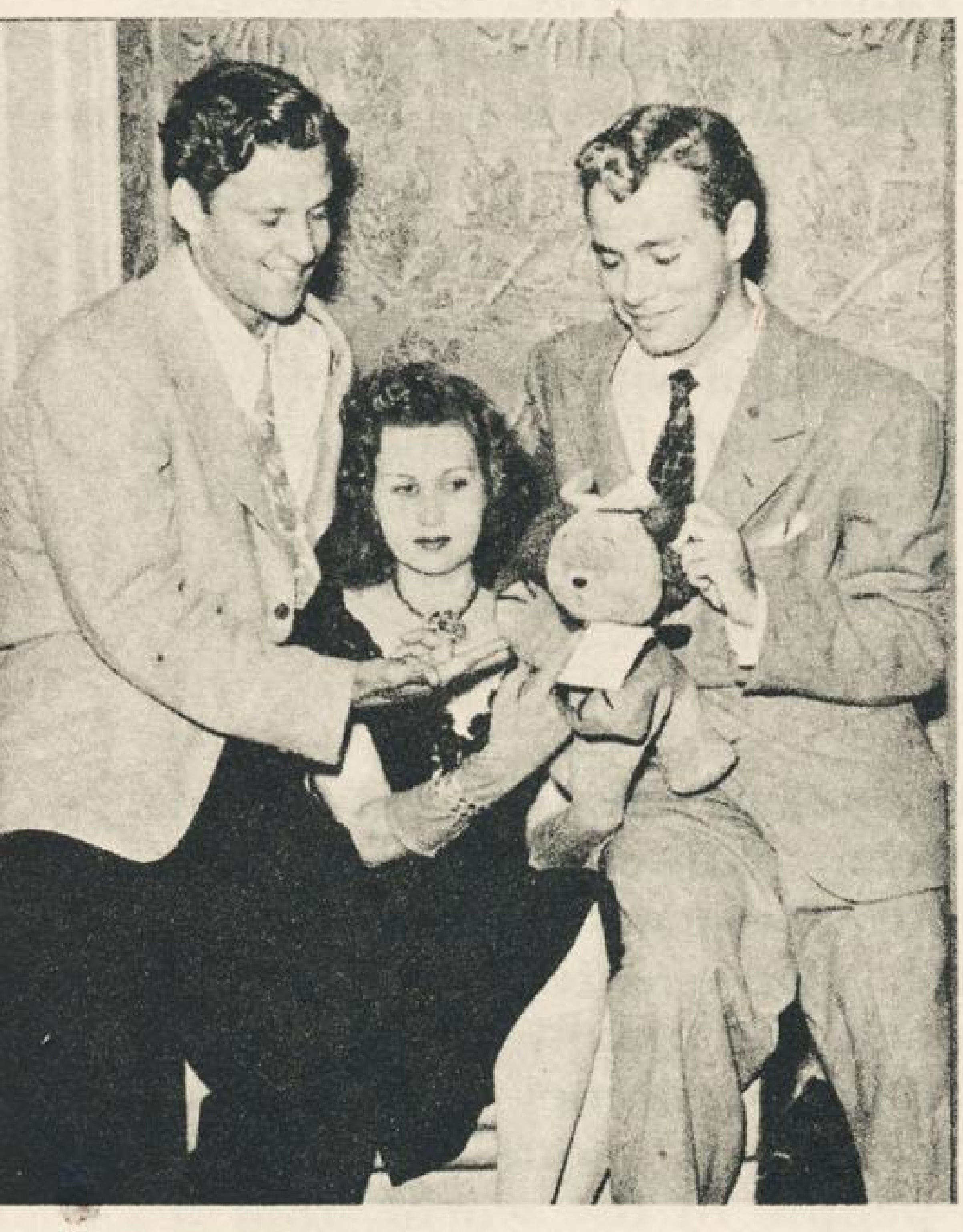
"Gloria Jean's one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood,"

Guy Madison took Gail Russell to the Mocambo for dinner and dancing one eve. The camera caught their eyes, so!

Bob Hutton and June Haver, a constant combination, concentrate on Bob's new table trick while dining in the Mocambo.

Hazel Dawn, Jr., Roddy McDowall, Ann Blyth, and Farley Granger "go formal" for a big Hollywood preview.





Ivan Kirov and Ross Hunter congratulate May Mann on winning the award as star Younger Set scoop artist.

Lon observed, as we feasted on cake and ice cream. I didn't ask if Lon was thinking of Gloria Jean in terms of romance. But the sincere admiration he expressed was very nice.

Janet Martin breathlessly telephoned in the A.M. to invite me to her high school graduation exercises. Her Mom got on the phone and said she was giving a reception for Janet afterwards, and would I bring my boy friend and come over? It was a real celebration. Now that Janet's out of high school, Republic Studio is going full steam ahead on stardom for her. Wonderful for the brown-eyed teenster, who gets prettier and prettier.

I stopped to see Shirley Temple. There she is, I thought, in a wispy gold party dress with a skirt of chiffon, just yards and yards and yards of it. Then she turned, and "she" was Mary Lou Isleb, Shirley's girl friend and stand-in ever since Shirley became a star. The two look almost identical at a distance of ten feet, with the same hair comb, height and dress, but Mary Lou hasn't got Shirley's dimples.

Shirley was on the stage playing a scene, and the camera barely stopped grinding when she gave me a merry wink, which meant a gab-session in her dressing room later.

Now that Shirley's Mrs. John Agar, (*Continued on page 77*)

There is no person without a problem.
There is no problem without a solution.
Laraine Day can help you to help yourself

FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Laraine Day

Dear Laraine:

As president of Teen Town and captain of the basketball team, I am quite popular with both boys and girls. But in spite of this, there is a rumor that my crowd associates with boys who are supposed to have bad reputations. I feel responsible and want to stop this rumor, because I am leader of the gang, and I know it's not true. All the boys we go with are as nice as can be.

Rita.

Dear Rita:

Did you ever hear the saying that one bad apple makes a whole barrel-full rotten? The same is true with boys. I am sure that your group is a wonderful, fine crowd. However, it could be that one or two of the boys have done things to make people feel they are not as circumspect as they should be. This has reflected on all of you. I suggest that you carefully analyze the boys in your group and don't let good looks and nice manners color your judgment. If there are a couple of boys whose behavior embarrasses you—when they are away from your crowd—I think you'll get to the bottom of the matter. Drop them, but fast, if the rumors are true. On the other hand, should you discover that every single person is a thoroughly nice person, just forget the criticism. After all, there is no town without its share of gossips.

Laraine.

Dear Laraine:

Last year. I met a nice girl and began to go around with her. After I came back from my vacation, I found I wasn't good enough for her when she had Rosaleen. Since then I have been playing second fiddle. What do you think I can do to make her realize she is hurting me very much?

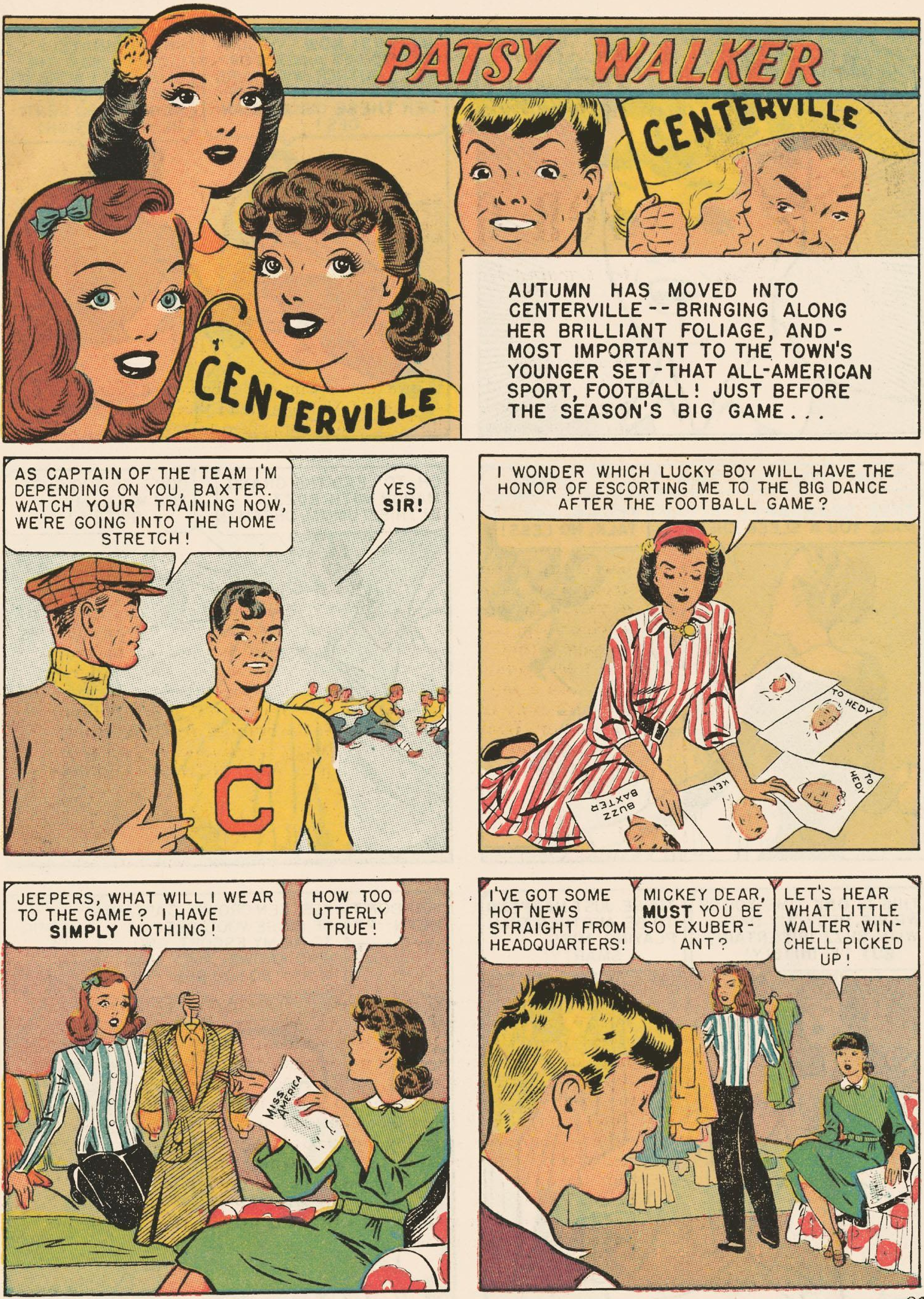
A.P.

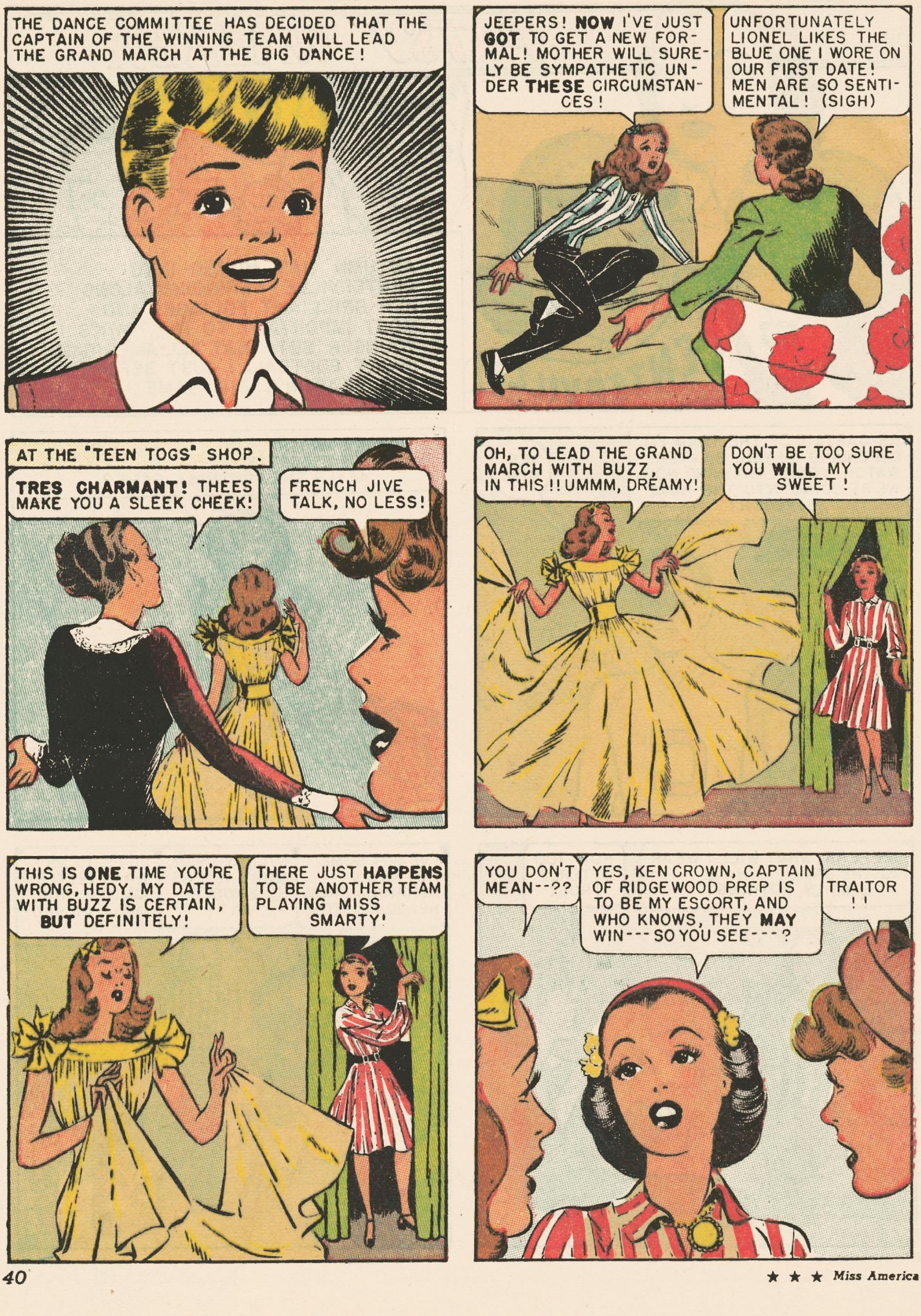
Dear A.P.:

At your age I know how important it seems to have dearest friends. There doesn't seem to be any in-between. However, as you grow older, you will find that it is possible to have many dear friends, and your life will be just that much richer. *Don't* center all your attention on this friend of yours, and *do* forget about playing second fiddle to Rosaleen. Find a new girl friend, or several new girl friends. Don't quarrel with this other girl, and don't be the one to tag along, either. There are so many wonderful people in the world, that it's really unfair to yourself to concentrate your thoughts and attention on only one girl. Independence should never be sold short. It's quite possible that when you start having fun with other girl friends, your first girl friend will want to be chums again. Let me know what happens, will you?

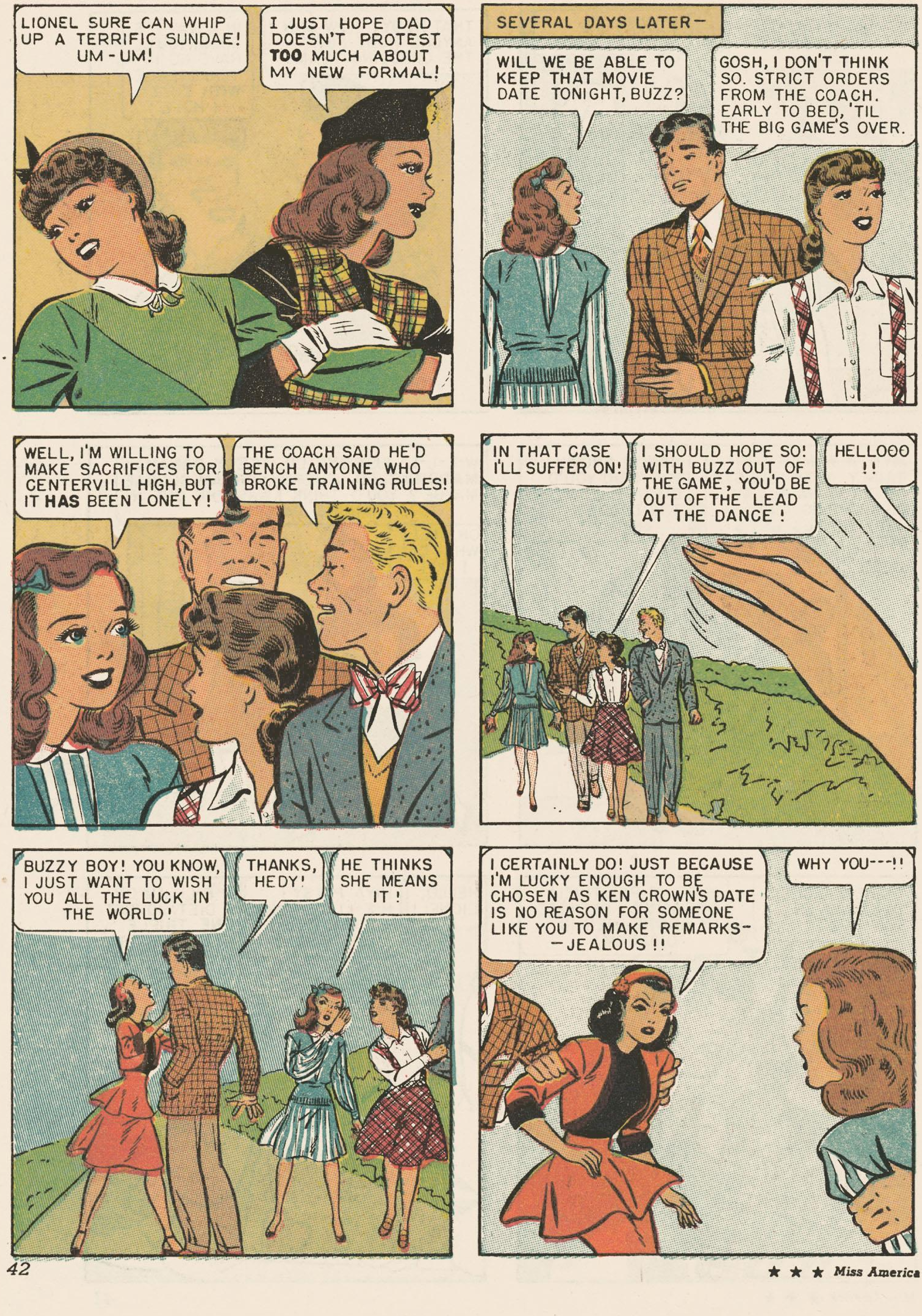
Laraine.

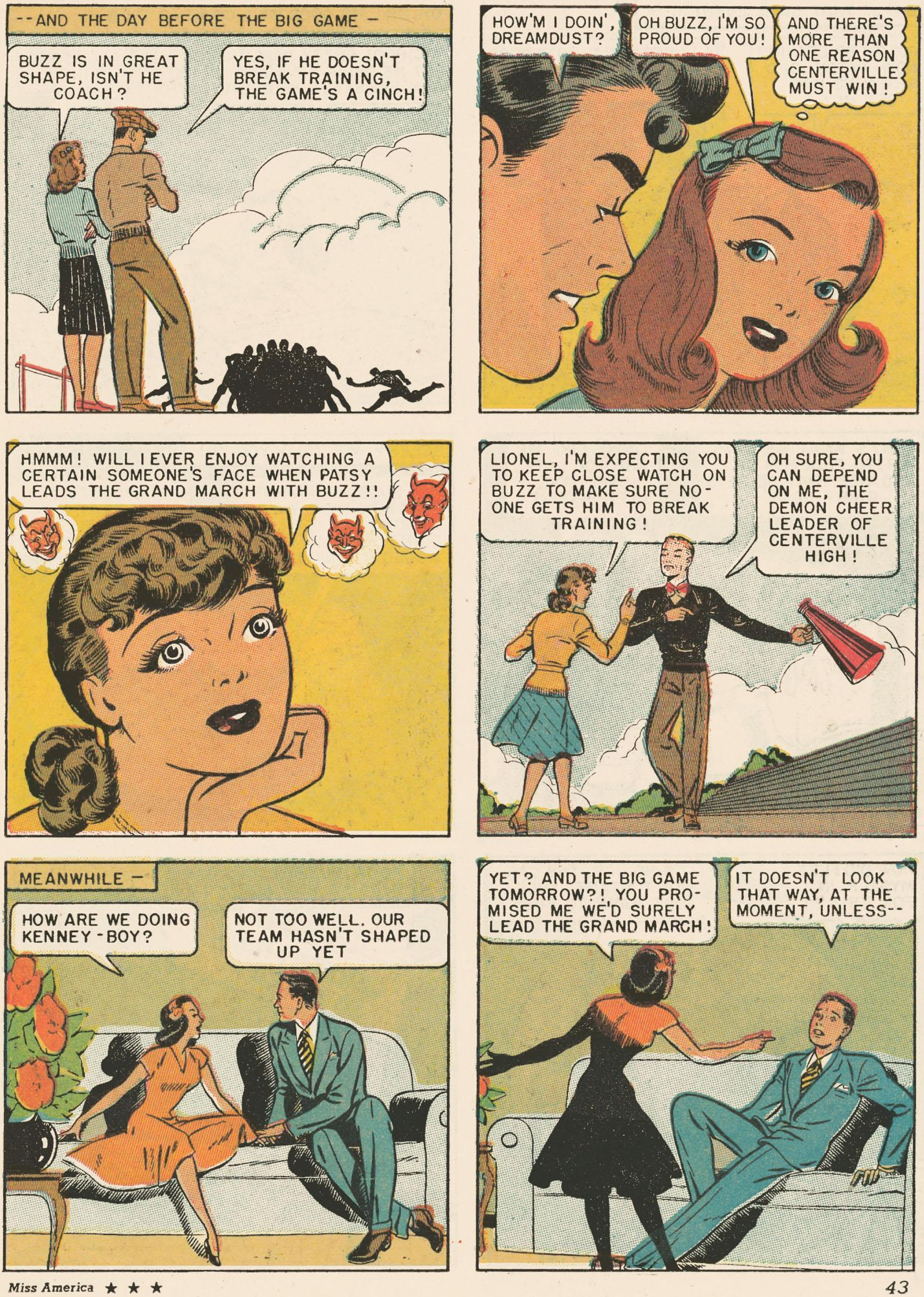
(*Continued on page 82*)

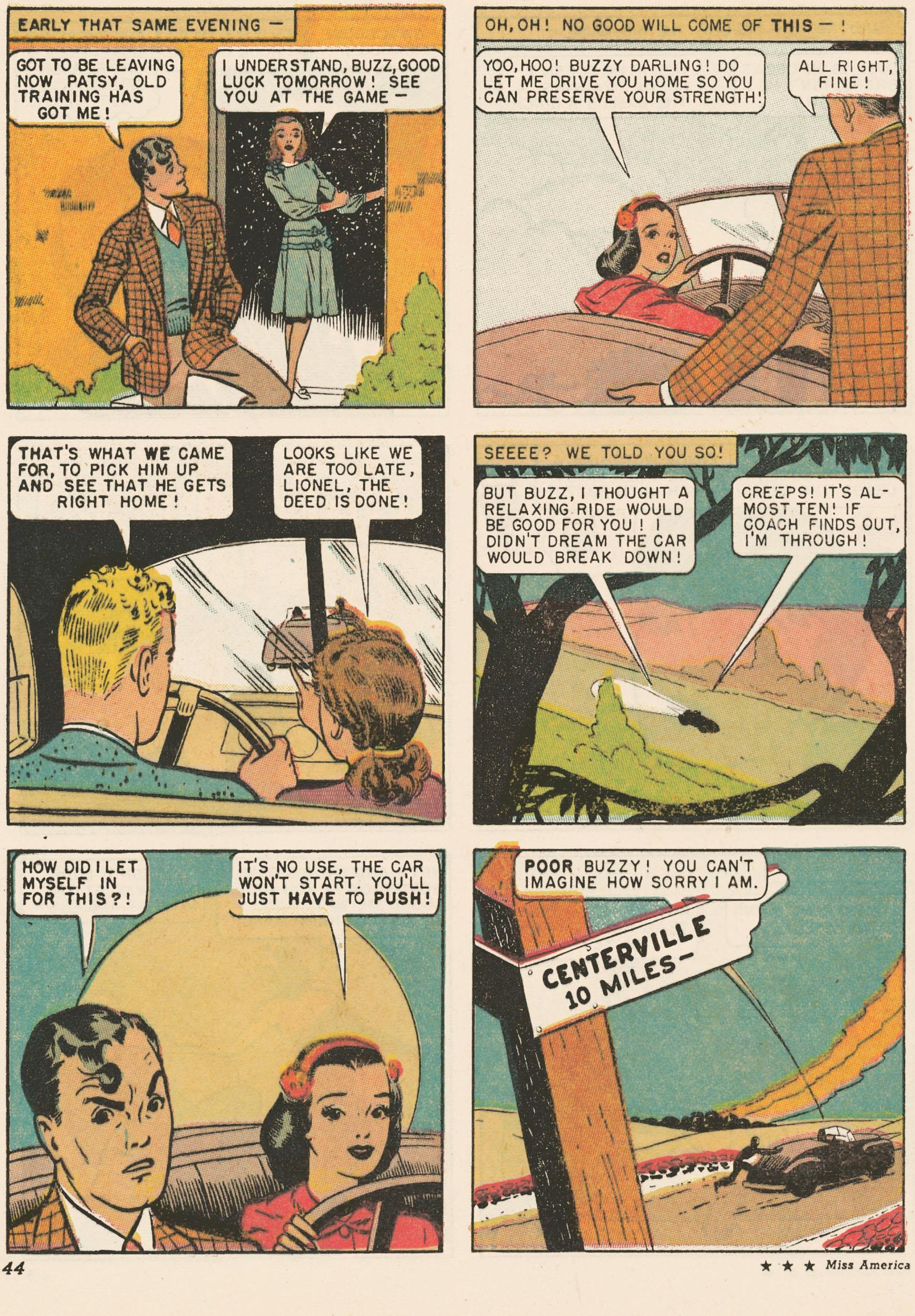

PATSY WALKER
CENTERVILLE
CENTERVILLE
AUTUMN HAS MOVED INTO CENTERVILLE -- BRINGING ALONG HER BRILLIANT FOLIAGE, AND - MOST IMPORTANT TO THE TOWN'S YOUNGER SET - THAT ALL-AMERICAN SPORT, FOOTBALL! JUST BEFORE THE SEASON'S BIG GAME...
AS CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM I'M DEPENDING ON YOU, BAXTER. WATCH YOUR TRAINING NOW, WE'RE GOING INTO THE HOME STRETCH!
YES SIR!
C
I WONDER WHICH LUCKY BOY WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF ESCORTING ME TO THE BIG DANCE AFTER THE FOOTBALL GAME?
TO HEDY
TO HEDY
KEN
BUZZ BAXTER
JEEPERS, WHAT WILL I WEAR TO THE GAME? I HAVE SIMPLY NOTHING!
HOW TOO UTTERLY TRUE!
MISS AMERICA
I'VE GOT SOME HOT NEWS STRAIGHT FROM HEADQUARTERS!
MICKEY DEAR, MUST YOU BE SO EXUBERANT?
LET'S HEAR WHAT LITTLE WALTER WINCHELL PICKED UP!

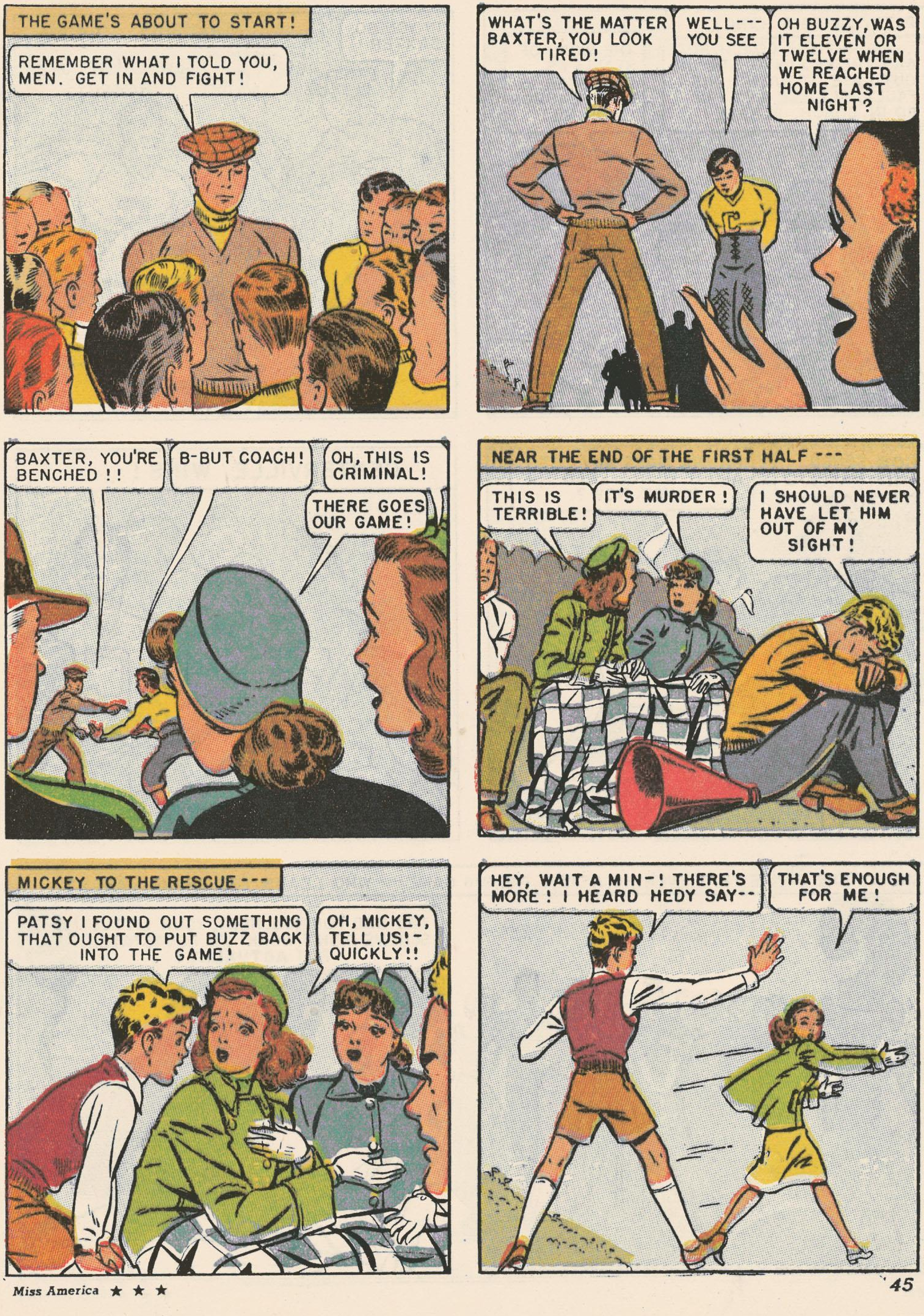

THE DANCE COMMITTEE HAS DECIDED THAT THE CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING TEAM WILL LEAD THE GRAND MARCH AT THE BIG DANCE!
JEEPERS! NOW I'VE JUST GOT TO GET A NEW FORMAL! MOTHER WILL SURELY BE SYMPATHETIC UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES!
UNFORTUNATELY LIONEL LIKES THE BLUE ONE I WORE ON OUR FIRST DATE! MEN ARE SO SENTIMENTAL! (SIGH)
AT THE "TEEN TOGS" SHOP.
TRES CHARMANT! THEES MAKE YOU A SLEEK CHEEK!
FRENCH JIVE TALK, NO LESS!
OH, TO LEAD THE GRAND MARCH WITH BUZZ, IN THIS!! UMMM, DREAMY!
DON'T BE TOO SURE YOU WILL MY SWEET!
THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'RE WRONG, HEDY. MY DATE WITH BUZZ IS CERTAIN, BUT DEFINITELY!
THERE JUST HAPPENS TO BE ANOTHER TEAM PLAYING MISS SMARTY!
YOU DON'T MEAN--??
YES, KEN CROWN, CAPTAIN OF RIDGEWOOD PREP IS TO BE MY ESCORT, AND WHO KNOWS, THEY MAY WIN---SO YOU SEE---?
TRAITOR!!

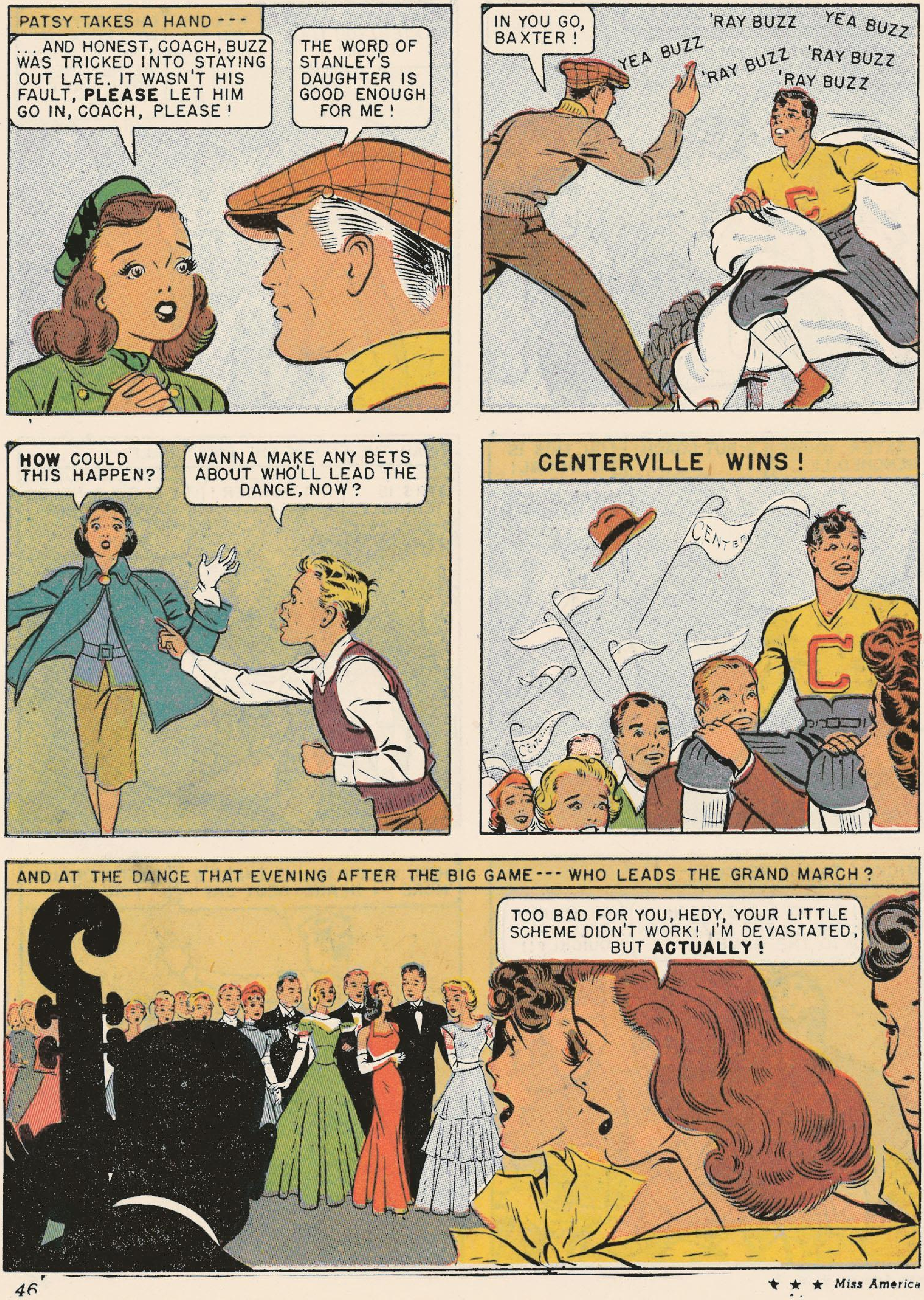
C'MON, PATSY, IT'S GETTING WARM IN HERE!
'STUFFY I'D SAY! LET'S GO!
HA HA!
THAT HEDY! HOW CAN ANYONE ROOT FOR THE OPPOSING TEAM!
IN A WAY IT'S GOOD, YOU'LL HAVE NO INTERFERENCE WITH BUZZ-- I HOPE!
TEEN TOGG SHOP
MY!! A WOMAN CERTAINLY GETS THIRSTY AFTER A HARD DAY OF SHOPPING AND--- HEDY WOLFE! LET'S STOP AT "POP'S" FOR A SUNDAE!
NANCY BROWN! YOU SAID YOU'D DIET-'TILL AFTER THE DANCE, ANYWAY!
W-E-L-L, JUST ONE LI'L TEENY BANANA-MARSHMELLO,-CHERRY-CREAM SUNDAE MAYBE? YOU'D THINK I WAS THE ONE IN TRAINING, PATSY!
OH, WELL, WHAT CAN I DO!
THERE'S LIONEL TAKING OVER FOR BUZZ!
ISN'T HE POSITIVELY DREAMY? I DEFINITELY ADORE MEN IN UNIFORM!
HELLO, LIONEL!
HIYA PATSY! H-E-LL-O NANCY! --- WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?
W-E-LL, I'M ON A DIET, SO JUST ONE TRIPLE BANANA SPLIT, WITH LOTS OF CHERRIES AND GOBS OF WHIPPED CREAM!

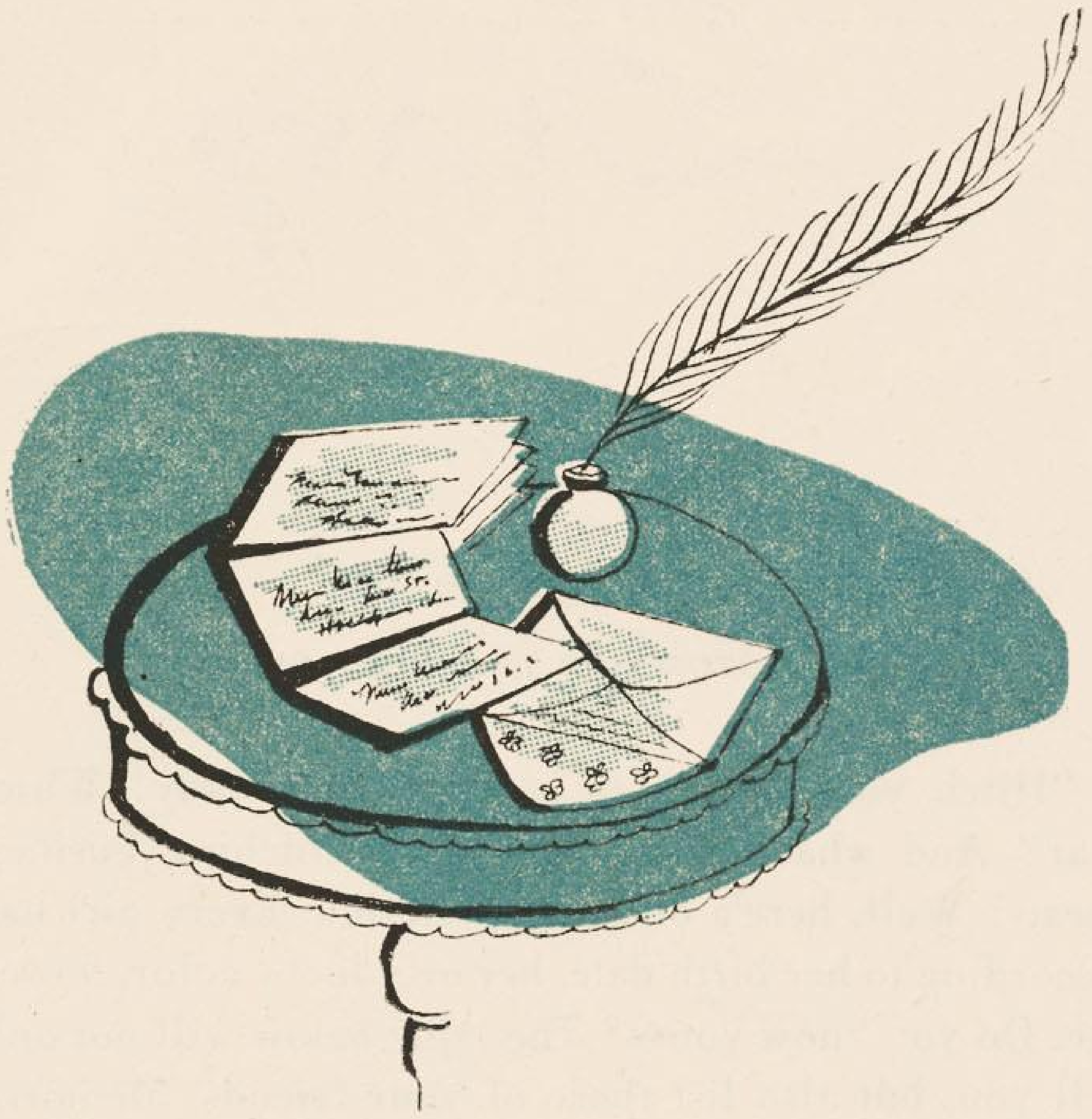

LIONEL SURE CAN WHIP UP A TERRIFIC SUNDAE! UM-UM!
I JUST HOPE DAD DOESN'T PROTEST **TOO** MUCH ABOUT MY NEW FORMAL!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER—
WILL WE BE ABLE TO KEEP THAT MOVIE DATE TONIGHT, BUZZ?
GOSH, I DON'T THINK SO. STRICT ORDERS FROM THE COACH. EARLY TO BED, 'TIL THE BIG GAME'S OVER.
WELL, I'M WILLING TO MAKE SACRIFICES FOR CENTERVILL HIGH, BUT IT **HAS** BEEN LONELY!
THE COACH SAID HE'D BENCH ANYONE WHO BROKE TRAINING RULES!
IN THAT CASE I'LL SUFFER ON!
I SHOULD HOPE SO! WITH BUZZ OUT OF THE GAME, YOU'D BE OUT OF THE LEAD AT THE DANCE!
HELLOOO !!
BUZZY BOY! YOU KNOW, I JUST WANT TO WISH YOU ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!
THANKS, HEDY!
HE THINKS SHE MEANS IT!
I CERTAINLY DO! JUST BECAUSE I'M LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CHOSEN AS KEN CROWN'S DATE IS NO REASON FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO MAKE REMARKS— —JEALOUS!!
WHY YOU---!!


--AND THE DAY BEFORE THE BIG GAME –
BUZZ IS IN GREAT SHAPE, ISN'T HE COACH?
YES, IF HE DOESN'T BREAK TRAINING, THE GAME'S A CINCH!
HOW'M I DOIN', DREAMDUST?
OH BUZZ, I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!
AND THERE'S MORE THAN ONE REASON CENTERVILLE MUST WIN!
HMMM! WILL I EVER ENJOY WATCHING A CERTAIN SOMEONE'S FACE WHEN PATSY LEADS THE GRAND MARCH WITH BUZZ!!
LIONEL, I'M EXPECTING YOU TO KEEP CLOSE WATCH ON BUZZ TO MAKE SURE NO-ONE GETS HIM TO BREAK TRAINING!
OH SURE, YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, THE DEMON CHEER LEADER OF CENTERVILLE HIGH!
MEANWHILE –
HOW ARE WE DOING KENNEY-BOY?
NOT TOO WELL. OUR TEAM HASN'T SHAPED UP YET
YET? AND THE BIG GAME TOMORROW?! YOU PROMISED ME WE'D SURELY LEAD THE GRAND MARCH!
IT DOESN'T LOOK THAT WAY, AT THE MOMENT, UNLESS--


EARLY THAT SAME EVENING —
GOT TO BE LEAVING NOW PATSY, OLD TRAINING HAS GOT ME!
I UNDERSTAND, BUZZ, GOOD LUCK TOMORROW! SEE YOU AT THE GAME —
OH, OH! NO GOOD WILL COME OF **THIS** — !
YOO, HOO! BUZZY DARLING! DO LET ME DRIVE YOU HOME SO YOU CAN PRESERVE YOUR STRENGTH!
ALL RIGHT, FINE!
THAT'S WHAT **WE** CAME FOR, TO PICK HIM UP AND SEE THAT HE GETS RIGHT HOME!
LOOKS LIKE WE ARE TOO LATE, LIONEL, THE DEED IS DONE!
SEEEE? WE TOLD YOU SO!
BUT BUZZ, I THOUGHT A RELAXING RIDE WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOU! I DIDN'T DREAM THE CAR WOULD BREAK DOWN!
CREEPS! IT'S ALMOST TEN! IF COACH FINDS OUT, I'M THROUGH!
HOW DID I LET MYSELF IN FOR THIS?!
IT'S NO USE, THE CAR WON'T START. YOU'LL JUST **HAVE** TO **PUSH**!
POOR BUZZY! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW SORRY I AM.
CENTERVILLE 10 MILES—


THE GAME'S ABOUT TO START!
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, MEN. GET IN AND FIGHT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER BAXTER, YOU LOOK TIRED!
WELL--- YOU SEE
OH BUZZY, WAS IT ELEVEN OR TWELVE WHEN WE REACHED HOME LAST NIGHT?
BAXTER, YOU'RE BENCHED!!
B-BUT COACH!
OH, THIS IS CRIMINAL!
THERE GOES OUR GAME!
NEAR THE END OF THE FIRST HALF ---
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
IT'S MURDER!
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!
MICKEY TO THE RESCUE ---
PATSY I FOUND OUT SOMETHING THAT OUGHT TO PUT BUZZ BACK INTO THE GAME!
OH, MICKEY, TELL US!- QUICKLY!!
HEY, WAIT A MIN-! THERE'S MORE! I HEARD HEDY SAY--
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!
C


PATSY TAKES A HAND---
... AND HONEST, COACH, BUZZ WAS TRICKED INTO STAYING OUT LATE. IT WASN'T HIS FAULT, **PLEASE** LET HIM GO IN, COACH, PLEASE!
THE WORD OF STANLEY'S DAUGHTER IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
IN YOU GO, BAXTER!
'RAY BUZZ
YEA BUZZ
YEA BUZZ
'RAY BUZZ
'RAY BUZZ
'RAY BUZZ
HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?
WANNA MAKE ANY BETS ABOUT WHO'LL LEAD THE DANCE, NOW?
CENTERVILLE WINS!
CENTER
CENTE
AND AT THE DANCE THAT EVENING AFTER THE BIG GAME--- WHO LEADS THE GRAND MARCH?
TOO BAD FOR YOU, HEDY, YOUR LITTLE SCHEME DIDN'T WORK! I'M DEVASTATED, BUT **ACTUALLY**!



Hollywood, California

Dear Betty Ann:

I wonder what I have ever done to deserve Darlene!

Yes, Betts, of all of the people in the whole world, or at least Hollywood, California, what happens — Darlene moves right next door! I can scarcely believe it. You know how snippy she has always been to me in school. You'd think she would have more pride or conscience! Betts, I can't look out of the window of my bedroom without looking right into Darlene's window. Isn't that simply terrible? (I am going to plant Virginia creeper vines for privacy).

Pops says that I must grin and bear it. He says that I may discover Darlene has some admirable qualities — that Darlene and I might even develop a fast friendship. Imagine! Then, Pops says (I received a half-hour lecture on this subject, Betts) that facing situations, even though they are not pleasant or to your choosing, strengthens character. But I'm not in a character building mood when I think of Darlene.

Talk about your atomic types . . . nothing fazes that girl! Not even her Uncle Sonny, who reminds me so much of Sonny Tufts, except that Uncle Sonny is short and has Brown hair, brown eyes, and a cute little brown mustache. Confidentially, Betts, Darlene's Uncle Sonny is directly or indirectly the cause of Darlene being my next door neighbor. To be more explicit, I am afraid it's all my fault, although I wouldn't admit that to Pops—not for the world!

One morning, the house next door had a "For Rent" sign, and that very noon I met Uncle Sonny! Bev and I were eating a hamburger on the lawn at Hollywood High, when Darlene drove up in a car with him. Betts, he was so cute. He jumped out and said, "So this is Hollywood High? Dolly, show me the Lana Turners."

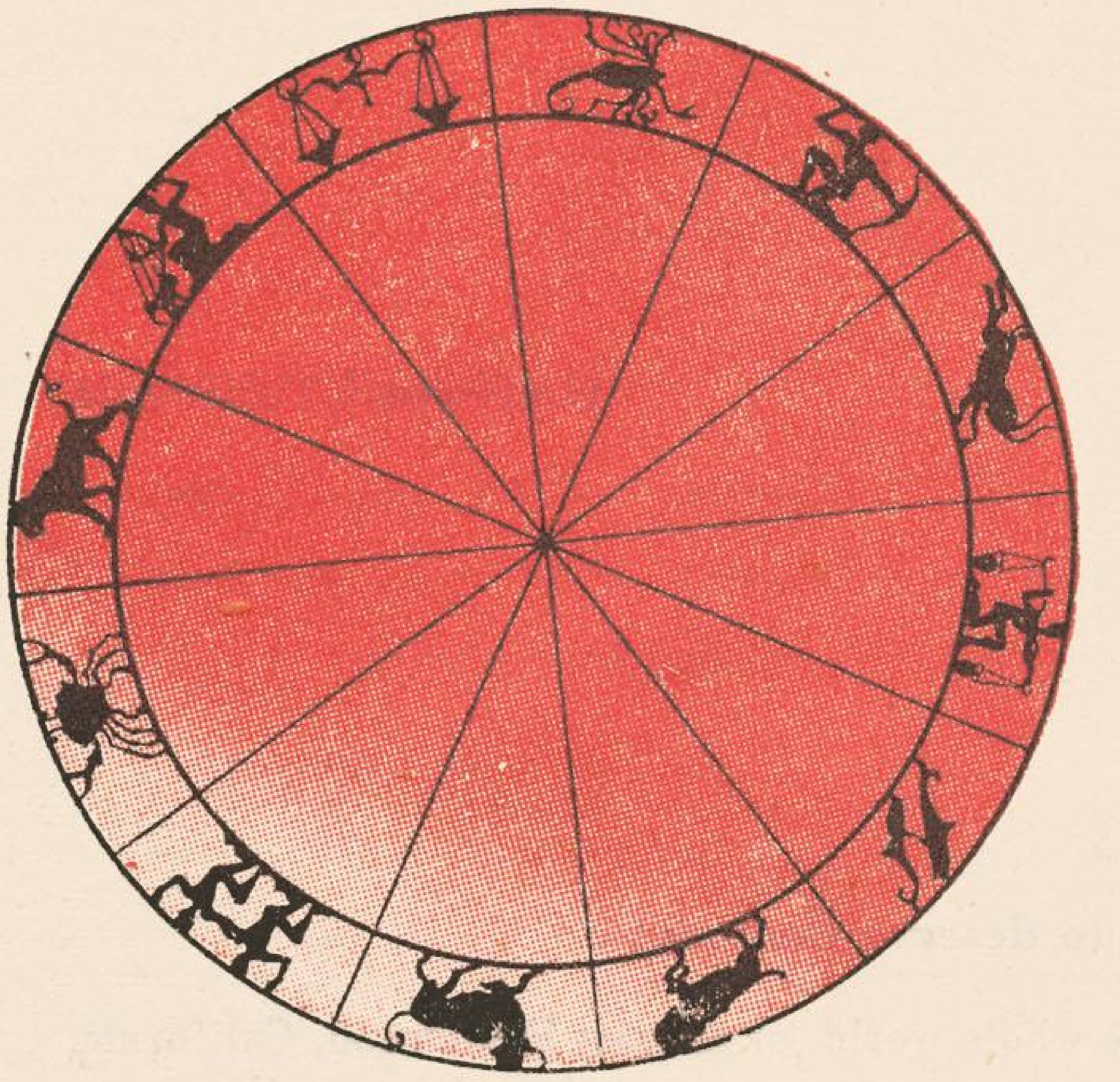
Before Darlene could answer, he saw Bev and me. "Hubba-hubba, there's two beauties now!" he said.

Darlene snipped, "He's joking, girls." Ignoring Darlene, I said, "Thank you for the nice compliment, Mr.—?" at the same time giving him my Lauren Bacall look.

He walked over and said, "My name's Sonny Martin. I am charmed to see two such beautiful ladies."

(*Continued on page* 90)

Thank Your Stars



Twinkle twinkle little star!
Your horoscope is what you are!

"Hitch your wagon to a star," little lady! Which star? And what, exactly, does this hitching business mean? Well, here's one interpretation. Every girl has, according to her birth date, her own lucky color, flower, etc. Do you know yours? The table below will not only tell you, but also list those of your friends. Memorize yours and then incorporate them—in your room, your wardrobe, as often as you can. It will help individualize you—and also make people remember you!

by Ginny Schaefer

PISCES—February 19th to March 20th

Symbol—The Fishes
Lucky Day—Friday
Lucky Star—Neptune
Luck Color—Lavender
Lucky Numbers—4, 9

No problem is too great for you! An intellectual mind plus a kind heart enable you to solve almost any difficulty. Because of these two qualities, you will always draw people to you. At the same time, you have a strong tendency to become pessimistic—the one thing you must always watch. You make a good friend to all. Love is a very serious matter with you and you are inclined to shower all your affections on one individual. Your fate? You would succeed at any of these three M's—medicine, merchandising, or marriage!

ARIES—March 21st to April 20th

Symbol—The Ram
Lucky Day—Tuesday
Lucky Star—Mars
Lucky Color—Red (all shades)
Lucky Numbers—1, 2

What an energetic person you are! Versatile, too. But be careful—all that energy and those diversified talents may result in your starting many things you never finish. Point for you to remember is: learn to complete one thing at a time. You possess a natural love for beauty and are unhappy in any unharmonious environment. Although your affections are deep, you are not often demonstrative. But you are always true to your friends—at times too loyal for your own good. Along vocational lines, you have the ability to be successful as an actress, novelist or public speaker.

TAURUS—April 21st to May 20th

Symbol—The Bull
Lucky Day—Friday
Lucky Star—Venus
Lucky Color—Blue (all shades)
Lucky Numbers—2, 7

For a real friend, you're the girl to choose! Not only are you appreciative of favors, but no amount of gossip can turn you against those you love. Nevertheless, you *are* a bit stubborn. Approached in the right manner, however, you are very agreeable. You should be unusually cautious, when ready to marry, because your life will be happy only with someone who shares your ideas and emotions. Meantime, if things you want seem a bit slow in coming—don't be impatient. First place, it won't help any. Second place, whatever happens meanwhile is going to be of great value to you later on.

GEMINI—May 21st to June 21st

Symbol—The Twins
Lucky Day—Wednesday
Lucky Star—Mercury
Lucky Color—Yellow, Orange
Lucky Numbers—2, 7

Yours is going to be a very interesting life, indeed! You're "lucky in love," as the saying goes, but—your changeable nature will create misunderstanding many times. You are also going to have difficulty in deciding between true friends and those of the fair weather variety. Money? You'll have plenty, thanks to "your lucky star." Your natural magnetism and intuition will enable you to succeed at almost anything.

CANCER—June 22nd to July 22nd

Symbol—The Crab
Lucky Day—Monday
Lucky Star—The Moon
Lucky Colors—Yellow, White
Lucky Numbers—8, 9

Nobody knows exactly what's going on in that mind of yours! Unusually observant and imaginative, you withhold most of your intimate thoughts. Yours is also an analytical mind, lending you assurance in whatever you set out to do. Your greatest weakness is the tendency to help everyone with whom you come in contact—which, in many cases, only means disappointment. At any rate, your chief pleasure comes from helping those who are close to you. You are neat and immaculate in your dress, and the thing you desire most in life is a home of your own—because, at heart, you are a homemaker.

LEO—July 23rd to August 22nd

Symbol—The Lion
Lucky Day—Sunday
Lucky Star—The Sun
Lucky Numbers—2, 7
Lucky Colors—Yellow, Gold, Brown

You want to be a success—and you most certainly should be! You have all the necessary characteristics. You are ambitious, industrious and conscientious. There's just this to beware of—not only are your sympathies easily aroused, but you are inclined to go to extremes in your feelings and emotions. Your heart rules your head. Romantically inclined as you are, however, you must always have the "new" to keep interested. Yours is a natural desire for change—in both location and position in life. Better be careful of too much change. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," y'know.

VIRGO—August 23rd to September 22nd

Symbol—The Virgin
Lucky Day—Wednesday
Lucky Star—Mercury
Lucky Numbers—4, 5
Lucky Colors—Yellow, Light Blue

Put you anywhere—and you are both a lady and completely at home! Naturally refined and a lover of beauty, you can adapt yourself to just about any environment. You are also quite correct in your judgment of others, have a sort of sixth sense. In your devotions, you are very sincere, and you expect much from the object of your affections. Most of your unhappiness stems from a tendency to worry about financial matters. And worry never helps anything! If you plan a career, you should do well along the lines of music or any of the finer arts.

LIBRA—September 23rd to October 22nd

Symbol—The Balance
Lucky Day—Friday
Lucky Star—Venus
Lucky Color—Gray
Lucky Numbers—3, 7

Got a hunch? Follow it! You are very sensitive and impressionable, so your hunches will "win out" when those of many others won't. At the same time, don't confuse hunches with hasty judgment. You can have a perfectly wonderful time day-dreaming, oftentimes interfering with your more practical activities. And 'fess up now—you are inclined to be a bit of a spendthrift! You are definitely stimulated by beauty, music and praise (as who isn't!)...."The last of life"...for you, will be the best of all.

SCORPIO—October 23rd to November 21st

Symbol—The Scorpion
Lucky Day—Tuesday
Lucky Star—Mars
Lucky Numbers—3, 6
Lucky Colors—Dark Green, Brown

You brim over with magnetism! If properly used, it can attract success for you in social and business life. Persons born under your sign are always very attractive to members of the opposite sex—in fact, you have the faculty of putting everyone around you at ease. Occasionally, you find it hard to accept another person's point of view. Unless you endeavor to be more broadminded, this fault may clutter your past with broken friendships. Your talents are quite varied—you can do almost anything well.

SAGITTARIUS—Nov. 22nd to Dec. 21st

Symbol—The Centaur
Lucky Day—Thursday
Lucky Star—Jupiter
Lucky Colors—Purple, Blue
Lucky Numbers—1, 6

A regular little go-getter, that's you! Comforts and luxuries of life are very important to you—and if it's up to you to get them, you usually can do it. Too, your promises can be wholly accepted. You would make an excellent lecturer, writer or scientist—in fact, you could succeed at anything involving your individuality and your own ideas. On the other hand, taking orders from others is something you don't like very much. The two traits you have to guard against are selfishness and a fiery temper. When these are held in reign, you are very popular with your associates.

CAPRICORN—December 22nd to January 19th

Symbol—The Goat
Lucky Day—Saturday
Lucky Star—Saturn
Lucky Color—Emerald Green
Lucky Numbers—6, 9

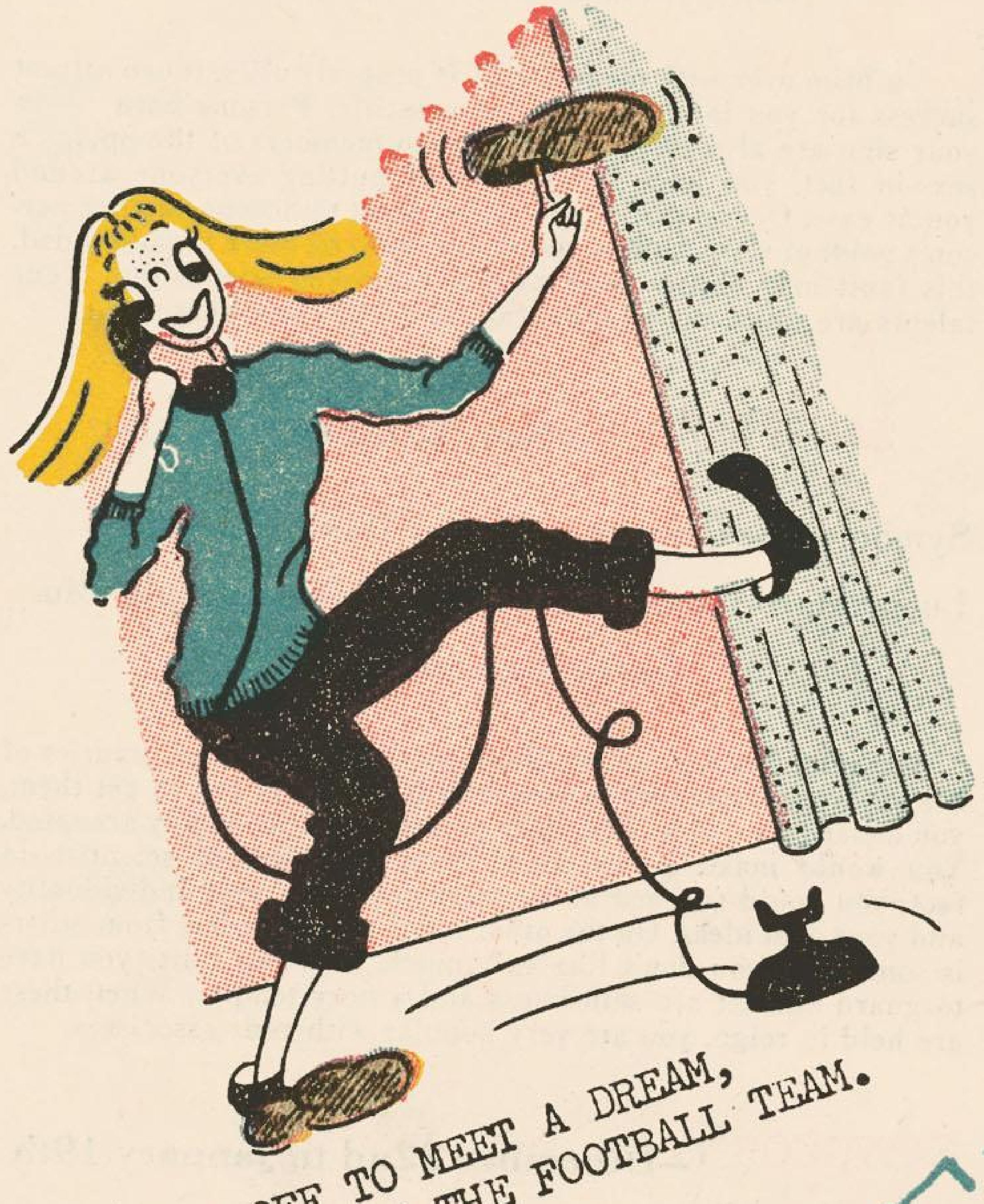
You might almost be called a "Dr. Jekyll and Miss Hyde"! For, while outwardly you often appear cold and indifferent, actually you are just the opposite. Even your tastes are more or less of a dual nature. Sometimes you adore being in crowds—then, again, you want to do things all by yourself, or just be "left alone." Money is very important in your life—too much so, frequently. But the lofty ideals, which you also have, are worth following. And stop brooding over past disappointments, remember instead that "Tomorrow is a lovely day!"

AQUARIUS—January 20th to February 18th

Symbol—The Water Bearer
Lucky Day—Wednesday
Lucky Star—Uranus
Lucky Color—Dark Green
Lucky Numbers—3, 4

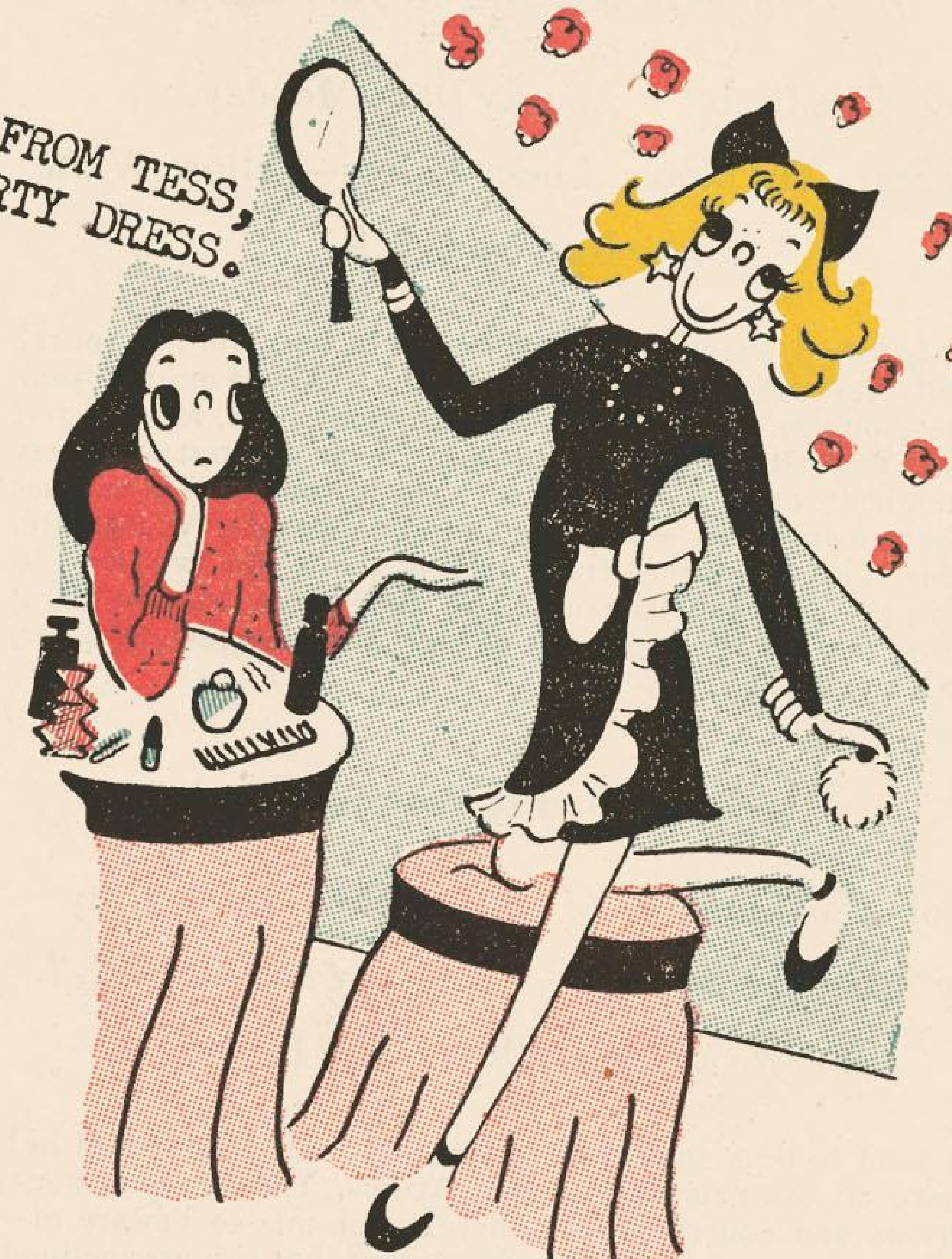
That warm heart of yours attracts everybody! And the magnetic force back of it should, if used properly, help you accomplish whatever you want, from doing a job properly to making a new friend. The two things you should beware of are: your over-generosity and also those periods of despondency and melancholia which are apt to "sneak up when you're not looking." You are one who is constantly seeking to improve herself. But you are also a procrastinator. S-o-o-o, when there is something to be done—whether it is a job, the making of that new friend, or improving yourself—don't put it off!

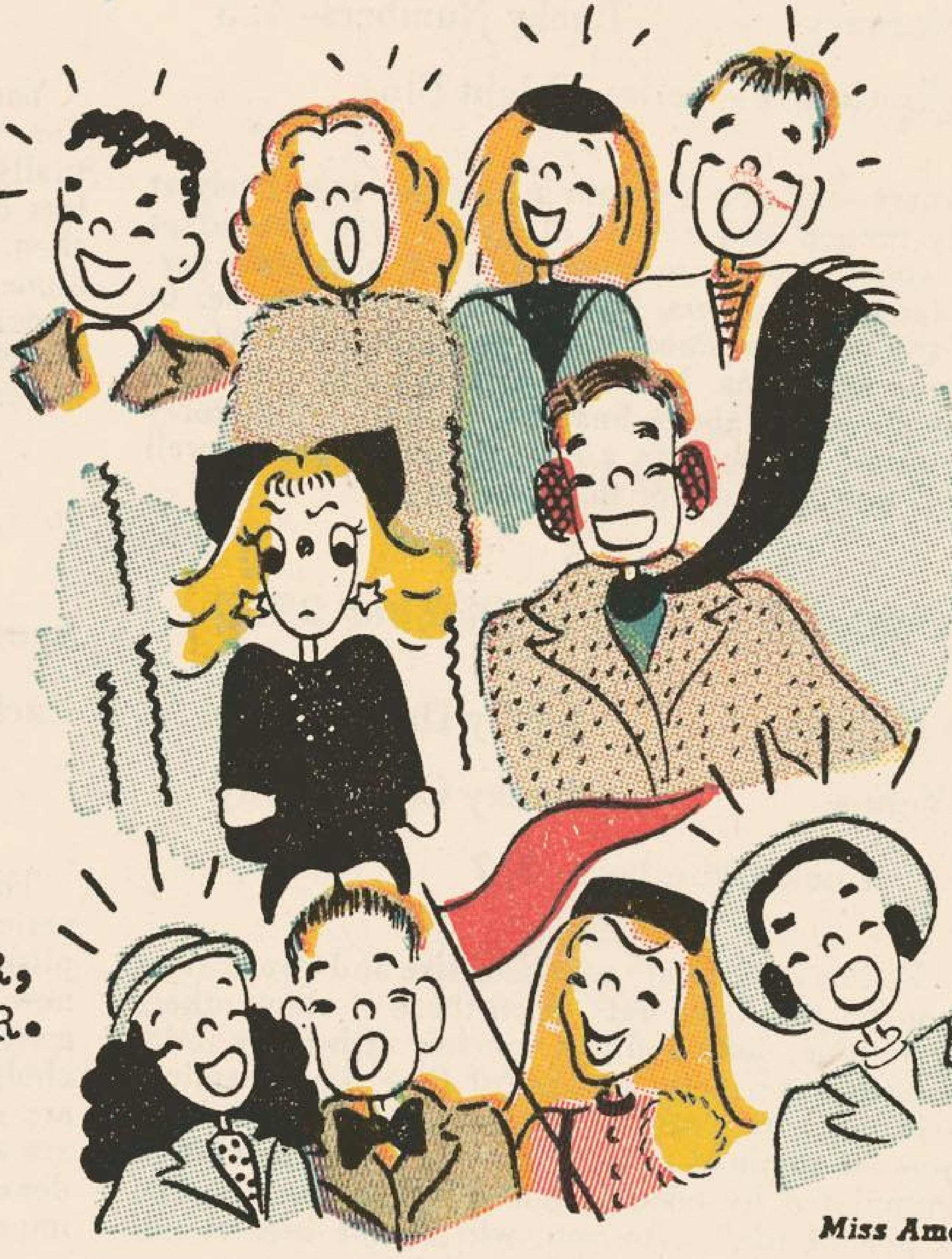
TAFFY FUMBLES THE BALL



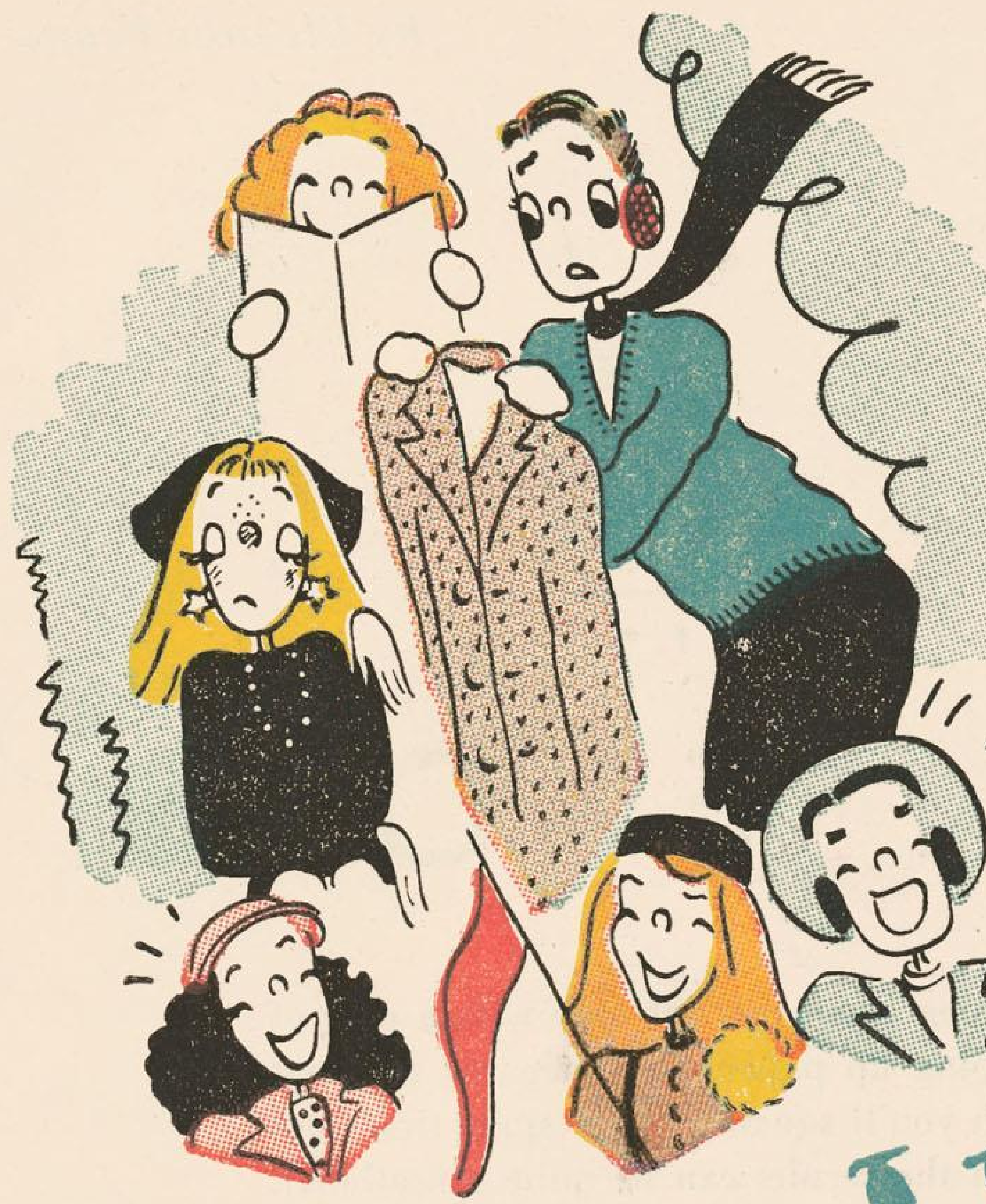
TAFFY'S OFF TO MEET A DREAM,
THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

SNUBBING GOOD ADVICE FROM TESS,
SHE RIGS UP IN HER PARTY DRESS.

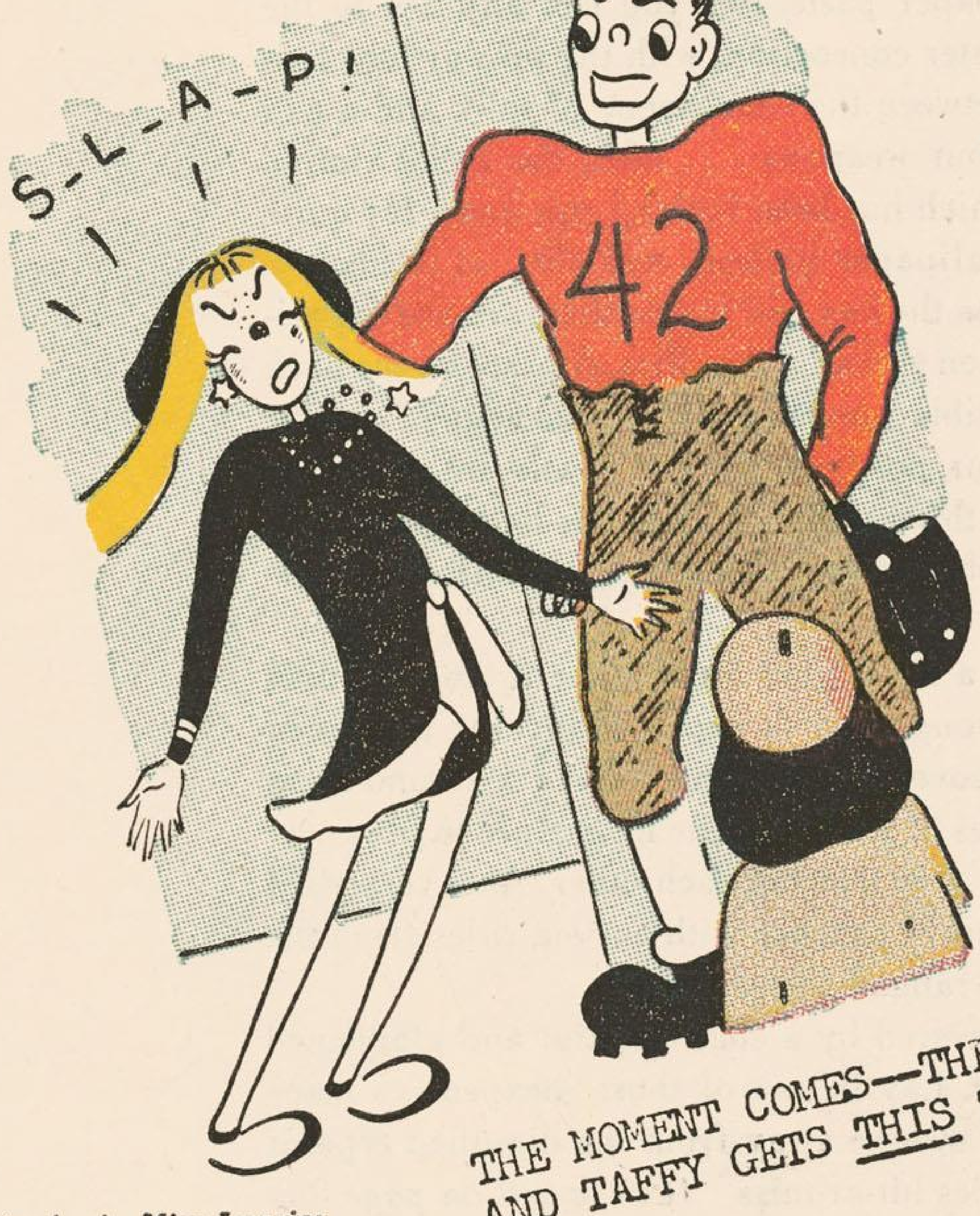




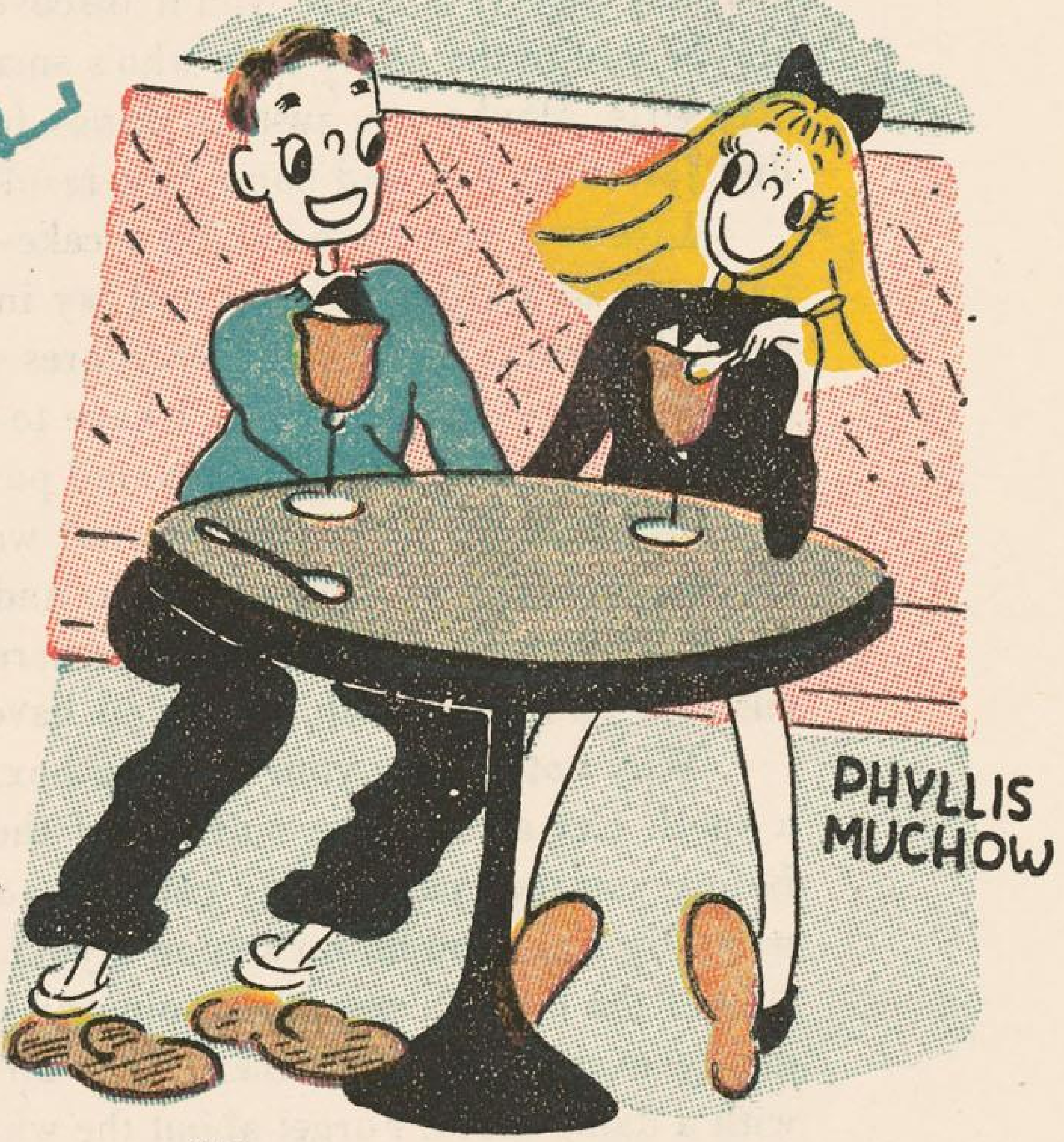
THE GAME SHOULD BE THE MAJOR MATTER,
BUT TAFFY'S TEETH ARE ALL A-CHATTER.



GALLANT BUSTER SHOWS ALARM,
BUT TAFFY WON'T CONCEAL HER CHARM.



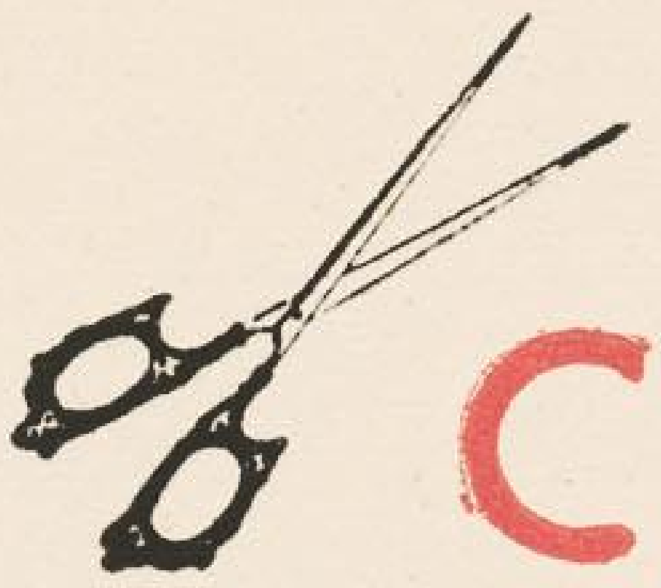
THE MOMENT COMES—THE FATEFUL MEETING
AND TAFFY GETS THIS THRILLING GREETING.



WHAT A HORRID REVELATION!
BUT BUSTER IS A CONSOLATION...

Make appealing gifts for the price of pennies.

by Eleanor Frank



CUT OUT... PASTE UP... PRESTO!!

IT'S astounding how many things can happen when you get cosy with a pair of scissors, a pot of paste, and begin snipping up paper. Offhand, this may not sound like the most exciting project on which you'll squander your spare time—but if you'll give it a whirl, you'll discover that the results can be quite sensational. Maybe you're the cagey type who's smart enough to be already plotting her Christmas gifts. Maybe you just do things for your own amazement. Either way, you're due for some fun and some fine results.

Just as if you were baking a cake—first assemble your ingredients. Go to a department or wallpaper store and lay in a pattern that's sprouting luscious cabbage roses or wistful country scenes. Stores sell remnants of wallpaper just the way they do with material, so you don't have to buy a whole roll if you don't need it. Paste comes next. You can buy a prepared powder which, mixed with water per directions, develops into an ultra professional wallpaper paste. Or, you can adjourn to the kitchen and dish up your own flour and water concoction, with the proportions balanced so that the mixture is somewhere between the consistency of milk and a cup custard—and smo-o-o-th. Now you have your weapons . . . next, the lucky victim.

Why not glorify your knitting box, which has been looking run down for quite a spell. Cut around the outlines of the wallpaper pattern, and slice at it cleanly. Before you start pasting, lay your cut-outs on the box and juggle them around experimentally until you hit on a good layout. Then spread a thin film of paste on the back side of the cut-out, smoothing out any possible lumps by sliding the edge of a ruler gently over the wet surface. Plunk on your posy, pressing it firmly into position with a damp cloth. Forget about the whole thing until the paste has had twenty-four hours drying time, then ice your box with shellac or quick-drying varnish . . . colorless variety for a durable finish.

How about a wooden tray that's had a hard life? Sandpaper it smooth, then paint it with black enamel. Once it's thoroughly dry, you're ready for the fancy stuff—like a cut-out hunting scene you discover by skulking around a second-hand book store. Or get giddy and cut out the titles of your favorite magazines in irregular shapes and mount them on the tray so that they overlap each other. As a very slick gift for a bookworm, make your tray a literary number with cut out titles from the book jackets of her pet reading matter, arranged helter-skelter.

Wastebaskets can be dull tools, but cheered by a coat of paint and gladdened by cut-outs, they suddenly develop glamor. Lay in one of those inexpensive maps of the world, and cut out continents. Only swerve away from the dignified type of map wastebasket and paste on your countries hit-or-miss (*Continued on page* 83)

THE BUTTERFLY

by Danielle Mortimer

This is the story of a miracle. A miracle that might almost happen to — you!

THE usual noise of Miss Butler's biology class receded into a steady hum in Daisy Peter's ears. The voice of her teacher was like the sound of surf against a sea cliff—constant in tone, exact in expression, perfect in timing. Daisy hated it.

Daisy Peters was a junior at Bolton High School, and a very unhappy one. If an election was to be held for the most unpopular girl in school, Daisy knew she would win, hands down. She had no friends. No boys had ever asked her out—except one. And she turned him down because she suspected the invitation was a trick. After that, no one bothered to call her.

But heading the list of people who disliked Daisy, was Daisy herself. She was short, and her favorite, self-imposed adjective was "dumpy." Her arms and legs were too long and skinny; her hair was straight and stringy. Blemishes heightened her small, round face, and as soon as they disappeared, new ones rose to taunt her.

Daisy spent most of her time hating herself and everyone around her. Consequently, her grades suffered. She was a bright girl, but her marks were "just passing." Daisy blamed her teachers, for it was as plain as her personality that they "had it in for her."

Today was project day in biology. Each student was to have prepared an exhibit. Most had gone to great lengths to arrange an extraordinary display. Elsie Lubin had ten different bird's eggs in their nests. Dick Fowler had mounted a raccoon. Judy Anderson collected the leaves of all the various state trees.

Daisy brought a cocoon.

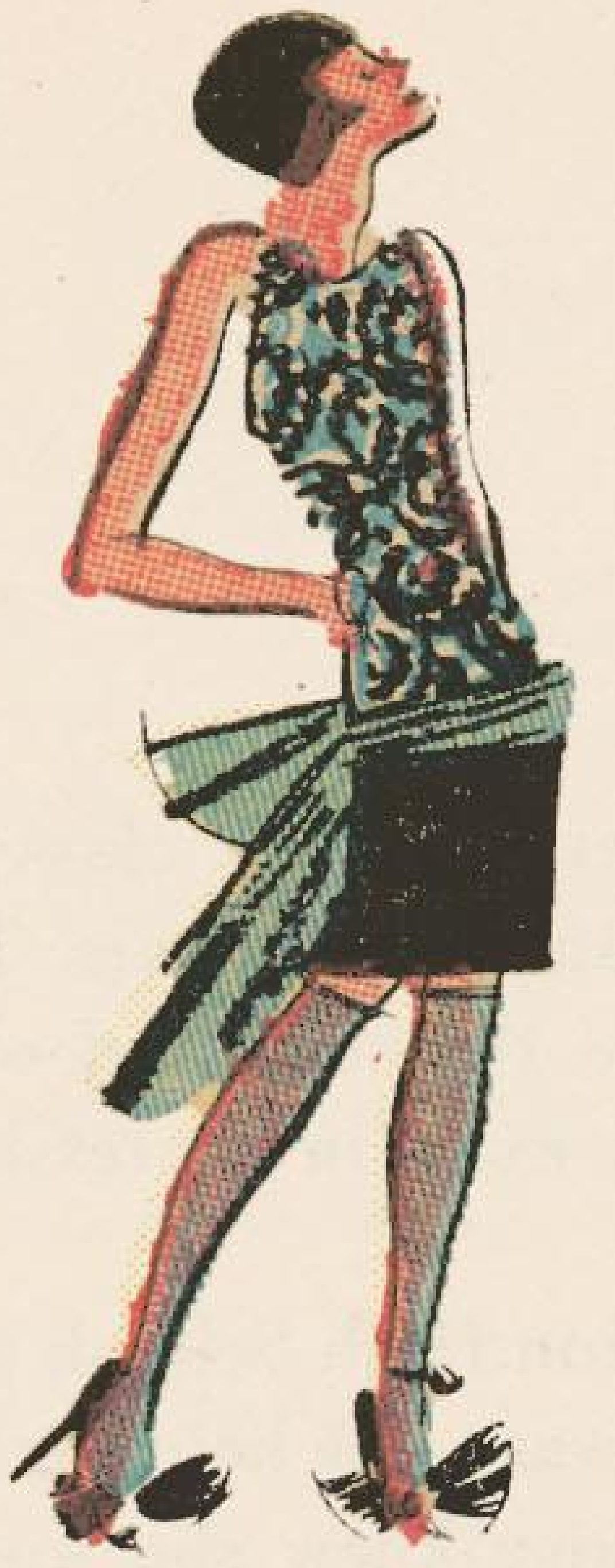
It was while walking to school one day that Daisy found the large, fat cocoon. She was about to crush it with her heel, when suddenly she remembered the project. It was due in three days, and she had nothing prepared. Carefully picking up the cocoon, she carried it to her locker and put it into a small cardboard box.

Now she gazed gratefully at the box, reposing on the desk before her. Let Miss Butler call on her! Just let her! She was ready.

Daisy drew the box closer to her, slowly removed the lid. Cautiously she peeked into it, her eyes widening in amazement. Instead of the smooth gray cylinder, a reddish body was squirming out of the musty sheaf! How ugly it was, this—this *thing* half in, half out of its shell! Certainly now, her project was ruined. It was just her usual streak of bad luck.

Daisy stared at the box

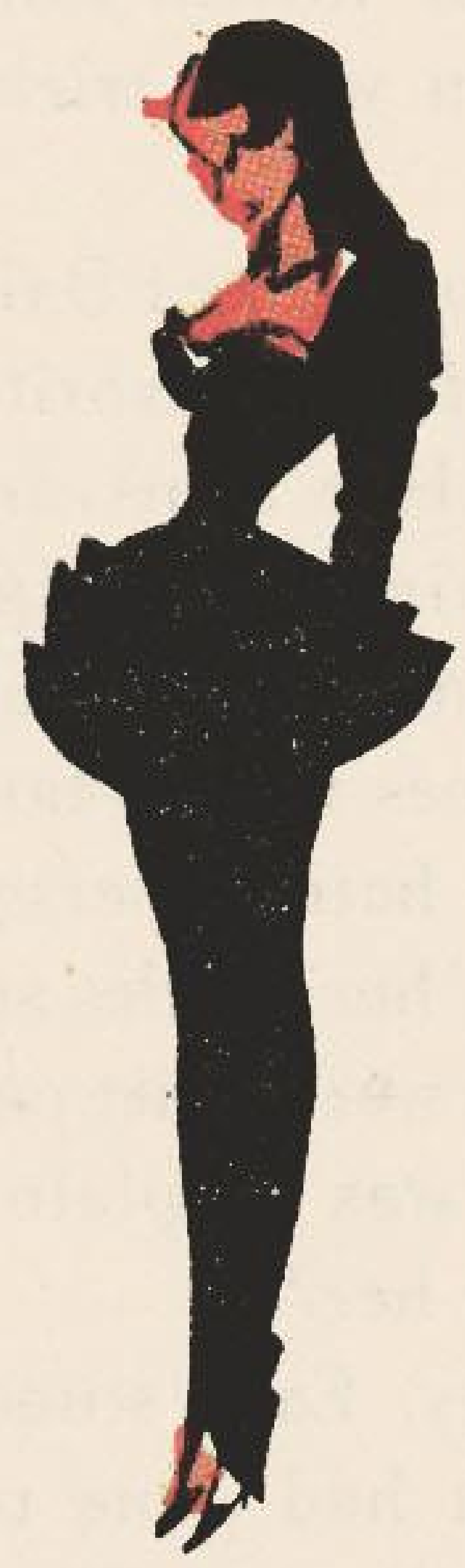
(*Continued on page* 89)

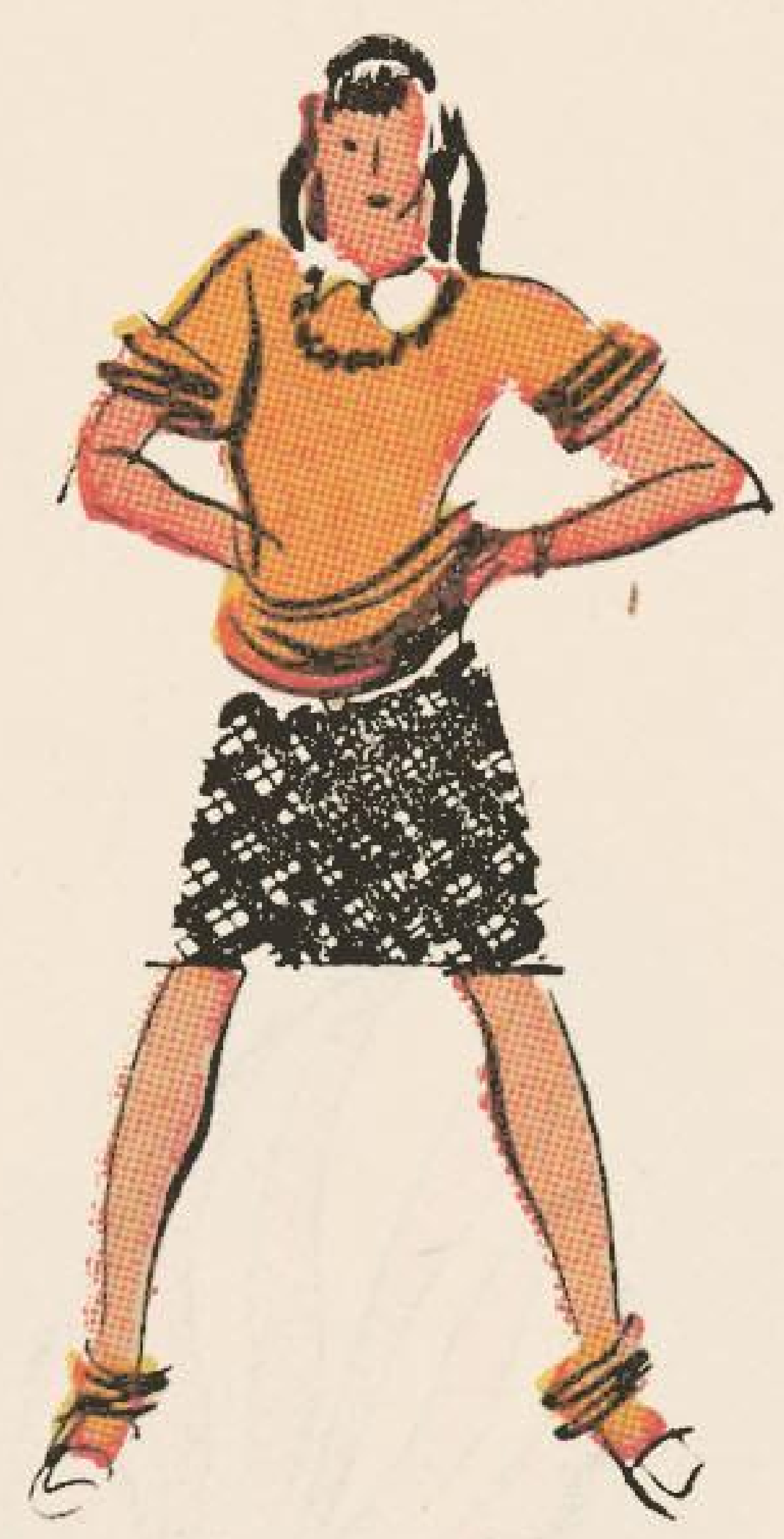


Then and Now

by Russell Paterson

Famed illustrator, Russell Paterson traces for you teen fashions through the ages . . . as seen in his original sketchbook . . .



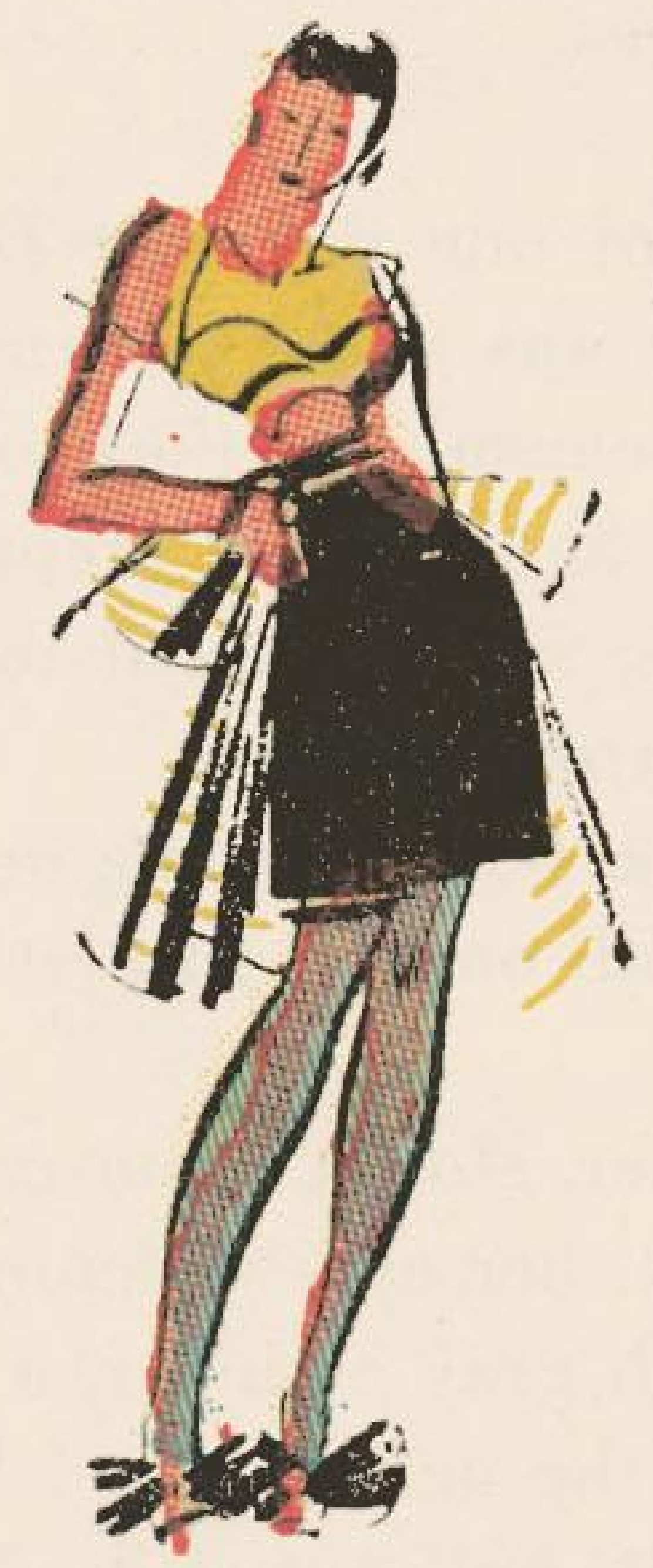


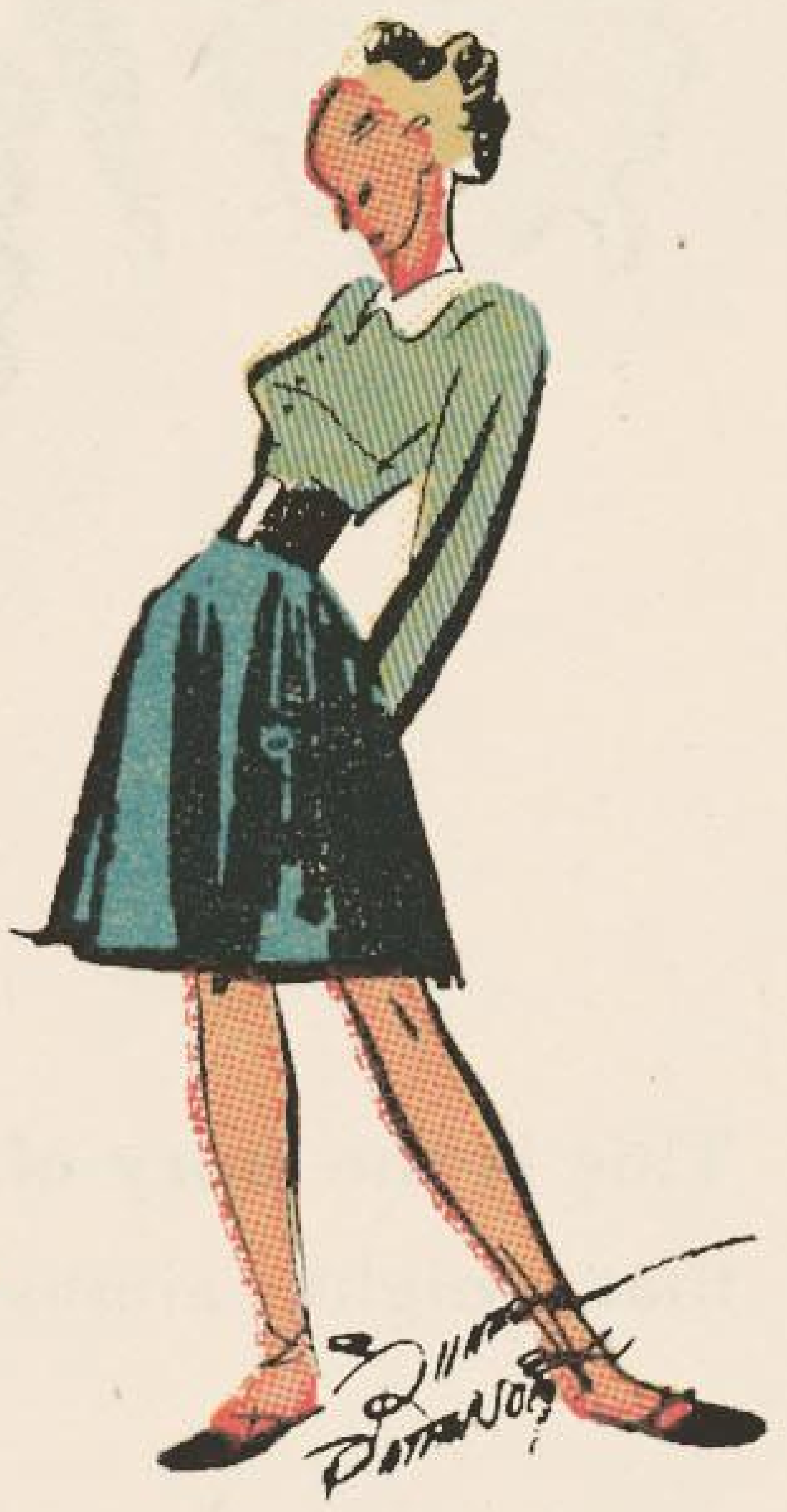
FOR a long time, teenagers were "unhonored, unsung," the forgotten "women" of America. Mentally classified by most under: pigtails, short skirts, lollipops, they squirmed their way uncomfortably through the teen years, until, with astonishing rapidity, they suddenly became—women! What had occurred inbetween was not important.

Then came the evolution!

Slowly and gradually, but inevitably, the "inbetween" years gained significance. The first sign of distinction was manifested in the hobble skirt, rage of young women about 1910. Skin-tight to the ankles, a small slit permitted one foot to move about two inches ahead of the other.

It was soon forced to give way, however, to the much bolder "flapper" costume, characterized by short skirts and fancy dresses covered with bows. During this era—the reckless, "flaming youth" days of the roaring twenties —I had just completed my art course, and first started to look for a "type" to draw. The same idea occurred to John Held, and together we popularized the "flapper."





From here, we went on to stylize the following "collegiate" and "jazz" eras. Feminine charms were minimized during this period. Belts came down around the hips to eliminate a waistline and give the effect of a straight up-and-down form. Hair was almost completely shorn. This bobbed style, originated for the younger set, became so popular it spread to mothers. Throughout these varying stages, teenagers had to get together and create styles by themselves, for themselves. Perhaps, this is the reason they always looked so much alike—especially during the most recent "bobby-sox brigade" days. Then came the revolution! Stylists, manufacturers, buyers, *everybody* started to work like crazy. Polls were taken, colors originated, figures analyzed, tastes considered — and a deluge of entirely new and unique teen creations flooded store counters. At last, the teen had come of age!

PULL DOWN
U.S. MAIL
LETTERS
DELIVERY ZONE 11

OUT OF THE MALEBOX

By Eleanor Hiteshew

Here are some suggestions from the boys to improve your stadium standards . . .

HE calls up and says to her, "How's about you and me for the football game on Saturday?" She says fine, and the whole deal looms pleasantly for a week. It would seem that this is a very uninvolved setup, but musing over the mail we find a brisk bunch of remarks, which leads us to believe that this variety of date often falls apart at the seams. The boys claim it's because there are all too many chicks who simply don't know what goes and what doesn't, when they are squired to a football field. The girls say it's because some boys simply blow a fuse when they get near the gridiron, and any resemblance to their usual courteous selves is purely coincidental. Let's pull the whole thing apart, letter by letter, and see exactly why everybody's getting so awfully excited.

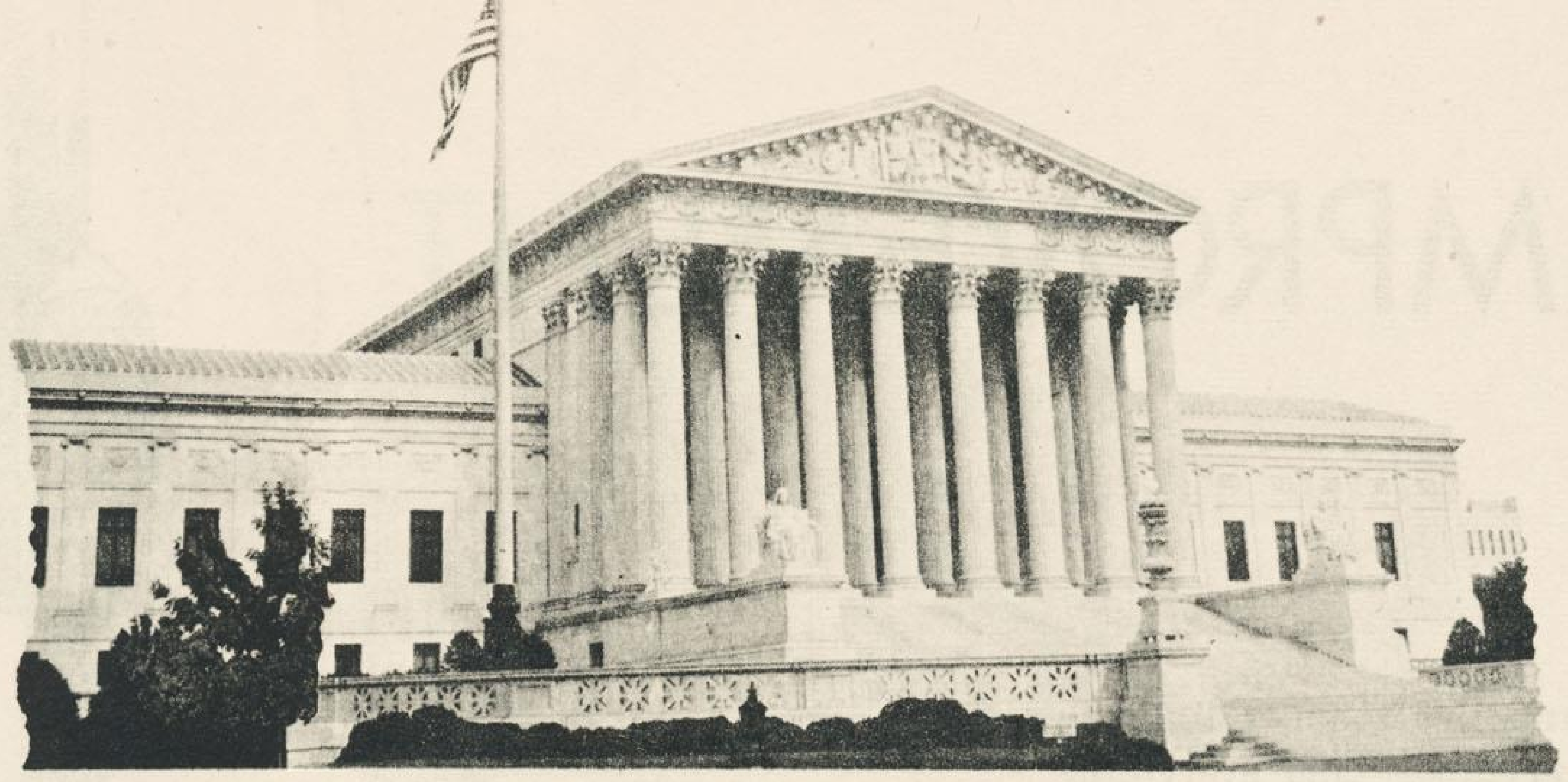
From the male department comes the growl that it isn't the fact that girls ask questions that drives them crazy. It's the timing. Feature this, they say. The field explodes into excitement, with the home team halfback ripping to a touchdown and the rival team quarterback tearing in to tackle him, and everything more tense than a Humphrey Bogart movie. At which point, up squeaks your date, pleading to have everything explained to her because she just doesn't catch what's going on. If only she'd keep a grip on herself until the peak of the crisis is passed, and then start her Quiz Kid operations.

The boys go so far as to say that if a girl knows on Monday that she's going to a game on Saturday, and knows she doesn't savvy a thing about it, would it be too taxing for her to grab an article on football somewhere in between and give it a once-over lightly?—just so she can at least identify the eleven men on the team. She'd have a much better time, too, we're advised, if she'd find out beforehand that there's a line and a backfield.

The general layout of the field isn't too much for her to grasp ahead of time either, write the men. She ought to know that there's a 10-yard end zone between the goal line and the goal posts. And that there's a 100-yard line down the length of the field. She certainly ought to recognize a goal line, which everybody aims to cross, because it signals he's achieved a touchdown. And so it proceeds throughout the game.

Generously, a boy won't demand that a girl master the complexities of team penalties. He will tip her off as to what special rule has been broken, as long as she doesn't begin yanking at his sleeve in the middle of the incident. He's perfectly willing to explain the fine differences between a drop kick, a place kick and a punt, but she ought to be able to dope out a kick-off for herself and know it's re-starting or starting play after the opposition has been scored against with a place kick. And she ought to know that when the ball is passed sideways or backwards, the team hasn't gone berserk, but is merely indulging in a lateral pass.

The males say they like the feminine type fine, but a football game is no time and place to start pulling that utterly helpless routine. A boy wants his date to be a companion, just as thrilled over what's going on as he is. Thrilled because she has *(Continued on page 90)*

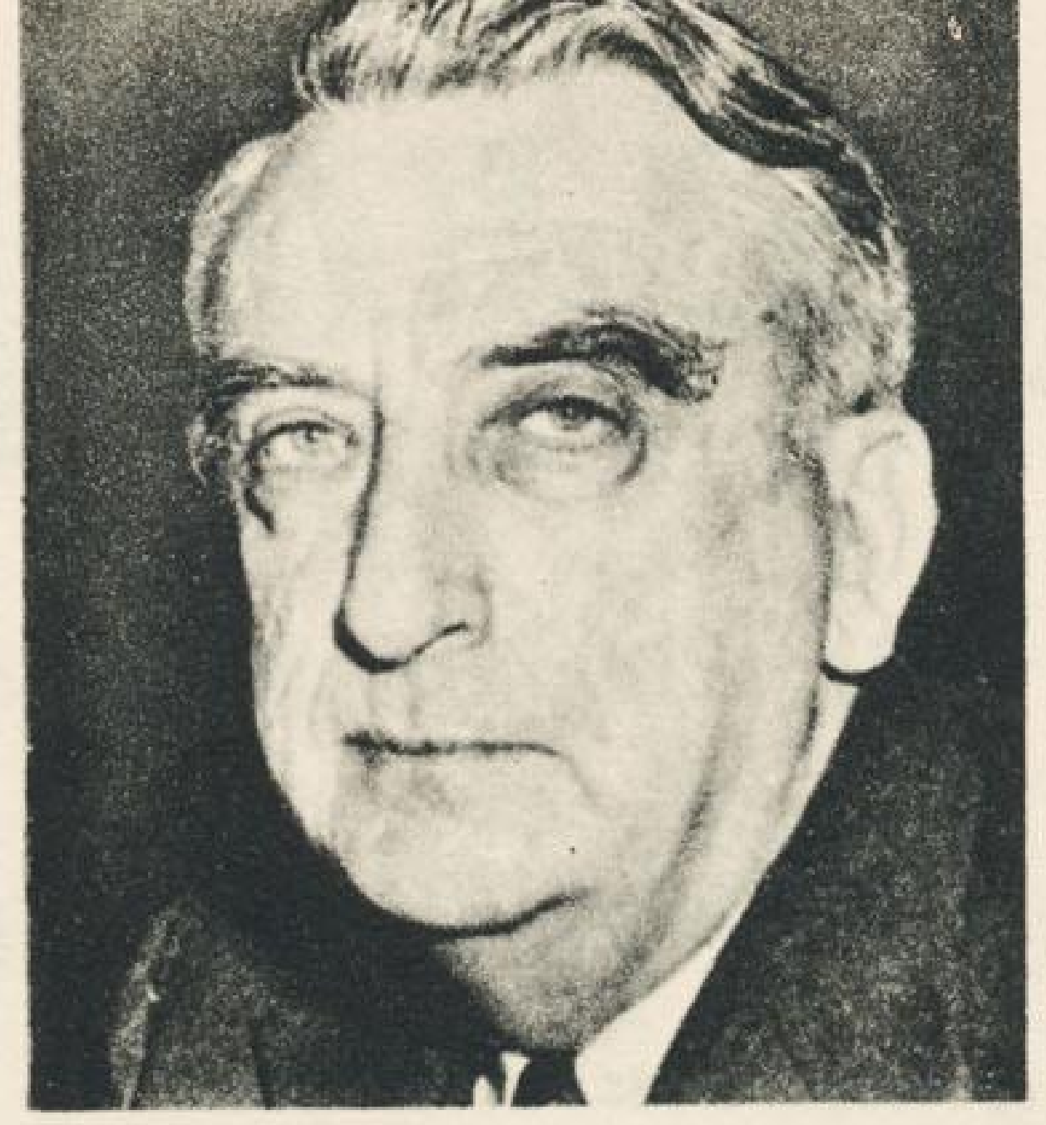


THE SUPREME COURT

PRESERVER AND INTERPRETER OF OUR CONSTITUTION

By Elias Lieberman

Nine justices occupy the honored places on the Supreme Court bench. Do you know what they mean to you—and to the nation?

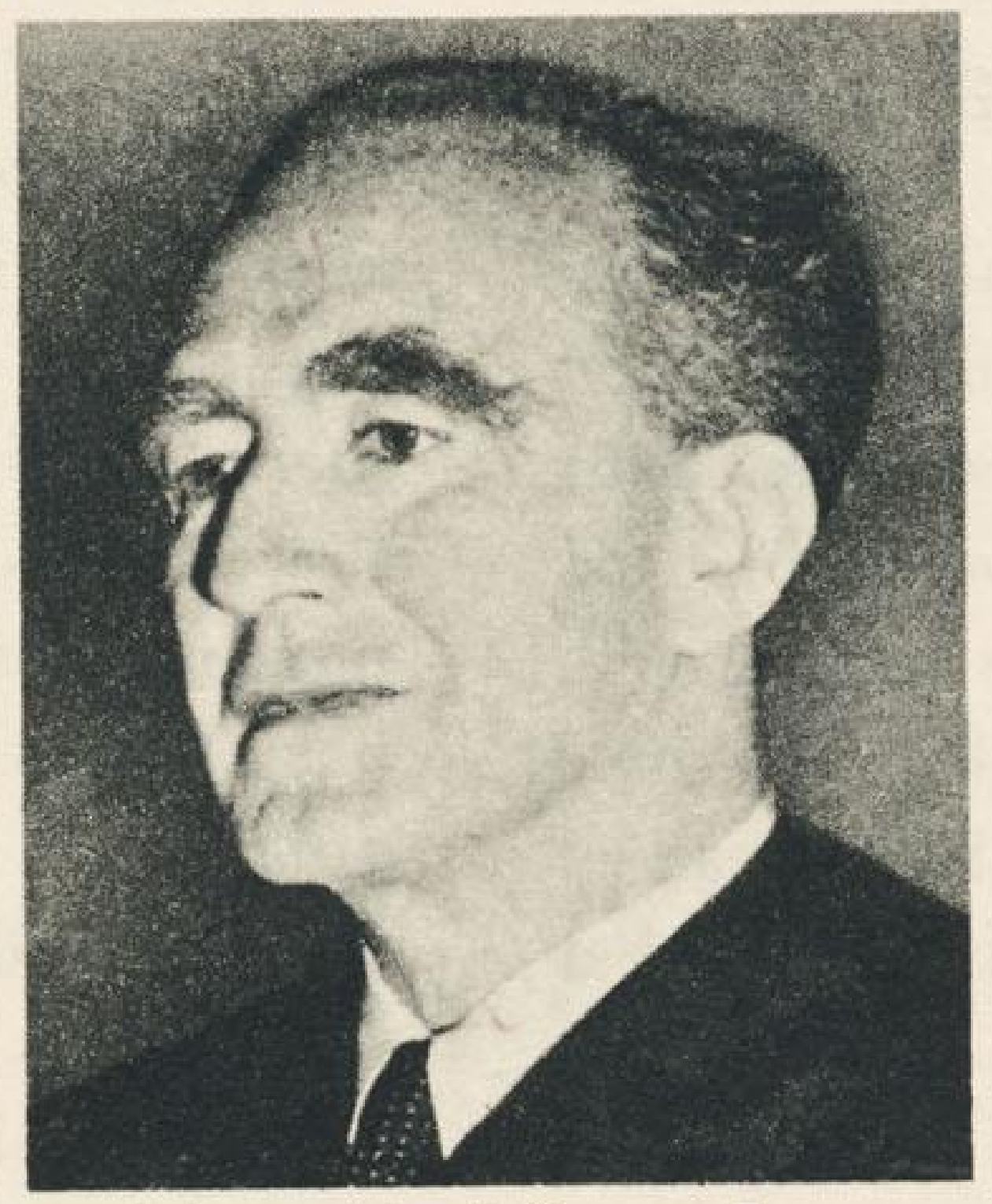


Fred M. Vinson

Villiam O. Douglas

Felix Frankfurter

Wiley Rutledge



Frank Murphy

TEENAGERS today are becoming more and more interested in government, even world government. No longer do adults say, "Now you run along, this is all far beyond you," when talk turns to the United Nations, labor problems, and controversial issues on which the country is divided. Young people have a stake in the future. They want a hand in shaping destiny. They know that the mistakes of today will be the headaches of tomorrow.

The Supreme Court of the United States has always exerted a tremendous influence on the development of our country. MISS AMERICA readers will be interested in knowing how it is organized, how it works, and how it helped shape us into a great nation.

Back of the Supreme Court is the Authority of the Constitution. In our system of government there are three co-ordinate departments: the executive, legislative, and judicial. The Supreme Court wields the judicial power of the United States along with inferior courts established by Congress.

Organization and Jurisdiction. The Supreme Court was established by Act of Congress on September 24, 1789. The Court was composed of a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices, any four of whom comprised a quorum. Since then, the number of judges has varied from time to time. This October the Court will convene in the imposing Greek temple across the plaza from the Capitol. It will be composed of nine judges. The Chief Justice and the eight Associate Justices spend the entire year studying the many complex cases which reach them for judicial review.

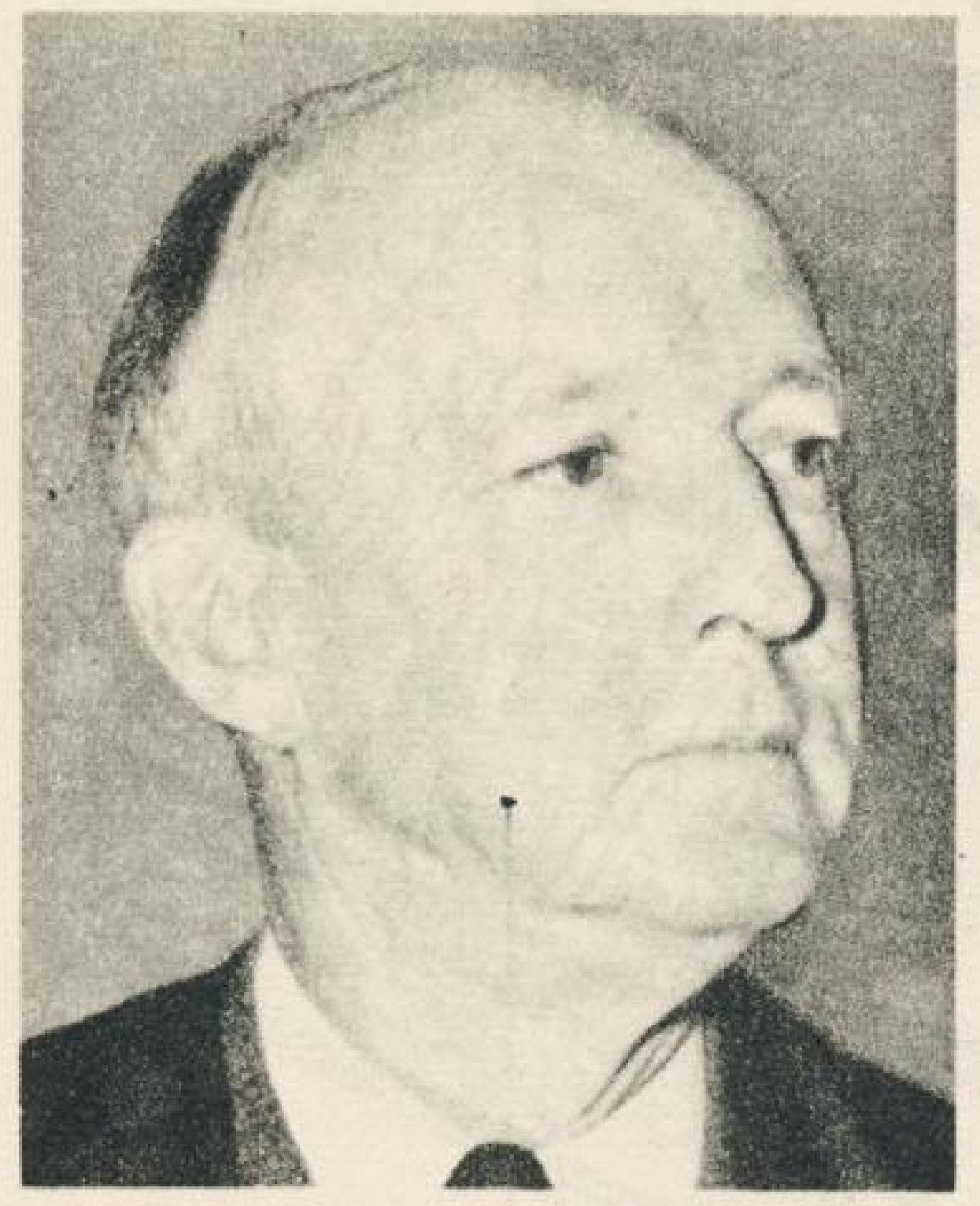
The Supreme Court is the most powerful judicial body in the world. In some cases, the Supreme Court has what is called *original jurisdiction.* This means that it may try these cases from the very beginning. Under this class come actions affecting ambassadors, and other public ministers. Its most important power, however, lies in its *appellate jurisdiction.* From the federal courts and from the state courts come many appeals to the Supreme Court for final decisions. Such appeals sometimes test the constitutionality of an act or law. The Supreme Court passes and makes final decisions on appeals from federal courts and from the highest state courts.

Thus, the Supreme Court clarifies and interprets the Constitution. It decides which acts of states are legal and which are illegal; it passes on the validity of federal treaties and statutes; it approves or condemns the conduct of public officials. In this way its decisions influence the course of our lives, the disposition of our investments, and our safety. (*Continued on page* 87)

Harold H. Burton

Stanley F. Reed

Robert Jackson



Hugo L. Black

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

By *Elizabeth Leigh*

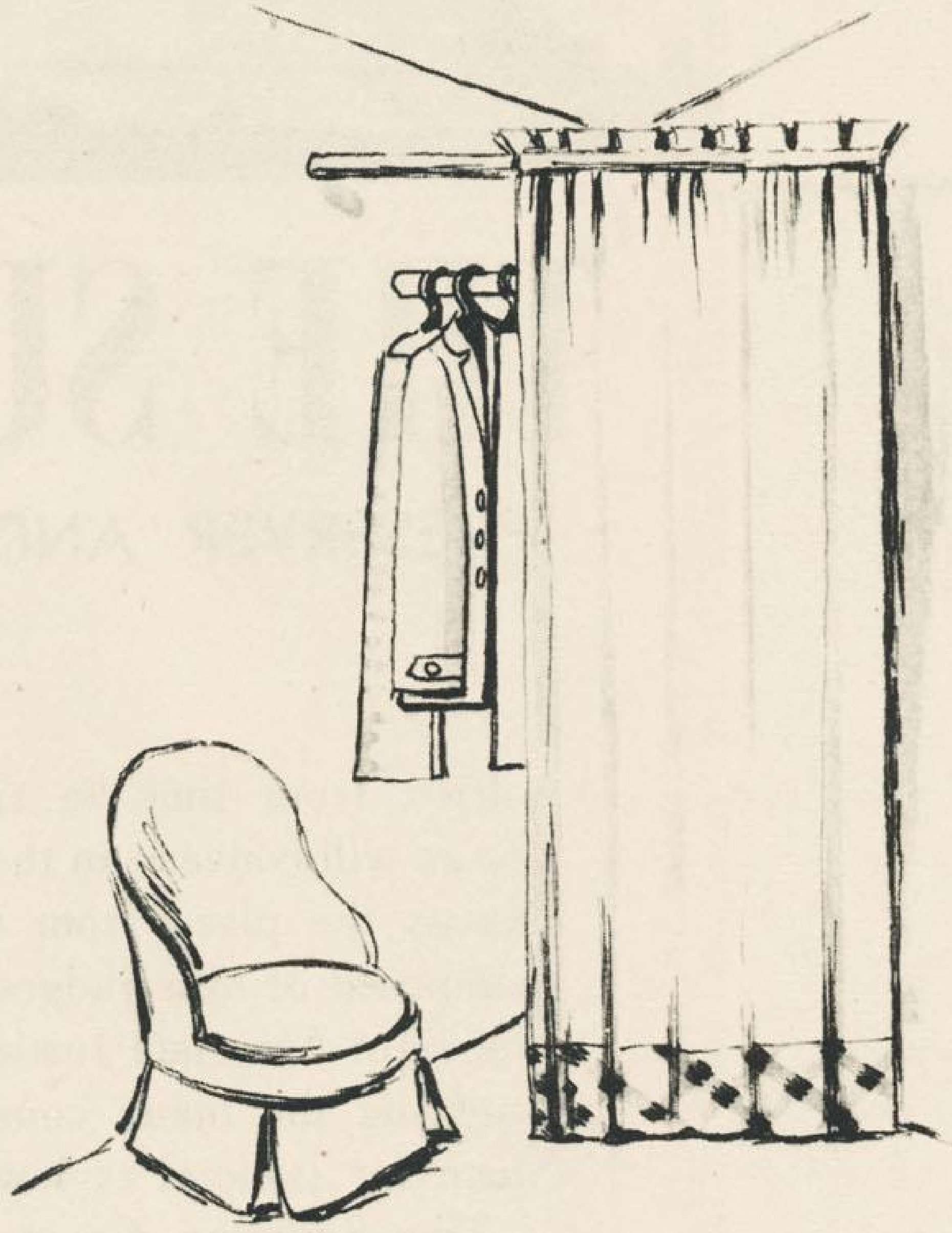
So your room's too small . . .
But it isn't—not if you use
your wits to make every
inch into living space . . .

IF I WERE going to write a theme song for a neat, attractive room, I'd simply wrap some music around the words, "A place for everything—and everything in its place!" Nothing can shatter the charm of a room so quickly as "clutter." You know what I mean—shoes left sprawled around the floor, undies dangling from chair backs, books landed hit-or-miss anywhere, hats hanging for dear life to the candlesticks and various and sundry overflow shoved under the good ole bed. Such a sight always makes you wonder if the owner of the room isn't equally disorderly in her mind and as unharmonious in her personality.

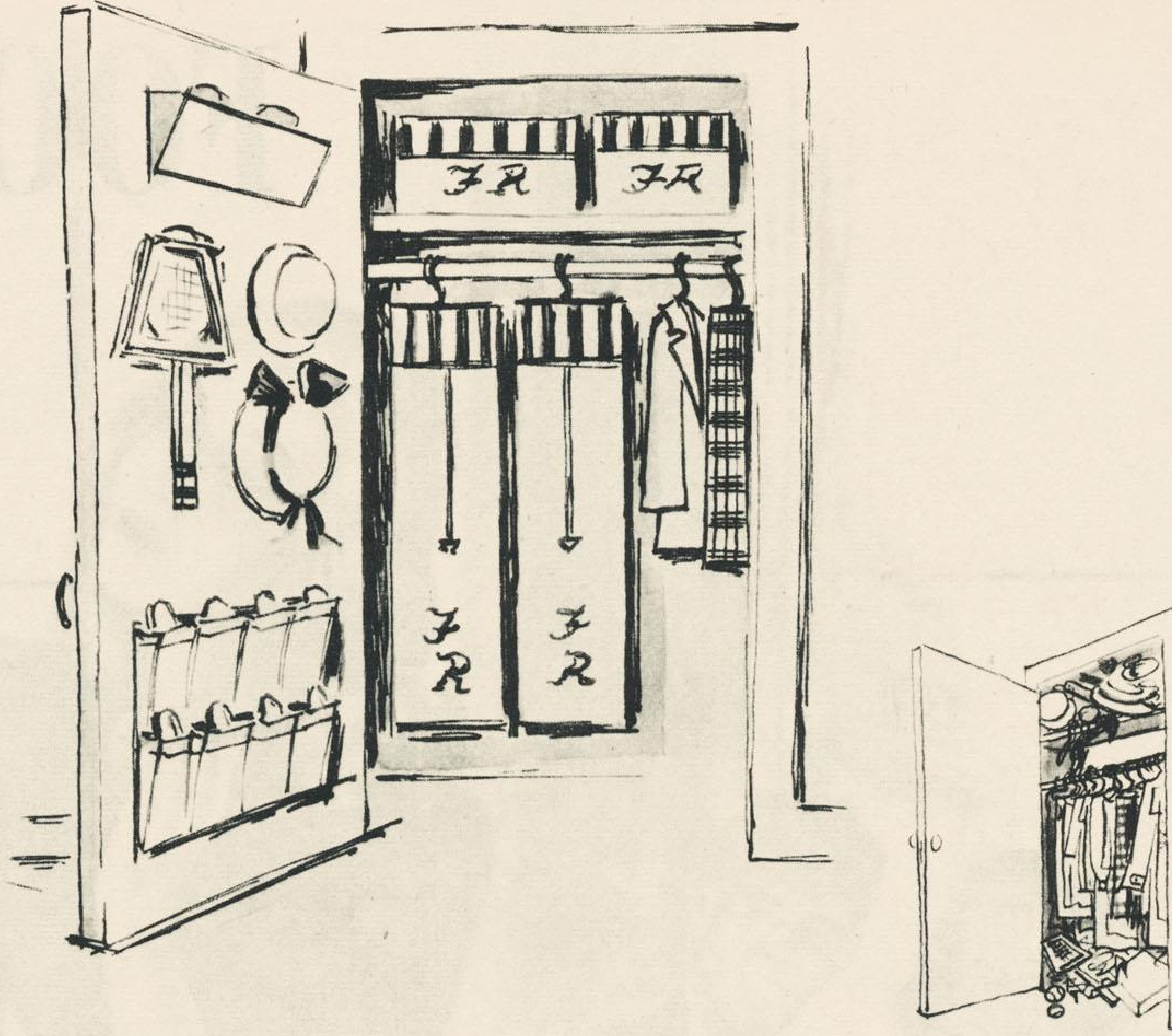
"But what'll I do if my room's too small—if there's no place to put things?" asks a Hurt Little Voice from the crowd.

There're plenty of things you can do! Summing it all up, the answer is "Make the most of what space you do have." Learn the latest tricks about clothes closets . . . investigate some of the clever plyboard "aides" which can be found in any department store such as utility cabinets, hat and shoe boxes, blanket boxes, chests and so on . . . give wings to your ingenuity by seeing what you can do with dad's discarded office file or even just a few strong boards. Then get busy with a can of paint, a few yards of cheerful chintz or paper and, presto—you've a room as neat and as feminine as any girl could want!

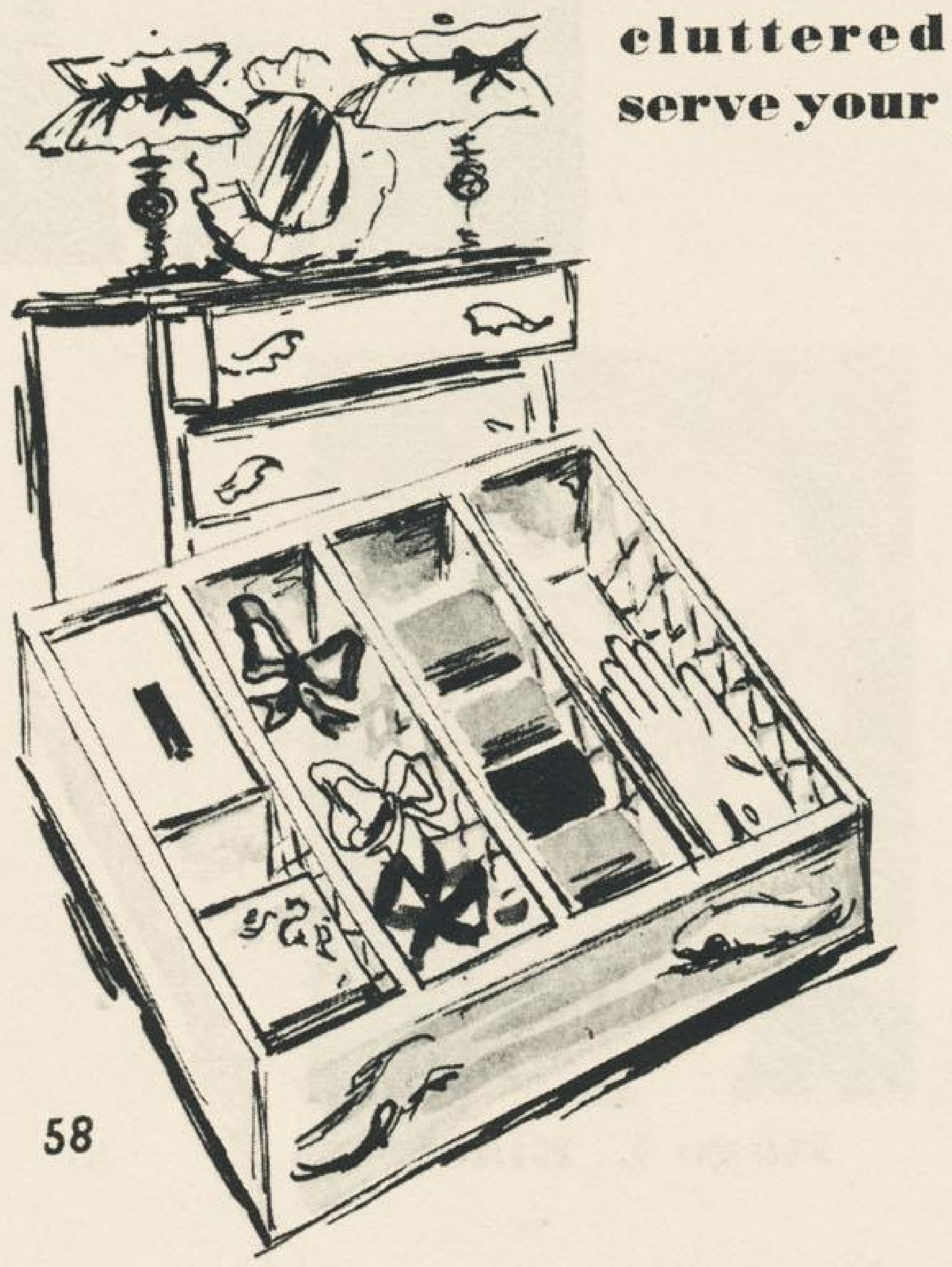
Let's consider, first, the case of the too-small closet. If you're a dormitory dweller, you have odd pieces of luggage as well as *(Continued on page 86)*



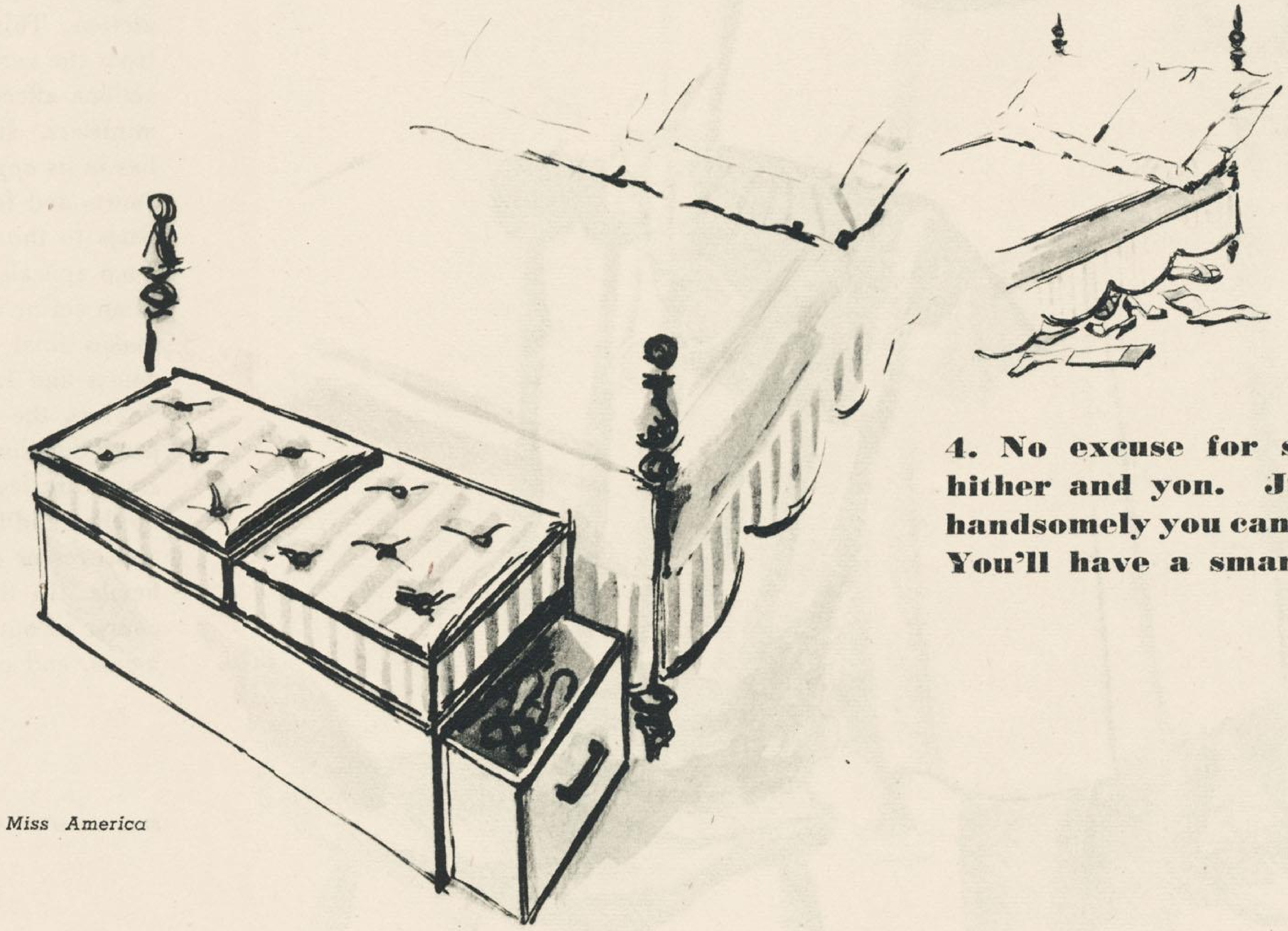
2. Broomstick-plus-curtain makes a colorful hideaway for closet surplus, sport equipment. Rig it yourself—it's simple!



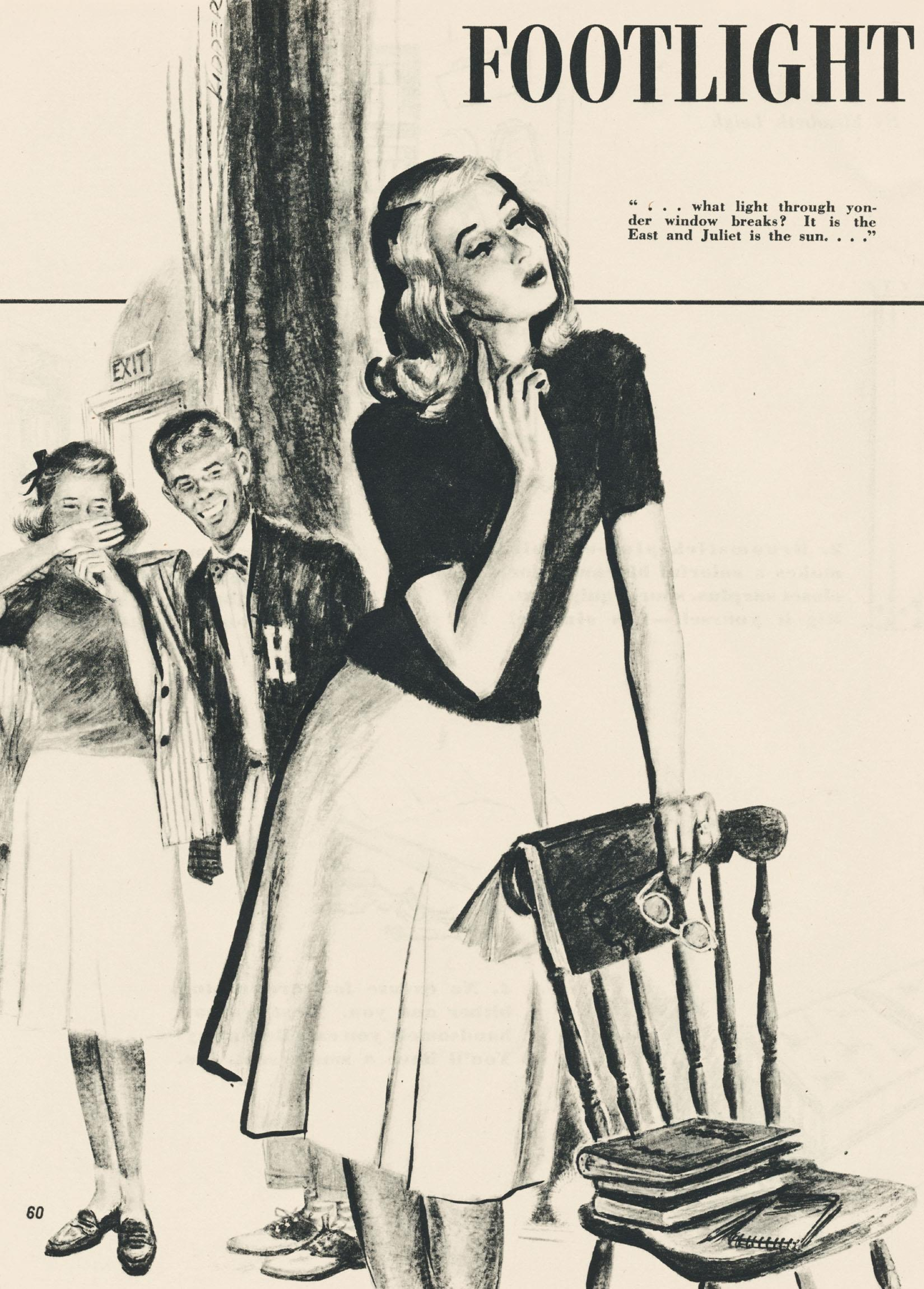
3. Boxes, garment bags and, above all, *system*, will organize your belongings in style. Suave color-scheming lifts spirits.



1. From catch-all to efficiency aid—partitions transform your cluttered top drawer. Preserve your precious possessions.



4. No excuse for strewn stuff hither and yon. Just see how handsomely you can file it away! You'll have a smart seat, too.



FOOTLIGHT FEVER

by *Lynn Mead*

“. . . what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East and Juliet is the sun. . . .”

Babs played ‘Juliet’—not for fame or fortune —but for her wayward, next-door Romeo. . . .

BARBARA HOWARD stood in the middle of the Howard living room, looked helplessly at the volume of Shakespeare’s plays Chris Beals had thrust into her hands.

“But Chris,” she faltered, “I—I haven’t time to rehearse with you—”

“Beans,” said Chris inelegantly.

Hands thrust deep into pockets, he scowled at her earnestly, blue eyes intense, chin set. Babs considered him wonderingly. It was crazy—Chris wanting to try out for the lead in the Junior class play—all of a sudden, out of the blue!

“But Chris,” she protested again, hoping the slow hurt growing inside her wouldn’t climb into her wide gray eyes, “you can get somebody else to read lines to you—someone who’s trying out for another part or—”

He reached for the book. “Okay—okay! Just thought you might be willing to help out a pal, give a few pointers, but—”

“Chris!” choked Babs. Was she going to lose Chris Beals’ friendship, too, on top of everything else? “Chris,” she said, “you know I want to help you but—well, honestly, Chris, I don’t get it! You never would have anything to do with theatricals before, and now, all of a sudden—”

“Miss Mills said she needed boys to try out.” He flushed uncomfortably. “It’s the least I can do.”

A likely explanation! Babs’ heart flopped dismally. There was only one possible reason for his sudden, strange passion for the drama. T.T.T., as the boys called her—Donna Barlow, tall, talented, and titian.

Since Donna had entered Central High, all the boys had suddenly developed an abnormal interest in acting. Donna was from New York, had taken dramatic lessons there—she’d even had a few small parts. Naturally, no other girl could hope to compete with her, and Miss Mills, the dramatic coach, preferred her. Babs congratulated herself that she, for one, was too bright to try to snag the class play lead away from Donna. She’d save her strength—and her pride.

Babs dropped her eyes. No doubt of it. Now Chris, too, wanted the much-sought-after male lead opposite the luscious Donna in “Romeo and Juliet.” Babs sighed. It was sickening. Once a person’s life started to snarl up, it certainly did a good job.

“All right,” she said, “I’ll help you, Chris, but honestly, I don’t think you’ve got a chance—”

“Leave us not argue,” said Chris loftily.

(*Continued on page* 72)

KEYBOARD CAPERS

By *Beverly Speilberg*

Practice makes . . . a perfect leading lady—It's all in your striking the proper chord

THERE comes a point in every good party when one of the gang will plunk down at the piano and hammer out "Chopsticks." Then maybe someone will swing out with a solid boogie number or play a Chopin nocturne so beautifully that even the hepcats sigh with rapture.

That's the time when you start drooling and wish you were a musical Quiz Kid. But you really don't have to be an Iturbi or a Paderewski to have a lot of fun at the piano. We're not suggesting that you sprint to the mailbox to send for one of those courses in "How to Play Piano in Ten Lazy Lessons." With a competent teacher and some determined effort, you can pave the way for hours of pleasure in the music world.

Of course, it may make you feel like Joan of Arc in a dirndl to give up one whole hour for practicing every day. You'd rather be skating or gobbling up chocolate marshmallow sundaes. But we bet you dollars to doughnuts that if you set aside one definite hour for practicing every day and stick to that same hour, you'll be slaphappy with the results. Of course, you may have to change your schedule on week-ends for an extra special date, but don't make too many exceptions.

Another thing—try not to get involved in long telephone conversations while you're supposed to be practicing, even if your current swoon-boy is on the phone.

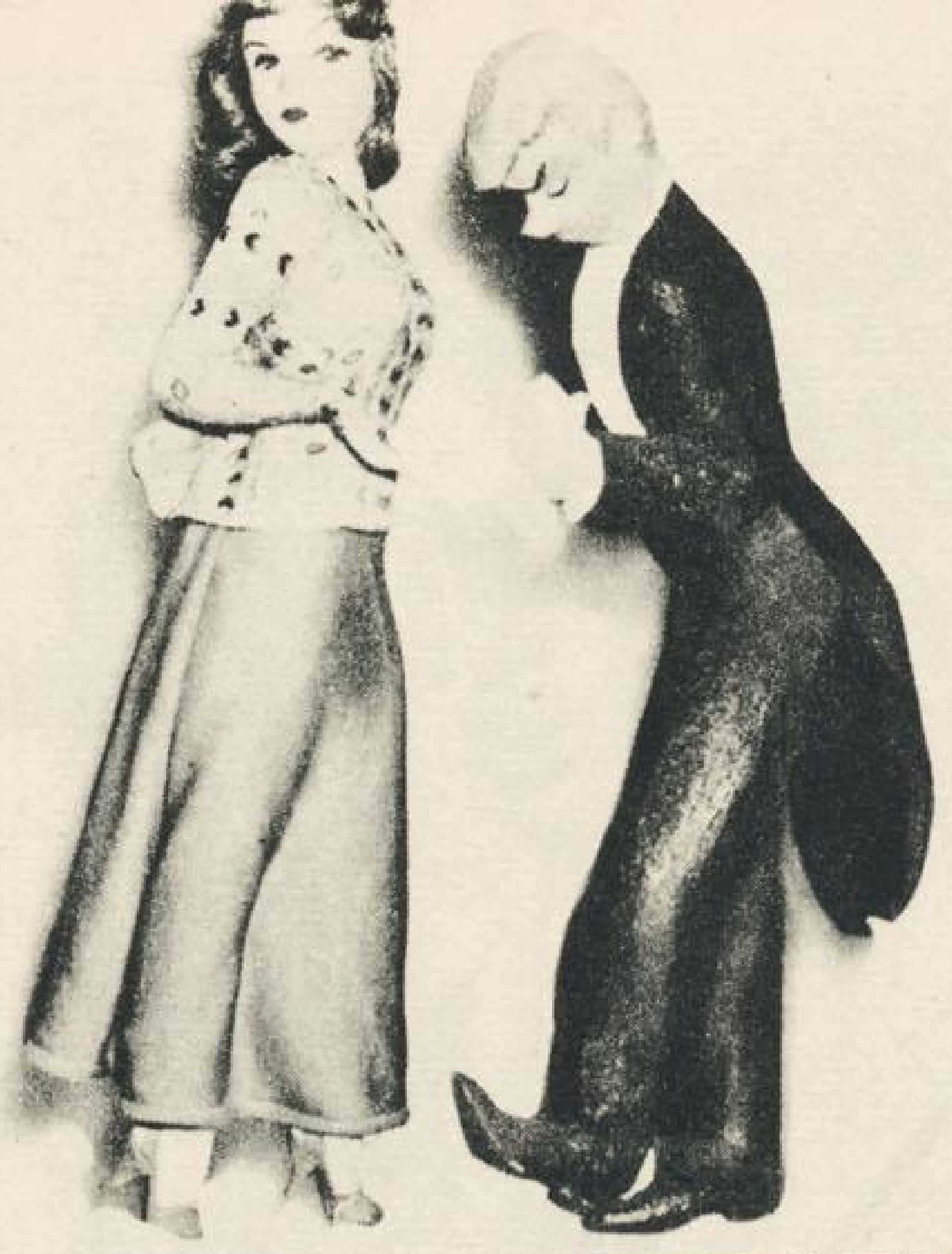
The way you practice can make or break your playing. If you keep one eye glued on the clock, toss raisins into your mouth at three-minute intervals, and hike into the kitchen for a glass of water, a lot of strange things will happen at the keyboard. Shut out your sisters and your brothers and your aunts and really concentrate on what you're doing. Divide each piece into convenient parts and work harder on the weaker sections. Go over each part until you feel you have made some progress.

Modern piano teachers will start you on tuneful pieces with slick illustrations. As you become more advanced, you'll play the music that really appeals to you. You won't be overloaded with drab exercises and scales, although you'll have to take a certain amount of keyboard spinach.

It could be that you're not interested in strictly longhair stuff. Maybe you only want to hunt and peck your way through the latest Hit Parade material. In that case, you'll reach your goal soon, since you don't need a terrific technique to play popular music.

You may get a kick out of accompanying a group singing Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, such as "The Mikado" or "Pirates of Penzance." Or perhaps you know a local Frank Sinatra who would simply adore to have you accompany him. You might even discover that you're a talented composer.

So dust off the ivories and warn the neighbors to close their windows. You can never tell where piano lessons might lead you.

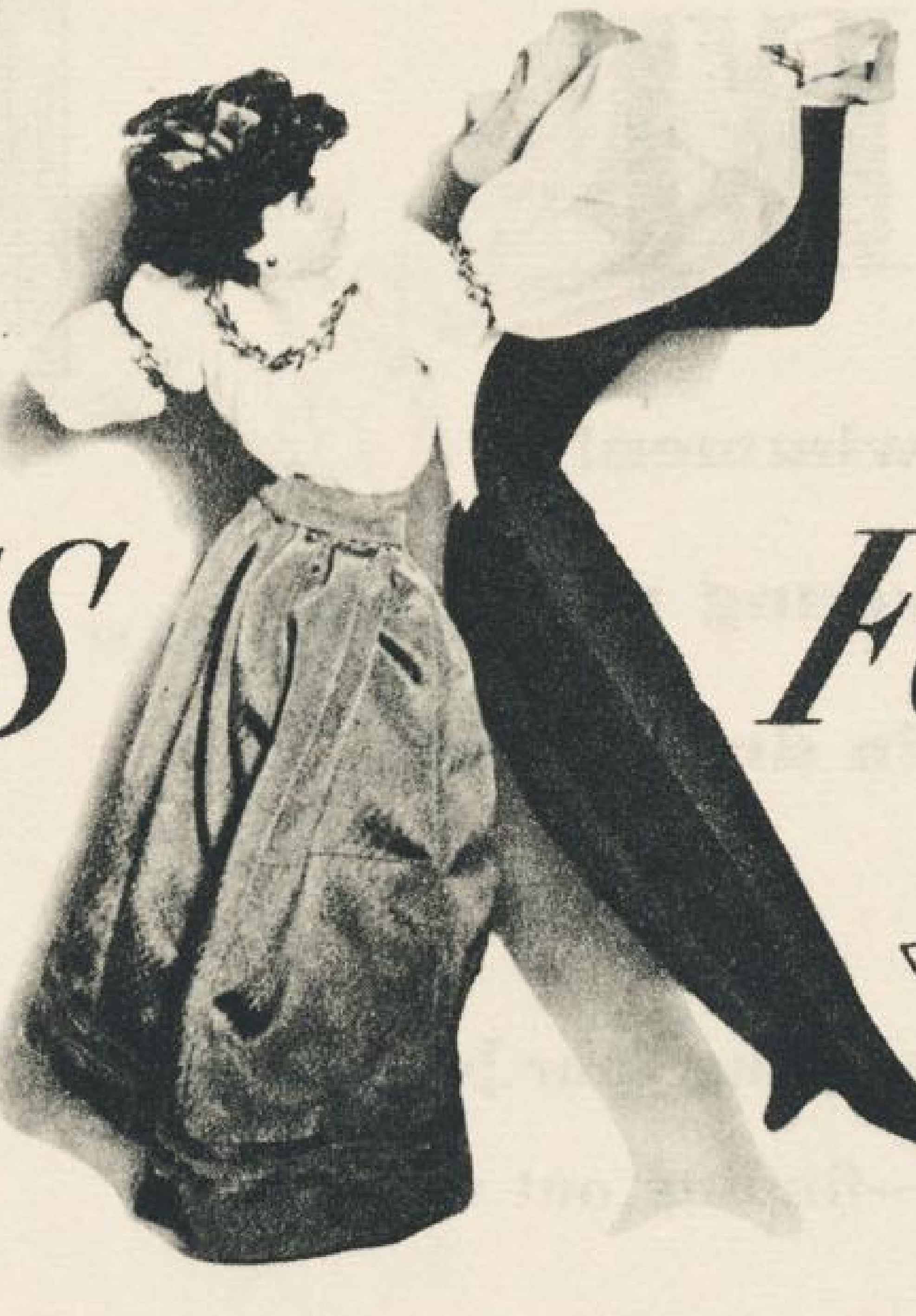


THE SOLO DANCER

*He does his trottin'
but you're forgotten.*

Expert Arthur Murray tells what's wrong with your dancing—and your partner's. So read—and let this be a lesson to you!

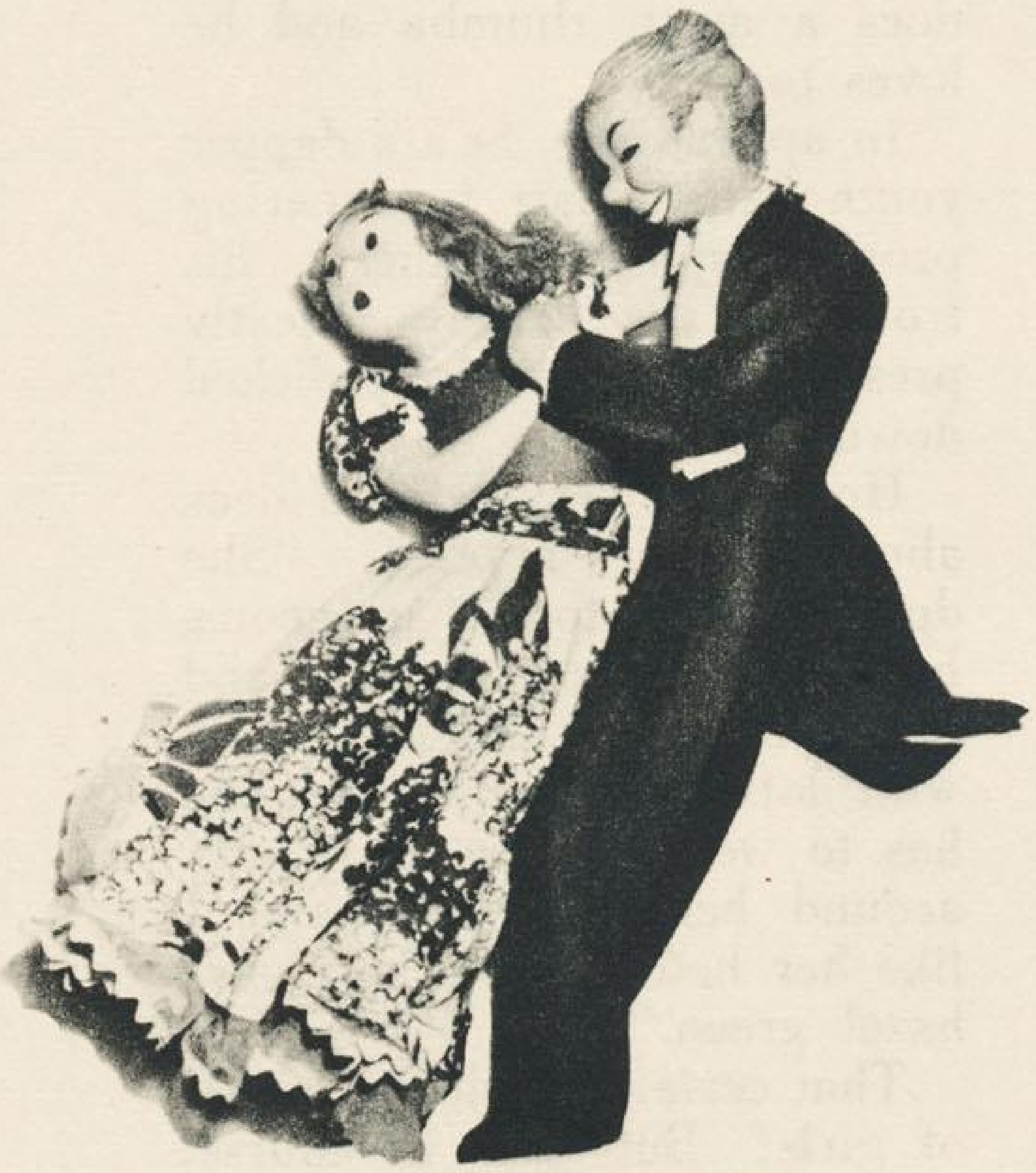
DONT'S FOR DANCERS



THE DREAMER

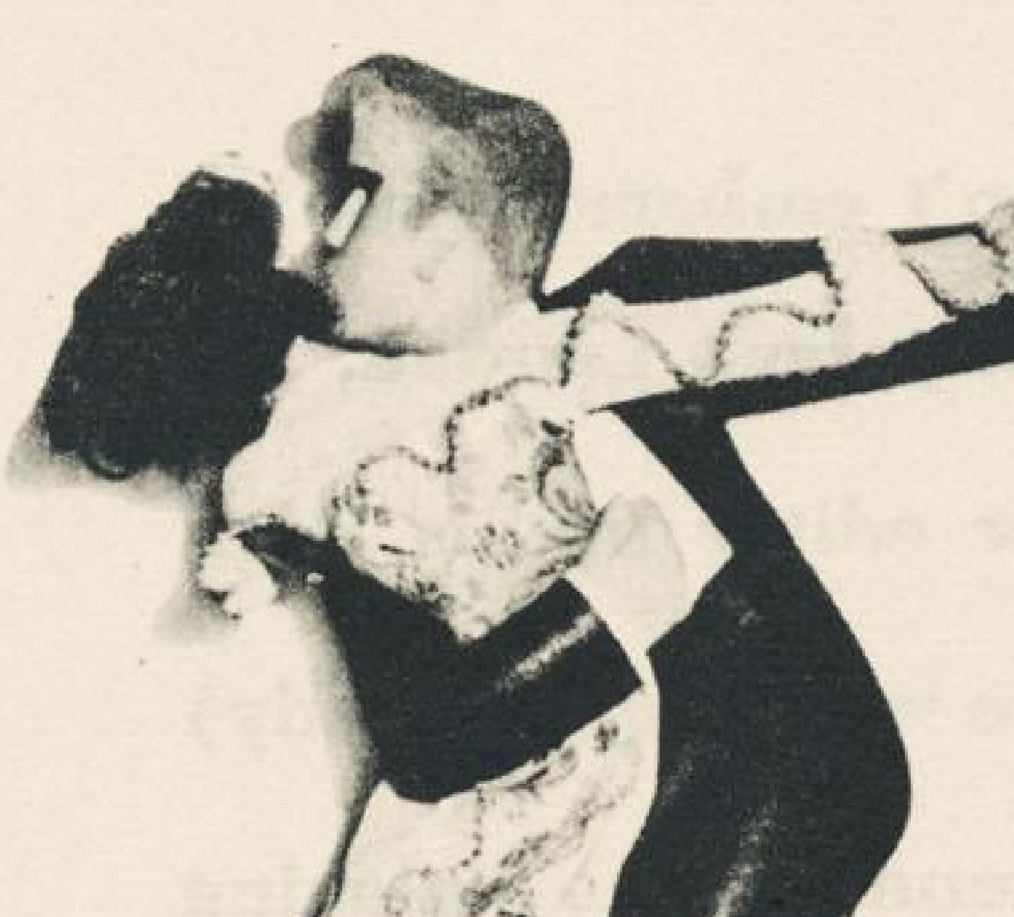
*His head is in the clouds—
but his feet are on yours.*

GIRLS usually master dancing before boys do. That makes some of them feel very superior. At school dances you know what happens. Several gals get off by themselves in a corner of the gymnasium. They gossip and snicker about fellows, the captains of the ball teams or class presidents who are, by no means, Kellys or Astaires. Take Bill Jordan, for example. He's (*Continued on page 82*)



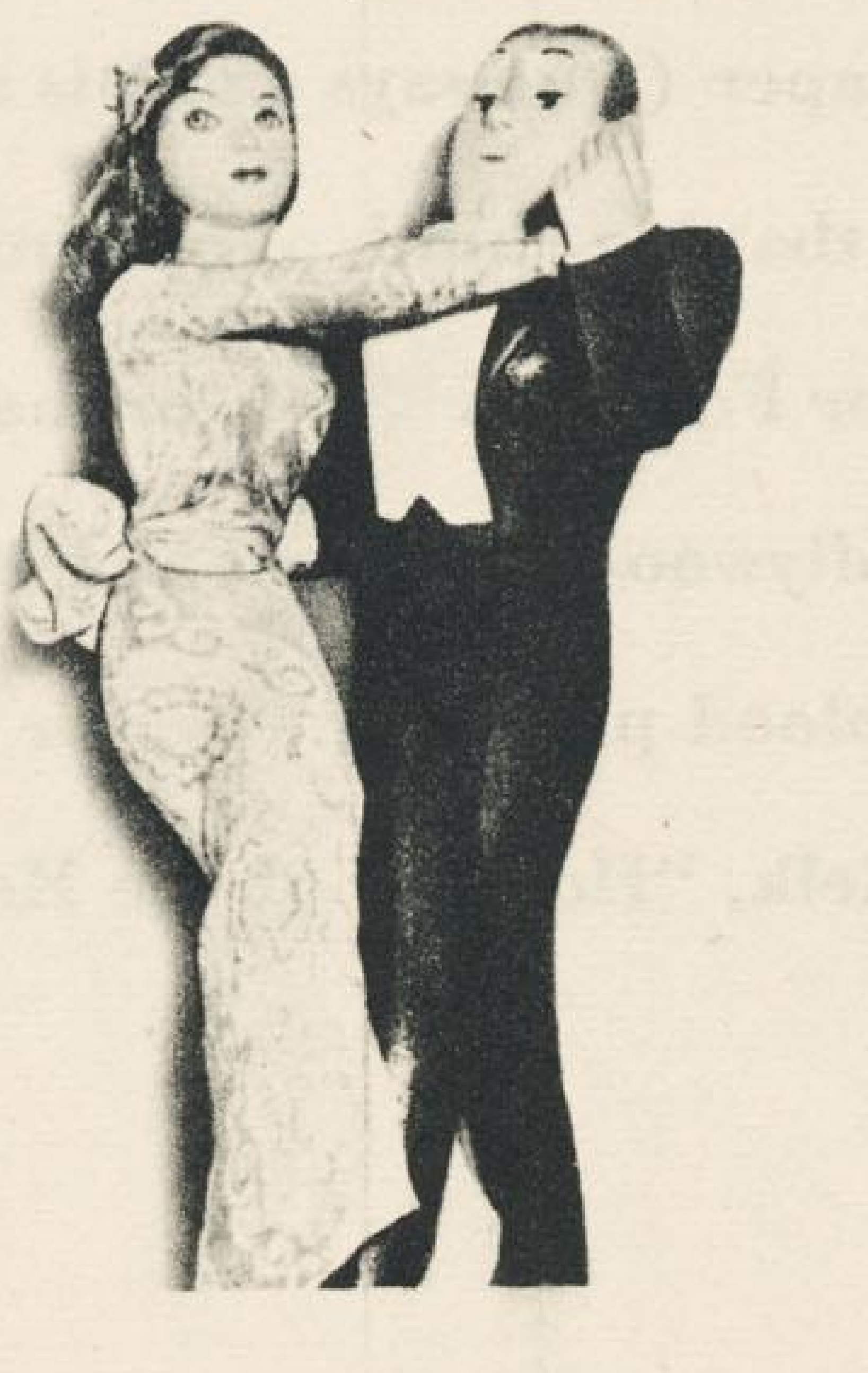
THE ACROBAT

*The Acrobat sends you—
But right into a tailspin.*



THE WRESTLER

*We give you The Wrestler—
ma'am and you can have him!*



THE SHOWOFF

*He'll show you how to samba
yes—but who'll show him?*

MALE QUARTET

Sounds off on the subject of "wimmen!"

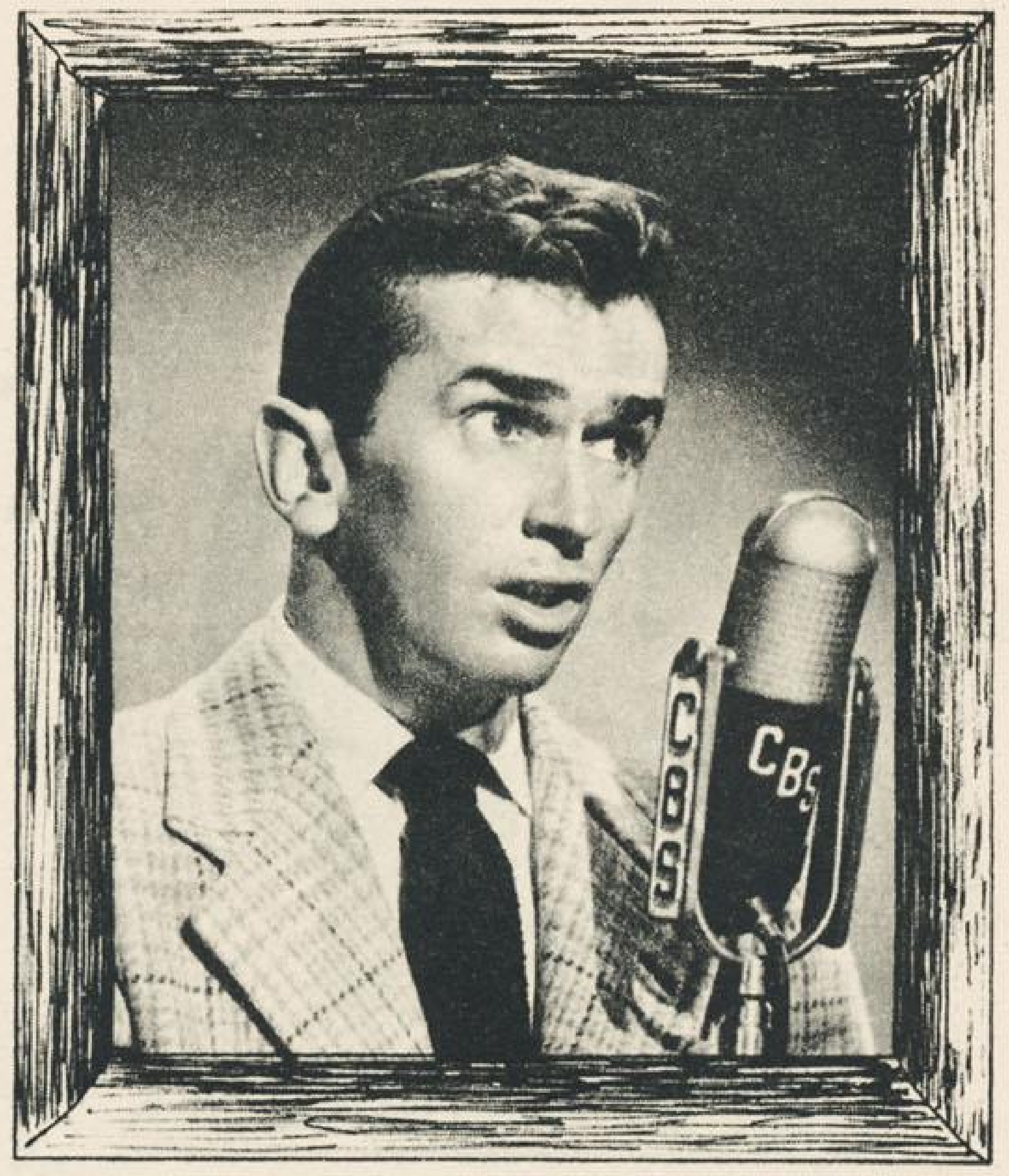
What four outstanding young men have to say about their preferences in dream girls

By Elsie Johns

WHAT a thrilling assignment—interviewing four handsome young men for you Miss Americas—finding out what *they* look for in a girl!

And surprise! None of the boys said a girl had to be a parade-stopper to rate with them. They all like pretty girls natcherally, but a beautiful miss will lose out every time to an average-looking girl, *if* the plainer lass has the wit to make herself agreeable—*if* she is natural and unaffected—and *if* she is neat and wears appropriate feminine clothes.

Which boy did I like best? Puhleeze don't embarrass me! I couldn't tell whether it would be brainy, natty Jack Landau, the New York University freshman and former editor of his High school paper (who says a girl is a pain, if she wants to go steady) . . . or that big chunk o' manhood, Don Brennan, who's playing Guard for Fordham . . . or maybe I'd prefer the "personality" from Hollywood, glamor-boy Peter Lawford, who does things to a girl's blood pressure . . . or maybe the choice would fall on Jackie Kelk, "Homer" of the Henry Aldrich radio program.



Jackie Kelk

Homer and I talked in the darkness of a vacant radio studio in New York city in between rehearsals for his current program. Homer's voice has been heard on the airwaves in this role for more than five years. But he doesn't squikle—squeak like that when he talks to a date, you may betcha! He does a mean rhumba and he loves to ski.

In appearance, he's a dapper youth with a flair for wearing proper sports clothes; his trousers are always neatly pressed; and his hair is slicked down just so.

Homer has very definite ideas about a girl-friend. "She doesn't have to be gorgeous, but she has to be little and preferably have blue-black hair with lots of gloss in it. She has to wear it long and fluffy around her face. Oh, and I like her better, if her eyes are hazel green."

That certainly rules out a lot of girls! But then, of course, he's only one man. Most boys aren't so definite about physical appearance. Jackie—or Homer—has one pet peeve . . . it's going out formal. He hates tuxedos. That means a girl has precious little chance to sweep around in a floor-length model. She'd better concentrate on dresses that can do double duty. And no sweaters after six o'clock please! . . . tho' Homer loves them on a girl while the sun's shining. He likes to see

(*Continued on page* 88)

Jack Landau

Quite a different dish of masculinity is *Jack Landau,* a freshman at New York University, and a business-success in the making, if I ever saw one!

"I have to shy away from girls," he says, "who want to get serious the first time we meet. I like a girl to spend time developing her mind the way I'm trying to develop mine.

"I don't want a girl interfering with my school work, expecting me to put on expensive parties every week for her, and I try to stay out of *her* way when she has a chance to go steady with another boy who wants to spend a lot of money on her—that's only fair."

Jack's a snappy, well-dressed boy and quick on the trigger when he's out in company. He must have a girl who can snap back with an answer—but fast. That doesn't mean he wants someone who sounds like a book, but she's got to give evidence that her brain's not numb.

Jack doesn't insist on a girl being pretty. He doesn't care whether she's blonde, brunette, or a red-head. He prefers her to be little, and it always helps if she's cute, he says. He doesn't like a "clothes-horse" or a girl who under-dresses. The most foolish sight he can remember was a woman on Broadway who wore bright red slacks and a mink jacket. "Freak number one!" he said

(*Continued on page* 88)

Peter Lawford

If you saw the picture, "Two Girls from Boston," you can guess what the young star, *Peter Lawford,* thinks about girls. He's the same thoughtful, serious boy in real life, and he likes well-mannered girls who look alive and have keen minds.

"I like a girl who can keep her head in the clouds and still manage to walk around on the ground," he says. "She is practical and dreamy, all rolled in one. Life's still filled with wonderment for her, and she expects strange but beautiful things to happen as long as she lives.

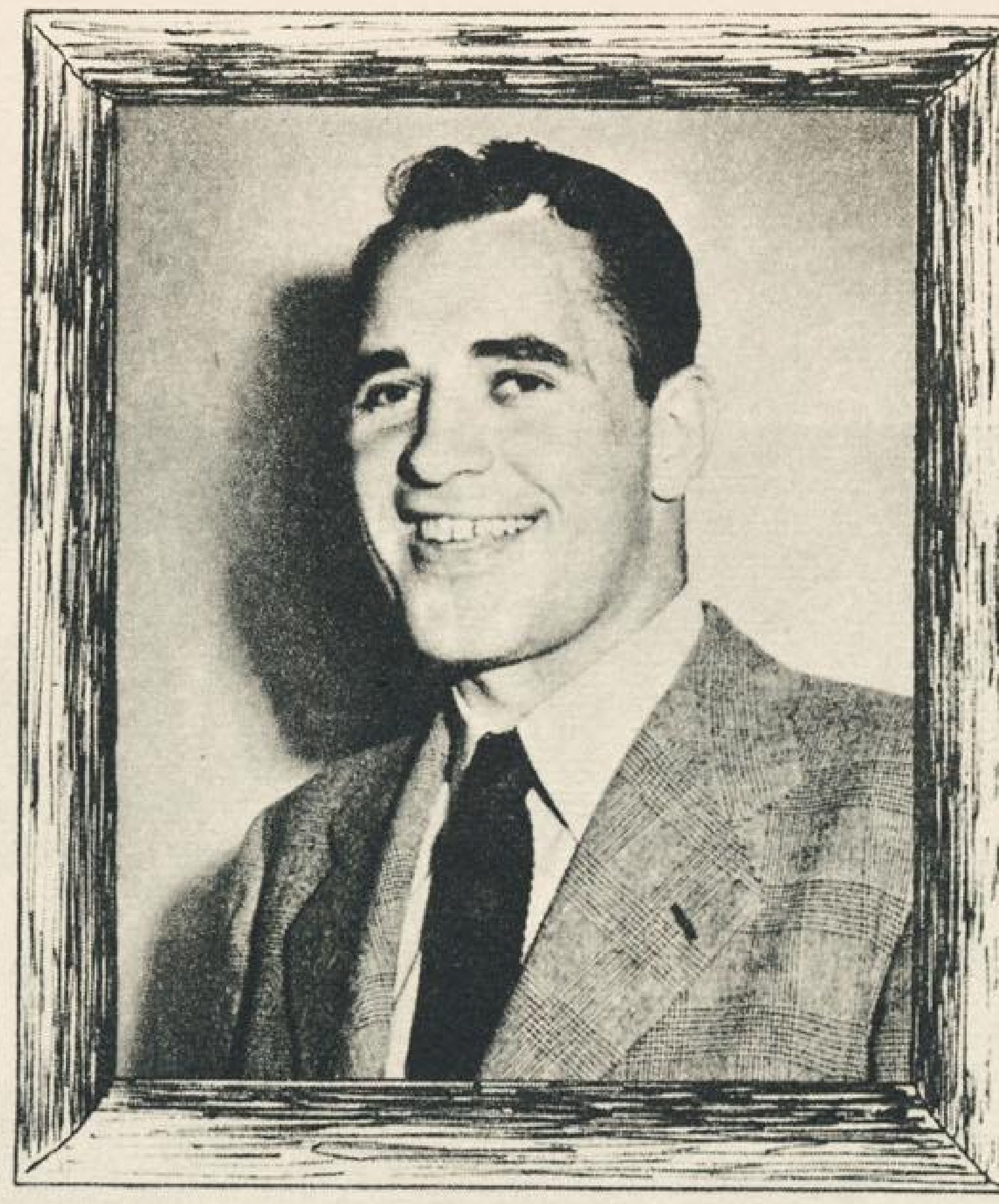
"This eagerness shows in her facial expression. When a girl turns that look of wonderment on a man, of course, he's flattered. If an ordinary girl's face lights up with an 'alive' expression, a man doesn't notice particularly that some of her features aren't perfect.

"Whenever I take out a girl, naturally I notice what she's wearing, but before I observe the details of her attire, I take in the general effect. If she appears blowsy, that's the last time she sees me. I appreciate personal daintiness, carried to the *n*th degree.

"If a girl wears colors she knows I like, if she has just enough jewelry on, and if she talks about things she knows I'm interested in, then like any other male, I'm pleased and don't mind if she knows it.

"The girl with a restful voice

(*Continued on page* 88)



Don Brennan

The fourth boy interviewed is *Don Brennan,* Fordham University's handsome guard on its whiz-bang football team. The dream girl in Don's life must be a good conversationalist, and she'll have to enjoy golf and like swimming. Above all, she must always look immaculate.

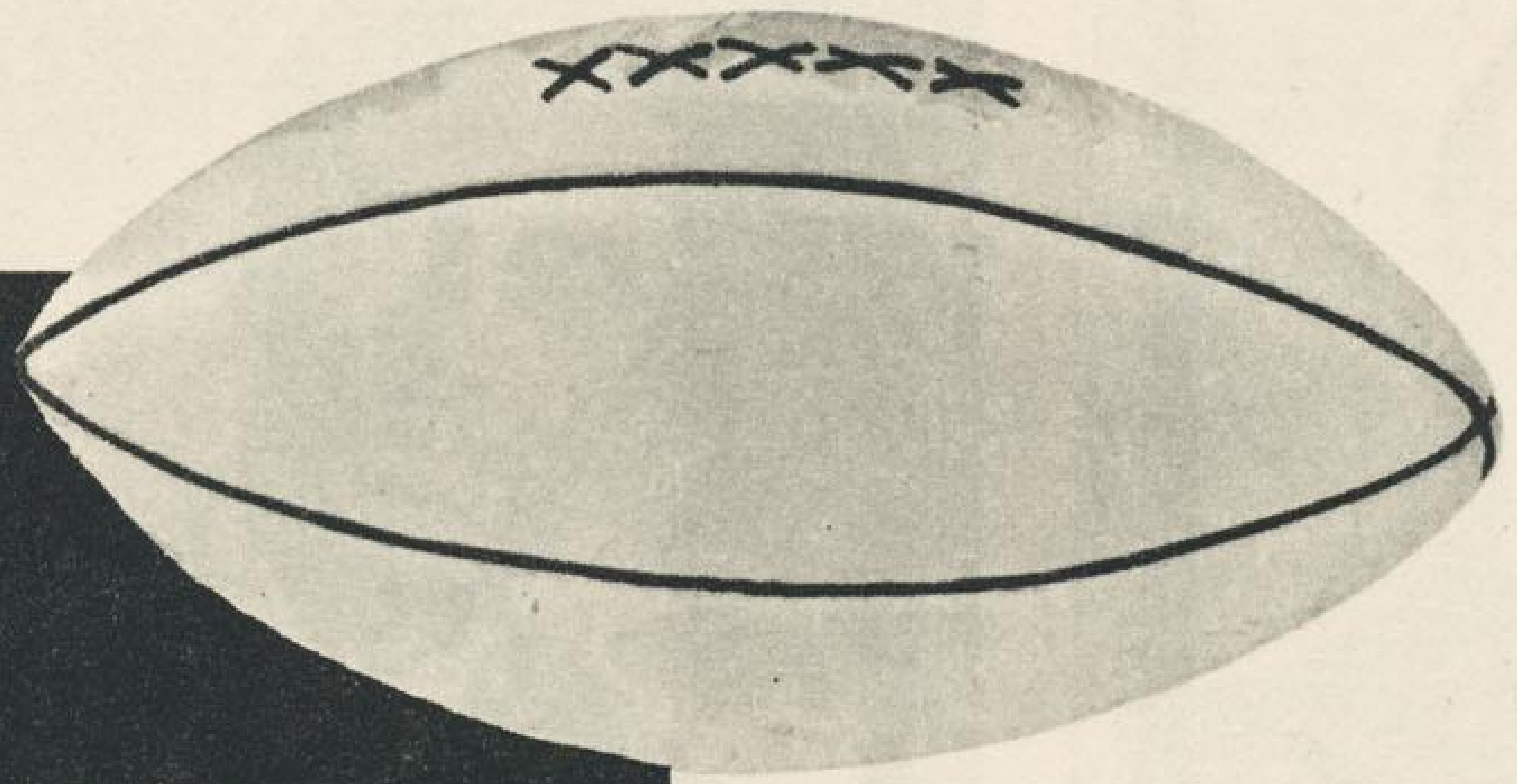
Don is tall, has broad shoulders, a nice wide forehead, and a wonderful smile. When he sits down on a love seat, it had better be a pretty sturdy one!

When this Handsome Harry picks a girl, he always tries to get one as nearly like his mother as possible. "Mom's tops," he says proudly. "If a girl's as thoughtful and as much interested in me as my mother is interested in her family, I'll be lucky." When Don marries, he'll want his house polished and beautiful, and a wife to greet him with a smile and a cheerful, "Hi there, partner." A girl like that will be worth working hard for!

Don says he values the powers of good conversation. He thinks a girl ought to find out what a boy's interested in, and then get a little information on the subject. His pet topics now are football and aviation.

Don's dream girl won't spend too much time dancing. Don says he's not very adept at it. He prefers playing golf or taking his place on the college team. He'll always like to drive a car with the top down, and go striding over the land-

(*Continued on page* 88)



SOLVING THE FOOTBALL MYSTERY

By Maurice Basseches

If you're making a "grandstand play" for your hero, better check here for the rules of the game . . .

EVERY year about this time America's girls try to solve the mystery of what football is and how it gets that way. They dress up in new fall outfits, buy small pennants heralding "Central H. S.," pin on big red buttons urging "Beat Washington High," and pile into the grandstands.

Then they watch twenty-two husky young fellows mill all over Central Stadium for several hours. The gals jump up and down and yell themselves hoarse. Yet, when the final whistle blows and the game is over, the gals are no closer to solving the football mystery than they were last year.

Why did Johnny Atkins butt his shoulder into the Washington tackle? Why did the referee take the ball and walk five yards toward *our* goal line? Why did Central lose the ball after gaining seven hard-earned yards?

Let's see if we can answer some of these questions, so that next Saturday afternoon you can make better sense out of the gridiron sound and fury.

Most of you know that a football game is played between two teams of eleven men each. But sometimes it's hard to keep straight just who those eleven men are, and what they do.

Here's how to do it. Remember that each team is divided into a seven-man *line* and a four-man *backfield*. The backs are the men who carry, pass, and kick the ball; the linemen *line up* in front to protect them and block out rival tacklers.

Picture the positions in the line this way: in the middle (logically enough) is the *center*. He's also the man who snaps the football back through his legs to start a play. On either side of him are the right and left *guards*. Next come the right and left *tackles*. Then at the ends of the line, you have the right and left *ends*. Easy as pie, isn't it?

The four backs are equally simple to place. First, there's a *quarterback*. He's a kind of field general for his team. Behind him are a right and left *half-back*. All the way in the rear is a *fullback*. These four men usually win the headlines in the newspapers, but you'll see as soon as a game starts, the other seven men are just as important.

Football games begin with a *kick off*. What looks like a Big Three conference in the middle of the field before a game starts is only the two captains and the referee deciding which team will kick the ball and which will receive it. A toss of a coin resolves this weighty problem.

The team which kicks off (let's make it Washington High) lines up on its own 40 yard line. You've noticed, haven't you, that a football field is 100 yards long? Each team defends half of the field and tries to advance through its opponent's 50-yard sector to the goal line.

That's just what Central attempts to do when it receives the kick off. In order to get to Washington's goal, though, it must move the ball by passing or running with it. Central must advance the pigskin 10 yards in four plays (or downs), or it must give up the ball to Washington High.

You can see how important the linemen are in a running play. For instance, Bill Thompson, Central's fullback, is plunging between Washington's right end and tackle. Notice how Johnny Atkins, Central's tackle, butts his shoulder into Washington's tackle, to get him out of Bill's way, and how Central's right end does the same with his opponent. You can feel that you really are getting to know football when you can spot and understand these details of line play.

Another thing that requires understanding (also patience and fortitude) is a penalty which the referee inflicts on *your* team. There are dozens of reasons why this can happen. Most often it is because some member of Central's line was off-side (someone moved before the center snapped the ball) or for some rough or illegal play. All you can do in the face of such a cruel blow is to grin and bear it —and wait until a penalty is called against Washington. It's surprising how much better this will make you feel.

When a penalty has been called against the team with the ball, it often tries to regain ground quickly by a forward pass —that is, a back throws the pigskin ahead to a teammate. Sometimes a long and successful pass can score a touchdown. That's why a losing eleven will throw lots of passes near the end of a game.

As you know, a touchdown scores six points. But if a team is close enough to its opponent's goal and needs only three points to win, it can try for a field goal. This is tallied by place-kicking or drop-kicking the ball over the crossbar and between the goal posts. The same technique also can be used to score the point-after-touch-down or extra point.

Scoring points, of course, is what makes football exciting. That's what makes the crowd rise to its feet and cheer these fall Saturday afternoons. Next week, when you join in with Central's rooters, you can feel that you know what the shouting is about and have at last started to solve the football mystery.

THE MODEL WAY

By Merry Carr

Dreaming of an exciting modeling position? Merry Carr learned the *how* of it for you at models' Mecca, the Conover Agency . . .

• Our editor-in-chief, Thea Tyler, presents me to Mr. H. Conover.

• "Chin up!" There's a knack to modeling. And no slouching.

• A cover girl views her day's schedule at the call-room desk.

• Conover girls describe their work for Merry's eager ears.

MY assignment to find out what goes on behind the scenes at the famous Harry Conover Model Agency came as a big thrill. Like many MISS AMERICA readers, I'd also been curious about how a model gets started on her career, and all the rest there is to know about the business of getting paid to look pretty. Here in the MISS AMERICA Magazine offices, we thought it might be loads of fun if I went through the Conover Agency in much the same way that a new, aspiring model does.

We called up Mr. Conover who said "Fine! Come on over!" So I was off to his beautiful gray-green modern offices, goal of thousands of lovely girls who imagine themselves smiling from fashion pages.

Just like a would-be model, I marched up to the reception desk and mentioned my appointment. I was shown in, past the stares of waiting hopefuls, to Mr. Conover's office. There, just like a would-be model again, I trembled a little as I walked in before the eyes that have judged the beauty of such faces and figures as those of Anita Colby, Jinx Falkenburg, Dusty Anderson, and others who, as Conover girls, became national celebrities.

Mr. Conover, dark, handsome, and very friendly, put me at ease at once. He explained how the Conover (*Continued on page 76*)

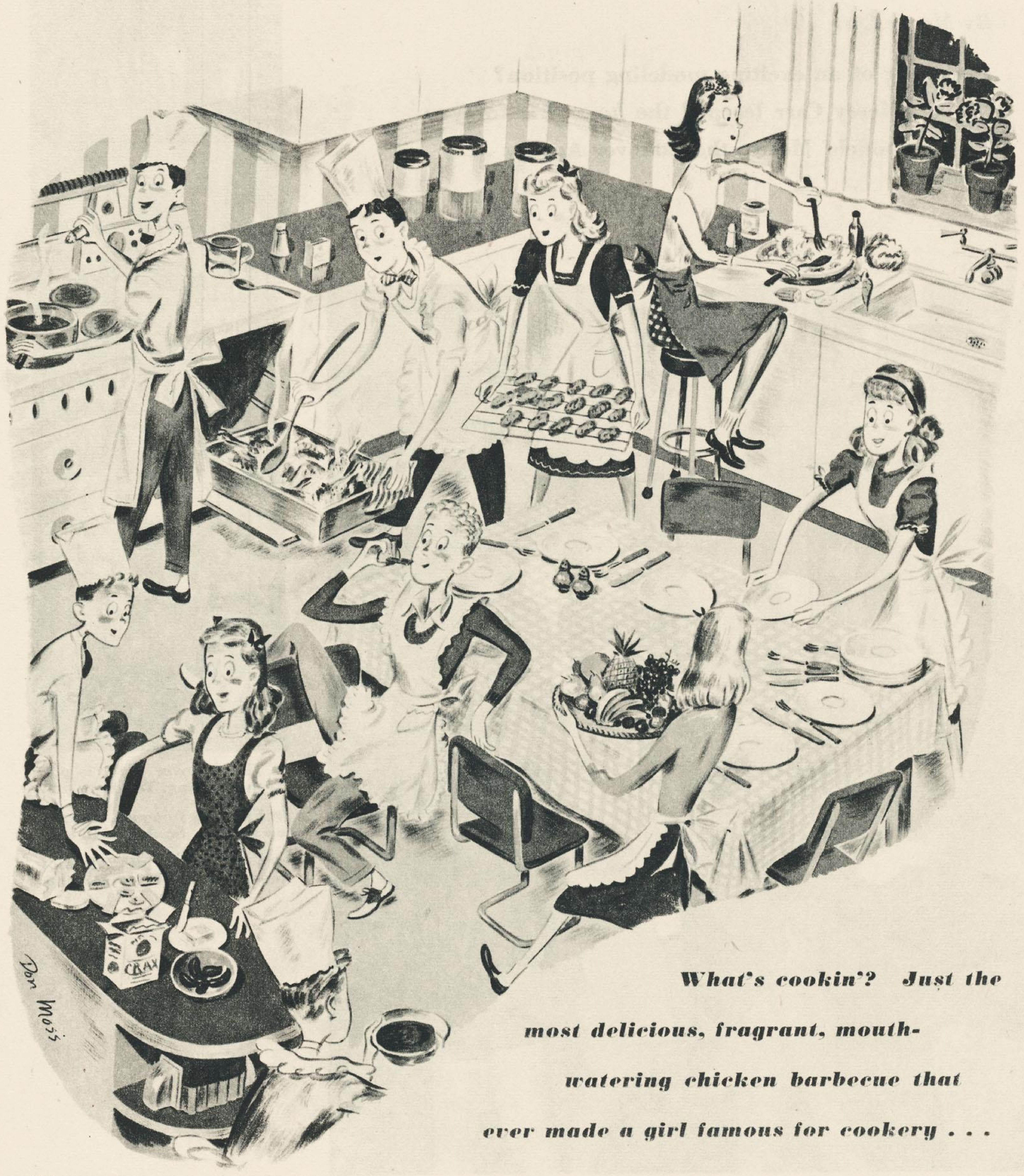
• The Conover Walk is part of the training. Toe down first.

• Faces are fortunes, so make-up matters. So does skin care.

• I go out as lucky fashion models enter for assignments.

Kitchen Barbecue

by Conrad Frederick Smith



What's cookin'? Just the most delicious, fragrant, mouth-watering chicken barbecue that ever made a girl famous for cookery . . .

BARBECUE is an eight-letter word meaning FUN, super-deliciousness, and a special kind of gay atmosphere all cram-jammed with spicy aroma and scads of good humor.

But this is October, isn't it? Barbecue suggests lazy days in mid-summer, the outdoors, groaning picnic tables. True, sister, true. But barbecue also spells out a merry gang in the kitchen, hovering in wide-eyed ecstasy over heavenly-browned chicken oozing with rich sauce.

An outdoor chicken barbecue is the answer to the prayer of every young girl who wants to pitch a Friday or Saturday night party that's deliciously different. You know—the party that lingers on in whispered conversations behind history or math books for many a week. The kind that makes Jack and Bill and Tom buzz your 'phone for nights afterwards to see if there is another party in the making. So why not try one?

Barbecuing chicken indoors is simple, it is practical for any teenager, and it can fit into any family budget. All it takes is one night turned over to fun; one kichen, one gang of teenagers with ingrowing appetites—and, of course, the chicken, the fixings, and time, too! A chicken barbecue isn't one of these coke-and-sandwich snacks that you can rustle up in two quivers of a lambkin's tail. Why, deep in the heart of Texas and high in the hills of Georgia, they think nothing of turning over two or three days to a barbecue!

Since you are the hostess, and this barbecue is to be your very own on some special week-end night, let's make it as novel and original as barbecued chicken will prove to your friends.

First, ask Mom if you may borrow the kitchen for the barbecue session after the family has eaten early or eaten out. We warn you this is going to take two and a half hours, and you won't want to rush it after you get started and smell the rich sauce that tantalizes your nostrils. If you want to make it sound like something special for all the Jacks and Jills, send them invitations written on *brown butcher's paper*. Just tear off a little square—from any old sack—and put something like this on it:

If you like eating that's hefty and hearty
Then gallop around to my barbecue party.
The hour is six, the time Friday night;
Before you come, don't dare touch a bite.
It will be different, it will be new—
The "vittles" you eat at this barbecue.
Hook an apron from Mom, and bring it on
down
For I've got the chicken—and we'll do it up
brown.

Of course, you can give the gals and lads a phone call, but can't you see them chuckling over these *ritzy* invites? The chicken's the thing, as Shakespeare said, so count on one 2½-to-3-pound chicken for every four in the crowd. The crowd depends on how big your kitchen is. Probably eight will be enough for your first barbecue.

Here's your menu: Barbecued chicken à la Jane, or Mary, or what's your name, baked potatoes, raw vegetable salad, rolls or bread, and your favorite bottled drink.

Have your butcher quarter the chickens. Put the giblets in a small bowl and place it with the birds in the icebox until later. Have the potatoes well-scrubbed and the salad ready to go. For a good substantial salad you need a large head of lettuce, a tomato or two, a small stalk of celery, and a green pepper. Don't forget to have some crisp crackers and some cheese to nibble while the barbecue is cooking to its ruddy brown.

When the gang tumbles into the kitchen, have each one put on his or her apron. There's work to be done—but such enjoyable work! You might rig up chef's caps out of paper sacks for the boys. Just watch them strut. Have everybody watch the start of the barbecue. Place the quartered chickens, skin-side down, in a large open pan. Slice a large onion over the chickens and fill pan with ¾ inch of water. Then add gizzards and hearts to the water. Place pan in oven and set heat to about 350° F., or low heat.

Now it's time to appoint one of the boys as Master Barbecuer and one as his assistant. Appoint Sally or Sue as Super Salad-Mixer. (*Continued on page 84*)

FOOTLIGHT FEVER

(Continued from page 61)

Babs began to read reluctantly, but, little by little, the magic of that ancient but still poignant romance rose about her like a mysterious fragrance. She was not Babs, but Juliet, lost in rapture under a high silver moon. Chris was not the boy next door, but Romeo—only he didn't sound any more like Romeo than—than Fibber McGee.

"Look, Chris," said Babs hopefully, "why don't you just give the whole thing up?"

For a moment, he seemed to waver, then his lips tightened. "No," he said, "it isn't as if I were just thinking of myself."

Babs swallowed hard. What did he mean by that? Had Donna asked him to try out?

"All right, Chris," she said wearily, "have it your own way."

As the days went by, she became more and more convinced that Chris was wasting his time—and hers—rehearsing. She coached him conscientiously, trying to forget that if he got the part, she'd probably lose him forever to Donna.

Chris struggled pathetically. He toned down his voice, said the words all right, but he simply didn't enter into the part.

"Look," said Babs desperately, "try to act like Romeo."

"Heaven forbid," said Chris.

Babs compressed her lips. "Then, think of Donna up there on the rose-twined balcony, moonlight spilling down—"

"Who?"

"Donna—Juliet," she said exasperatedly. "She'll get the part, of course. Miss Mills dotes on her. No one else has a chance."

"You're not," said Chris casually, "as smart as you think."

"Poof," said Babs. "When did you say try-outs were?"

Chris looked vague. "I'm not sure. Miss Mills keeps changing dates. Kids want more time. They'll probably spread try-outs over several afternoons, I dunno."

"Well," said Babs, "I, for one, will be glad when it's over."

"Me, too." Chris mopped his forehead. "I mean, the suspense—"

Barbara knew him well enough to see that this was the hardest thing he'd ever forced himself to do. Was his secret devotion to Donna already so great?

It wasn't fair. First, Donna snagged the leading role, which otherwise Babs was positive she could have won—then she walked off with Chris.

"Why so grim, chick?"

Babs started, said soberly, "I was just thinking how much fun the class play might be—"

"Well, jeepers, why don't you try out?" he demanded.

"For the part of the old nurse? I'm not quite the type, I hope."

"I didn't mean the nurse part."

His hands came down warm on her drooping shoulders. "Babs, you've been swell, helping me with my lines. I only hope I can do something for you some day. I know you didn't like—"

"I was—glad to," Babs lied.

"Thanks," Chris said. "Then maybe you won't mind doing one more thing. I'd like to go through the lines in the auditorium, right on the stage, so I can get the feel of it, see how my voice carries."

The final hurt, trying out on the old, familiar auditorium stage where she'd played so often. Might as well go the whole way—then, Chris wouldn't say she hadn't been willing to do all she could.

"Well," she agreed reluctantly, "if you can get permission—"

Still, it was awful going on, knowing that eventually he'd be disappointed. She wanted Chris to be happy, sure—but why did it have to be this way?

Chris was waiting at the classroom door, after French, that afternoon.

"Everything's set," he announced gleefully. His blue eyes blazed with excitement.

Babs' heart somersaulted. Why, this meant more to Chris than she'd thought! He was all keyed up—impatient, nervous. If he was like this today, what would he be like at regular tryouts, before Miss Mills and Donna?

Backstage, in the wings, Chris turned to her, whispered huskily.

"Let's pretend this is it—the real thing. Just walk out and do the balcony scene as if we had a regular audience."

"All right," said Babs. "But calm yourself, bud. You've practically got stage fright."

Chris yanked at his collar. "I'm just hot. Well—ready?"

"If you are," smiled Babs.

"Then here goes. And Babs—" he pressed her arm urgently, "give it all you've got, huh?"

They began. Babs smiled at Chris—no, at Romeo. Why, he was actually scared to death up on that big stage, poor lamb! Oh, why didn't he have sense enough just to forget the whole thing? Still, the least she could do was help him all she could . . . she caught her cue, spoke her lines. . . .

As she spoke the fervent words, she was again the ill-fated Juliet, touched by the mysterious wonder of first love, aching with strange longings, blessed by high daring.

The scene was over. Babs was hardly aware of dimming footlights, until they went out and the overhead lights flashed on. She blinked. Why—why—all those faces down below. Someone standing up—Miss Mills!

The play coach was speaking. "That's fine. We're through with try-outs now. You've all done well, and I've had difficult choices to make—especially for the role of Juliet. Two of you were well-qualified, Donna Barlow and Barbara Howard. I've decided on Barbara because, she seems to have caught the spirit and the feeling of Juliet better, her youth and unselfed sweetness—"

Miss Mills went on to announce the boy she'd selected to play Romeo. Tom Griffith—not Chris. Babs felt her way confusedly to the wings, sobs sticking in her throat. Chris met her with an exuberant bear-hug.

"Congratulations! I knew you could do it!"

"Chris—" she managed, nearly smothered, "you—you knew—"

"That this was the regular try-out, sure! You were so stubborn, it was the only way."

"But Chris—Romeo—?"

"Romeo? Was I scared I might get the part by mistake—whew!"

It seemed to Babs that the nightingale flew from Juliet's garden to repeat its timeless melody in her own heart.

She smiled tremulously, thumped Chris on the arm, "You may not be able to act in plays, but you do all right in real life!"

If you're contemplating "puppy love," take these hints to heart . . . for a dog's life is a busy life . . . for the dog's mistress—come rain or come shine

MY DOG *Lucky*

***by Claudine Sussman**—Age 15*

THE day had really come—I was going to own a dog! The responsibility that so many people had warned me about didn't matter. I just wanted to have the dog that I had yearned for so long.

I can still remember the night that Lucky and I first got acquainted. I sat and watched him play for hours on end, not caring if people thought it was silly, because I knew he was all my own.

The days that followed were happy ones. There was the daily routine of taking Lucky for walks at regular hours, seeing that he was fed properly and that he didn't mess up the house.

I learned much too soon though, that the responsibility my friends and parents had told me about was very true. First of all, I had to take Lucky out at least three times a day. Whether it rained, snowed, or tornadoed, I still had to take him out!

I remember one morning especially. My alarm forgot to go off—or should we say I forgot to wind it—well anyway, it didn't go off! I hurried desperately, hoping I'd arrive at school on time. I had barely put on my coat and picked up my books, when I heard Dad asking if I had taken out the dog. I realized that I hadn't.

"Oh gosh, Dad, I'm already late for school, won't you . . ." I stopped abruptly. I was going to say won't you walk him? But Dad had already given me a speech once before, saying that Lucky was my responsibility since I wanted him, and that it was up to me to take care of him. That morning, it seemed as if he would never walk—I pulled and pulled him, but he seemed slower than ever.

As you can well imagine, I was late for school. After that my alarm worked, and I set about to teach Lucky how to walk with the leash. I loved him, but it was *so* annoying to have to walk him day in and day out.

I was very excited that weekend. I was going to have some fun giving Lucky his first bath. I hustled (*Continued on page* 85)

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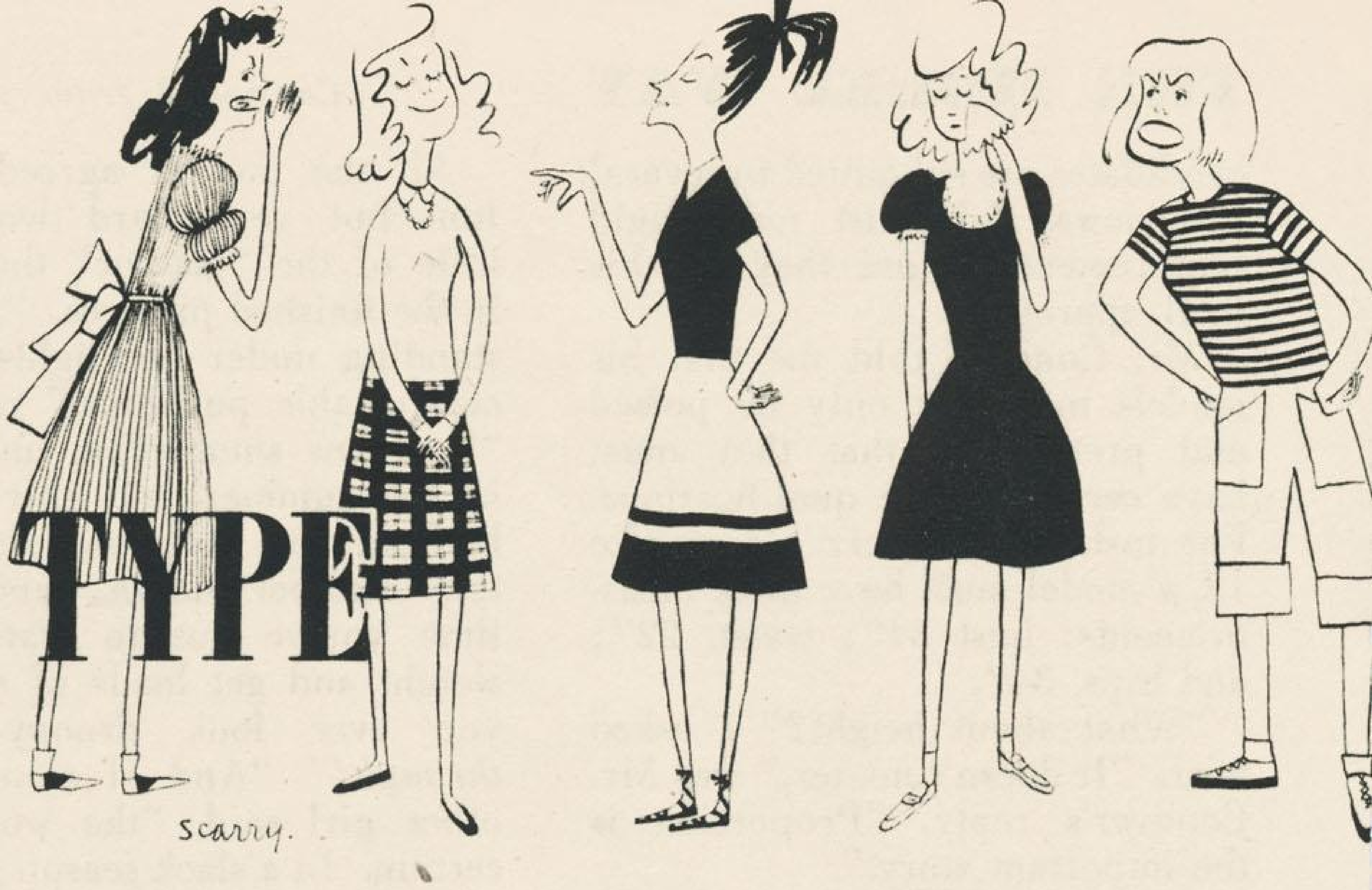
FACTS ABOUT FOOTBALL

By Martin Panzer

All set for the Big Game? New topper, plaid dress, wooly sox—but how's your football IQ? Following are twenty-five questions to test your knowledge of football. Count 5 points for each question you answer correctly. A score of 80 to 100 is excellent, and if you achieve it, you really know all the answers. 70 to 80 is good, 65 to 70 poor. Below 65, uh-uh, football's not your game.

Questions	*Answers*
• 1. What is the function of the quarterback in a football game?	• 1. He signals the plays.
• 2. Where is the Rose Bowl?	• 2. Pasadena, California.
• 3. When is the famous post season Rose Bowl game played?	• 3. New Year's Day.
• 4. What is the holiday during the season that is noted for the number of college football games played?	• 4. Thanksgiving Day.
• 5. Does a player have to set the ball down between the goal posts to score a touchdown?	• 5. No. Just over the goal line.
• 6. How many points does a team get for a touchdown?	• 6. Six.
• 7. Who was the most famous football player with red hair?	• 7. Harold E. ("Red") Grange.
• 8. What do they call football in England?	• 8. Rugby.
• 9. What is a shift play?	• 9. A play in which the players, after assuming a certain position at a signal, suddenly change their positions.
• 10. How many men are there on a football team?	• 10. Eleven, of course. That's why they call it an "eleven."
• 11. What is the end zone?	• 11. The 30-foot area between goal line and goal posts.
• 12. What is the actual playing time of a football game and how is the time broken up?	• 12. 60 minutes—four quarters of fifteen minutes each, with one minute rest between first and second quarters; fifteen minutes rest between first half and second half; one minute rest between third and fourth quarters.
• 13. Of which team was Knute Rockne the coach?	• 13. Notre Dame.
• 14. How many downs is a team permitted before yielding the ball, and how many yards must be gained for a first down?	• 14. Four; ten yards.
• 15. What is a line shift?	• 15. The sudden change of players on the line from one position to another. This is a special form of shift play.
• 16. What is a goal from field?	• 16. Kicking the ball over the cross bar of the opponent's goal.
• 17. What is a fumble?	• 17. Accidental dropping of ball by carrier.
• 18. How many points are scored for a safety, and how does a team achieve a safety?	• 18. Two points for the opposing team. A team gets a safety when the ball is so close to its goal line that one of the men sets it down (or is tackled) behind his own goal line to prevent the other team from scoring a touchdown.
• 19. What is a nickname for a football?	• 19. Pigskin.
• 20. How long is a football field?	• 20. 100 yards.



ERRORS IN TYPE

By Deborah deForest

The Constant Belittler, the Bossy Babe and others have a talent for getting shunned, snubbed. Are you an "error in type"—or are you the okay variety?

THERE'S nothing wrong with being a type, just so long as you're an okay variety. Some types you trip over around town are personalities all right—you can't take that away from them. But they affect everybody like a finger squealing down a blackboard. They're easy to spot, the only drawback being that they rarely spot themselves and stumble through life alienating people as fast as they're introduced.

We've rounded up a few of the most fearful samples, and we recommend the following as required reading matter for everybody. Get that everybody, because who knows you may be tucked in here, too, perish the thought. And, anybody who's smart enough to admit she's included is smart enough to tear into some drastic self-revision as fast as possible.

Take the dreary **Grudge Complex** gal. Every slight, real or imagined, she nurses along tenderly for at least twenty years. Chit-chatting with her is an uneasy occupation, because she translates anything you say into a nasty dig in her direction. Her little feelings are black and blue from the wear and tear of being wounded every hour on the hour, and she's mournful to have around at any time.

Then there's the sweetie who **Loves the Limelight** to an overboard degree. Utterly fascinated by herself she's sure everybody else is likewise. Discuss anything but her beauty or her brains, and she's off in a trance of boredom. She visibly curdles when she's not the center of attention, no matter where, and the only girls she's fond of are those who are willing to play stooge to her star billing—not many are.

Always beware of the gal with **Collector's Complex.** It's a dangerous affliction. To this charmer, the hands-off code is hooey. She has a super-blitz campaign for use on other girl's beaux. But once she's batted her eyelashes and busted up a hitherto happy twosome, she's in the market for nice, new material. It's believed she cuts notches in a stick, just to keep the record numerically straight. Any friendships with females are noticeably transient, and even those are getting scarce.

Anyone deserving the label of **Terrible Timing** simply terrifies us. Her genius for breaking out with the wrong remark at at the worst possible moment has brought about quite a few epic situations. She's not malicious, just dopey and terrifically tactless, and anything she has to say she says when the mood moves her. Never tell her anything more important than the time of day, otherwise you'll have a breakdown waiting for her to make one of her verbal blunders.

And even the briefest brush with the **Constant Belittler** sets our teeth right on edge. Nothing makes her feel finer than finding fault, and nothing's nicer than puncturing your pleasure over some trivial point. She's wise to your foibles and harps on them happily. Her own self-confidence is so shaky that even temporarily tearing down yours is a shot of adrenalin. She's slated for lots of sorrow, because, however much she spoils other people's fun, she's the one who ends up unhappiest.

What's more, life would be lots sweeter minus the **Bossy Babe** . . . there's one side to everything —hers.

(*Continued on page 80*)

THE MODEL WAY

(Continued from page 68)

candidates are submitted to several interviews and must meet rigid requirements before they get his final approval.

Mr. Conover told me that his models must not only be poised and pretty, but that they must have certain figure qualifications. For instance, to wear a teen size 12, a model must have these measurements: bust 34″; waist, 22″; and hips, 34″.

"What about height?" I asked next. "It doesn't matter," was Mr. Conover's reply. "Proportion is the important story."

"What kind of girls make the best models?" I inquired. "Intelligent ones," Mr. Conover promptly answered. "There's no truth to the 'beautiful but dumb' legend. It's the bright girl who knows how to make the most of her best features. Did you know that three-quarters of the Conover cover girls are college graduates?"

Once a girl is accepted, she is turned over to Miss October Brown, head of the Conover promotion. Each new girl is carefully groomed for her career. She is taught how to apply the most becoming make-up, how to dress, how to do her hair, and even how to walk. At Conover's, they know that the most graceful steps result from placing the ball of the foot down on the ground *first.*

"How long does it take a girl to learn all this?" I wanted to know. "That depends," Miss Brown said carefully. "Some girls are trained in a week's time, others up to six weeks'. When we feel a girl is a real Conover representative, we start sending her out to call on possible clients. Photographers, agencies, and magazines become acquainted with her. After a month or two of such visiting—calls begin to come in for her."

My next stop was the call-room, where models receive their assignments. Each model has her own assignment pad posted on the wall, and the switchboard operators jot down her assignments as clients call in. The room was full of models, coming and going. Each was smartly dressed, perfectly groomed, and carrying a hatbox with her make-up and wardrobe changes in it. Those hatboxes are really the trademark of a model.

All the models agreed it was fun—but very hard work with little of the "glamor" that shows in the finished pictures. "It means standing under hot lights, in uncomfortable positions," one said. "It means smothering under furs in the summer and shivering in bathing suits in the middle of winter," another put in, "and all the time you've got to watch your weight and get loads of sleep. If you ever look droopy—you're *through!*" "And of course," another girl said, "the work's uncertain. In a slack season you may not get calls for weeks and, all of a sudden you're rushing wildly around town filling assignments."

All the girls agreed that they loved modeling and didn't want to give it up. The pay may be irregular, but it is good. (Conover girls start at $10 an hour and a few real top-flighters get up to $25 an hour). Some models have gone on to stage and screen careers, but most of them stay right with modeling and continue their work even after they marry. About half of the Conover girls have married and half of them are mothers! Sometimes their children model too for those adorable baby photographs!

Then, I wanted to know, what's a girl's chance of breaking into this field of work. The girls informed me, with some pride in their own luck, that Conover's accepts only eighty-five out of hundreds of applicants each year. You've got to be good, it seems—you've got to be *good!* And, more than that, you've got to be willing to work very, very hard to hold your own with all the competition of fresh faces.

A wise would-be model trains herself by practising expressions in front of her mirror, so that she can pose quickly and attractively. If possible, she does some mannequin work in department stores to train for poise and grace. She's always careful of her health and of forming good grooming habits.

If after all this, you still want to be a model, the qualities nature gave you, plus a dash of luck may get you into professional modeling. Then, like the Conover successfuls, you'll say, "It's such fun, this modeling. I *love* it!"

hello, girls

M-mm! Sitting here at my desk, high up on the 73rd floor of the Empire State Building, trying to sniff my fill of that cool, crisp air. Brisk Autumn hikes come into vogue; the kids on the corner start to pump up their battered pigskin; and your Man of the Hour goes into hibernation (a rigid, training schedule). Football, the All-American game is come, again!

You're glad to be alive—and your face shows it. You're wearing your slickest outfit and it's a honey! But 'fess up now, it's certainly not your warmest, is it?

Sure, you want to look prettier than a picture in the stands but even more important is bundling up adequately. You won't appreciate the plays shivering like a 3-day old kitten—and your escort won't appreciate you, that way, either. So along with your natural exuberance, head for the stadium in your winter wear (yes, woolies!)

Prepare a steaming thermos of cocoa or bouillon for slick teamwork. It will keep your body temperature up. Don't think he won't go for *that!* The way to a man's heart is still through his stomach—even at the stadium.

Added to your monthly MISS AMERICA Club bulletin are pages of pen-pals. A grand opportunity to make new friends here, and all parts of the world!

Extra! Extra! Announcing a wonderful Teen Hand Arts Sewing contest, sponsored by Wesco fabrics! Prizes of: cash, award ribbons, subscriptions to MISS AMERICA Magazine. Winners' work will be placed on exhibit at Madison Square Garden. Turn to "Flashes from MAC," page 9, for all the wonderful details! And read the ad on page 4 for more details. So hurry and get your designing caps on and win one of the many prizes.

Jean Goodman

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 37

she actually cooks dinner every night.

Peter Lawford's dividing his dates with cute Marilyn Maxwell, Audrey Totter, and Beverly Tyler. Van Johnson's mostly going stag. Roary Calhoun is keeping Cathy Downs' telephone busy, and Lon McCallister takes Peggy Ann Garner to the movies and for a soda. Farley Granger has Ann Blyth's phone flashing the busy signal. Ann Blyth and Burt Lancaster are a new romantic screen-team who'll make several pictures together. Ann and Burt are the two biggest bets in Hollywood, according to the experts.

Ross Hunter wasn't fooling when he said he'd cook dinner. Borrowing the apartment of his pal Jack Mapes, set decorator at 20th Fox, Ross cooked.

" 'Chicken a la Hunter'—hunt for the chicken," quipped Eric Feldary (you'll see him as a young Italian Partisan in "Cloak and Dagger," Gary Cooper's picture).

"All right," Ross grinned. "First you get some wild rice and some regular (tame) rice. You think you can't possibly have enough for ten people, so you add a little more wild rice. By the time you turn your back, rice is flowing all over the stove. Then you take four buckets, and scoop it up.

"After that you put on a pair of eye pads and chop onions fine, with green peppers and red chilis. Drop it in with the rice. When it bubbles up and overflows, add the chopped white meat of chicken. Put a couple of big pieces in each serving, so the people will know that chicken is on the menu. Next, pour tomatoes over all and bake for twenty-five minutes."

Follow??? Sounds delicious! With it, Ross served a green salad, grilled cheese buns, milk, and layer cake topped with vanilla ice cream and a caramel fudge sauce that Anne Stewart whipped up.

A round of "Thanks Ross." . . . "If I'm sick send me your doctor, but the dinner was worth it" . . . "Call and see if I'm still okay tomorrow." . . . "Don't call me, I'll call you." . . . "I'm glad you went to all this trouble just to meet me." More quipping. More laughs, then "G'night" . . . "Bye now."

And that's Hollywood!

Make Willie Tell

You'll make him quiver and quake, tongue-tied and shy when he spots you in this Dream of a Dress. It's by Emily Wilkens, the young juniors' favorite designer, who makes 'em Sweet & Low for pretty-partying. In midnight blue, shirred at the neck, this is a cinch for swoonmaking and even if Willie won't tell, you'll know by the light in his eye that you're a Hit.

It's all done with Bangs! If you want to keep him jumping, make like a surrey with the fringe on top. Have them short and fluffy for round faces . . . longer, starting at crown of head for the heart-shaped face . . . and thick Buster Brown bangs with a long glamour bob *only* if you've regular features.

Here's a way to make it more telling. Tie a narrow black velvet ribbon 'round your throat. Raid your mother's button box and fasten a sparkly rhinestone button smack center. Or try winding pearls around the ribbon. Or go all-out dewy and sentimental with a tiny fresh flower pinned at the hollow of your throat.

JUST remember you may be wearing the most beautiful dress in the world, but if there's even a hint of perspiration stain or offensive odor, glamour goes right out the window. With Arrid you can be sure there'll be no slip-up in charm . . . Creamy gentle Arrid protects your pretty dress, keeps you a sweetie . . . no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively . . . *yet so safely!*

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SWITCHING SCHOOLS

by Jean White

New places, new faces, do they scare you? Or does a new school seem the opportunity of a lifetime? You can make it so—and here's how . . .

SWITCHING schools and facing a whole battery of unknown quantities is an exciting combination of fun and fear. Maybe the family did have to haul off to a new town, and the newness is doubly tough. Or maybe the family shifted to a new section of town and you have to make a similar shift in schools. In either case, life's not over—though it may seem so at the time. In fact, if you sneak up on the situation with sense instead of tears, it can even turn out to be quite a pleasant calamity.

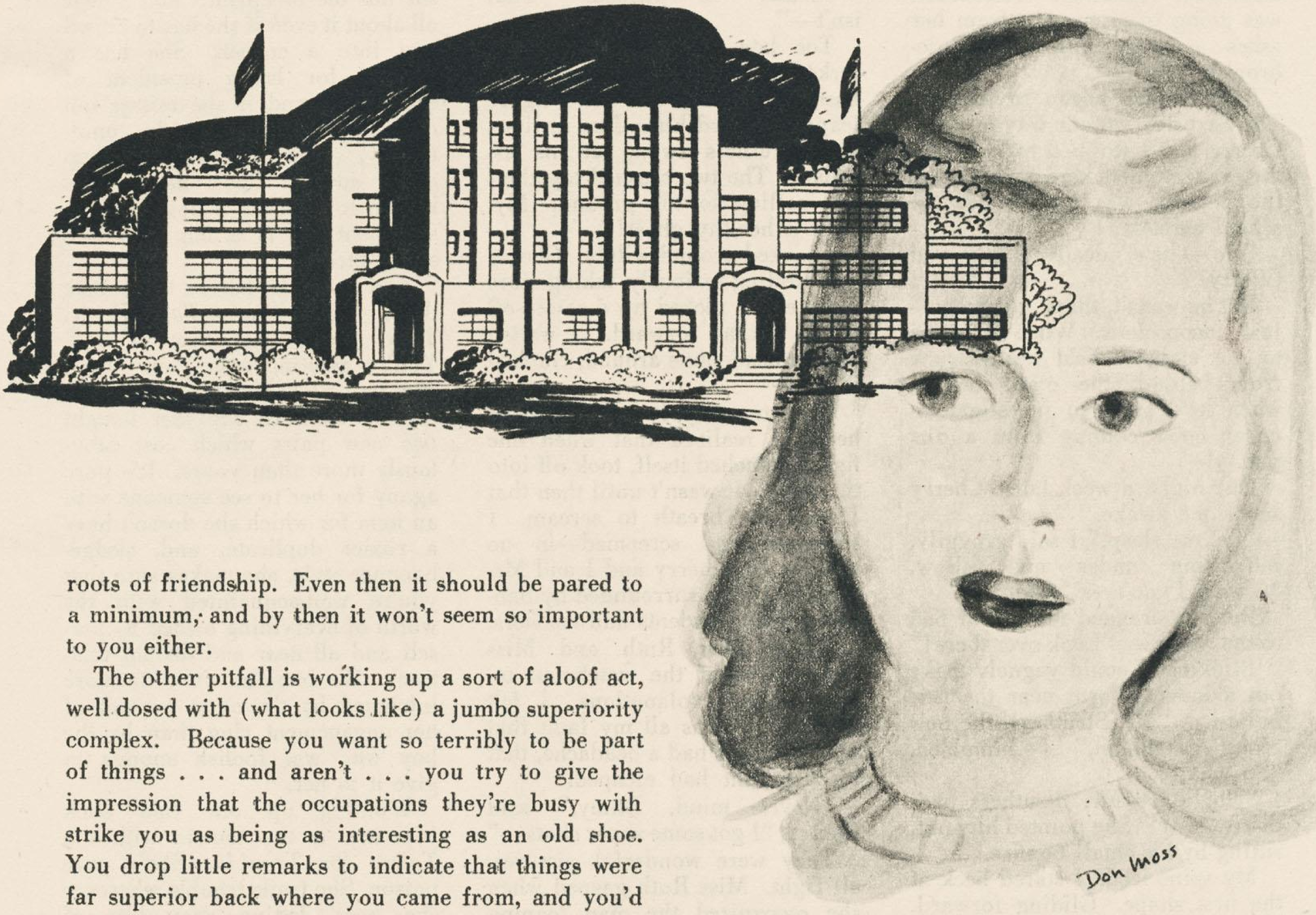
We know just how you feel. It's like walking into a party where you don't recognize a single face in the room. Instead of this being a one evening proposition, it's a day-after-day ordeal. You feel lonely and conspicuous. You're not sure whether it's more nerve-wracking to be ignored or to be the center of attention. All your lacks suddenly loom larger than ever before. You feel awkward and tongue-tied and completely peculiar. You even feel that everyone's against you from the start.

Right away, you've started off in the wrong direction. You're not one against them . . . you're one of them now. They're not looking at you with cold eyes, chalking you up as one weird chick. If anything, after staring for a long period of time, they think it's pretty interesting to see a new face. If they don't bustle around trying to make you feel at home, that's an encouraging sign. They feel so much at home that it just doesn't occur to them that everything doesn't seem quite as cosy to you. The real outsider is the girl to whom they're extra polite. If they're casually informal and don't go in for any splashy welcome ceremonials, you're doing o.k.

Bowing into a group of strangers can be a tough job, but all these new kids have no preconceived notions about you. It's like being handed a chance to start completely fresh . . . an ideal time for shedding the habits that you know aren't too sharp, but that you've never bothered to revise before.

If you've been dying to do something drastic about your hair style, but didn't dare because the old gang would have hooted, now's the time. If the legend had become firmly established that you're always late, always lose things, or always get stuck at a party, you can leave the legends behind you along with everything else. You can establish a brand new personality . . . nothing phony or artificial . . . just the old you, with loads of vital improvements added.

There are two behavior pitfalls. One is a waiting-around attitude. You're in a perpetual state of suspension—poised for somebody, anybody to say hello, to say come for a coke, to say isn't geometry utterly staggering. It somehow never occurs to you to say one of these things yourself, in case they don't get around to it. Learning to know people (and getting along with them when you do) isn't an even give and take proposition. It's mostly give. Your lonesomeness fills you with an urgency to tell what it was like where you were before. You wait for them to ask you about everything back home, in your old school. Chances are they won't, because they're in a turmoil about what's happening *now*. Reminiscing comes later, when you've established the first sturdy



roots of friendship. Even then it should be pared to a minimum, and by then it won't seem so important to you either.

The other pitfall is working up a sort of aloof act, well dosed with (what looks like) a jumbo superiority complex. Because you want so terribly to be part of things . . . and aren't . . . you try to give the impression that the occupations they're busy with strike you as being as interesting as an old shoe. You drop little remarks to indicate that things were far superior back where you came from, and you'd rather do a solo with your memories than tie up with such dull doings. This is guaranteed to solo, but permanently. Whenever you do talk about the school you went to, the town you came from, make it clear that though it was swell, this new setup strikes you as being swell, too, if not better. The old way isn't always the good way, and it can be wonderfully exciting to explore new ways of doing things, new ways of thinking, to find out what makes a whole new bunch of people tick.

The date problem worries you. Though they are slow in coming, just remember you did all right for yourself before, and you will this time, too. Just when you've resigned yourself to a life devoid of male phone calls, you'll be having a malt at the corner eatery, and one of the boys you've seen around will slide ever so casually into your booth, and proceed to gab. If you'll just take it easy, and realize he's no more alarming than the boys you had sodas with and kidded around with heretofore, things will roll merrily along. They'll progress to plums like being asked to the Spring dance, picnics, or a feed at his family's dinner table some eve.

If the boy situation doesn't shape up as fast as you'd like, don't brood. Do something constructive about it . . . like tossing a party. You're sure to know at least one boy well enough to ask him to a blowout at your house. Even if he isn't any prize, he's a boy—which is something in his favor. And you're sure to know a few girls, however vaguely. So ask each girl to bring along a date. Not that their dates are prospects for you, for your name will rapidly be mud if you don't adhere to a hands-off policy with other girls' beaux. But the point is that when one of these gals gives her next party, you'll be on her list. It's like that olives out of a bottle routine . . . get one and you hit the jackpot. Don't hold back about asking people over, because you fear they'll think you're pushing. Everybody likes to go to a party (if any organized thought is given to the subject), and it will be considered a very (*Continued on page* 83)

PHANTOM OF ROSEBROOK

From page 35

We felt like cheering the day the guttural chatter of the steam shovel came through our open classroom windows. Rosebrook was going to rise again from her ashes—a wonderful, new Rosebrook!

Then things began to happen. The next day, on our way to class, Cherry and I stopped to look into the excavation. There, sprawled at the bottom, was old Miers, the school caretaker!

"He — he's dead!" quavered Cherry.

But he wasn't, thank goodness—just unconscious. When he came to, he claimed he'd been struck from behind, the night before, when he'd gone to investigate a queer noise coming from a dirt pile.

One night, a week later, Cherry shook me awake.

"Le' me sleep," I said groggily, burrowing under my pillow. "G'way, f'goo'ness' sake."

But she dragged me out of bed to the window. "Look over there!"

Blinking, I could vaguely make out a moving form near the new building. "Mr. Struthers, the new night watchman," I mumbled. "So what?"

"No, that's Mr. Struthers over there—see?" She pointed him out, sitting by his small bonfire.

My spine iced. I stared back at the first shape. Gliding forward, in and out among lumber piles and heaps of bricks, appearing, disappearing spectrally, it was drawing closer and closer to the new watchman. Old Silver!

Cherry gripped me. "Come on!"

"Wh-where?" I gulped.

She girded the cord of her bathrobe purposefully, reached for her camera. "I'm going to get a picture of him—"

"Cherry, you're loopy! You can't get a picture of a ghost!"

"I can try." She was at the door. "Are you coming, or not?"

I came, of course . . .

"We'll just wait here behind this lumber pile," whispered Cherry. "I'm just sure he's heading this way, ought to be here any minute."

A form was moving out from around the other end of our lumber pile, stepping stealthily toward the new watchman. A dark form—weren't ghosts supposed to be white or at least pastel?

"Now—" whispered Cherry.

"Wait!" I gasped. "That isn't—"

Too late. Mr. Struthers' head jerked up just as the light bulb flashed, showing the other figure leaping toward him. Just in time, Mr. Struthers swung at his assailant. The two crashed together, fell rolling to the ground. My, what a healthy ghost!

I looked around wildly. Cherry was circling furiously, taking more pictures. I picked up a sawed-off plank, sprang forward. I waited until a head came around, clunked it.

Unfortunately, it was the wrong head. I realized that when one figure detached itself, took off into the night. It wasn't until then that I took the breath to scream. I screamed and screamed—in no time at all, Cherry and I and Mr. Struthers were surrounded by babbling fellow-students and teachers.

While Miss Ruth and Miss Helen brought the watchman to, we burbled explanations. I felt terrible. It was all my fault that Mr. Struthers had a headache, that his assailant had escaped.

"Never mind, Binny," said Cherry, "I got some super shots—"

They were wonderful pictures, all right. Miss Ruth gasped when she recognized the man leaping toward the watchman.

"Wh-why, it's that Mr. Harding, the one who wanted to purchase this property!"

When they arrested Mr. Harding and his partner, Mr. Brice, they tried to bluff, but broke down when confronted by Cherry's pictures. Then it all came out.

A new super-highway was to be built past Rosebrook, and the two men wanted part of the property for a deluxe tourist court, the rest to sell at a huge profit.

Cherry was a heroine. Her father's magazine printed all her pictures with her by-line. Miss Ruth was able to save Rosebrook by selling a stretch of unused land along the new highway at a good profit and—last but not least—Old Silver's name was cleared of all suspicion. The fair name of the ghost of Rosebrook remains unspotted.

ERRORS IN TYPE

From page 75

Also, there's obviously only one way for you to run your life, and she has the blueprint. You'll hear all about it even if she has to crowd you into a corner. She has a passion for being president of everything, and if she misses out officially, she elbows in unofficially, simply loaded with dogmatic advice. She's never been known to concede a point in any argument and is as feminine as a steam shovel.

And leave us hasten to include those with *Price Tag Fever.* They are all too easy to find. You're gloating over your brand new pair of ballet slippers, so she rapidly confides she just bought *two* new pairs which cost fabulously more than yours. It's pure agony for her to see someone with an item for which she doesn't have a ritzier duplicate, and, sledgehammer style, she makes sure that you're well-acquainted with the worth of everything owned by herself and all near and distant relations. We imagine she'd be more intrigued by the carat content of her engagement ring than by the boy who was foolish enough to give it to her.

Winding up our Sad Sack itinerary is the tootsie with the *Talent for Trouble.* She's pure poison. She trails trouble wherever she goes, letting drop bits of slightly distorted chatter she's overheard, stirring up suspicions, jealousies, and assorted miseries. She's always spilling something she "simply hates to tell you," but feels you should know. Where she's been, friction follows, and she's the daisy who's due to be frequently fired later on for jangling up the office with her gossip.

Well, there's our Rogues' Gallery of extra acid characters. We don't get along with them, and they just don't get along, period. Overhauling one's habits is no quick change deal. It takes plugging. It takes a sense of humor and a fine sense of perspective. But if any of the aforementioned honestly concentrate on the project, they'll find that stacking up friends instead of enemies is the most pleasant pay-off for their trouble.

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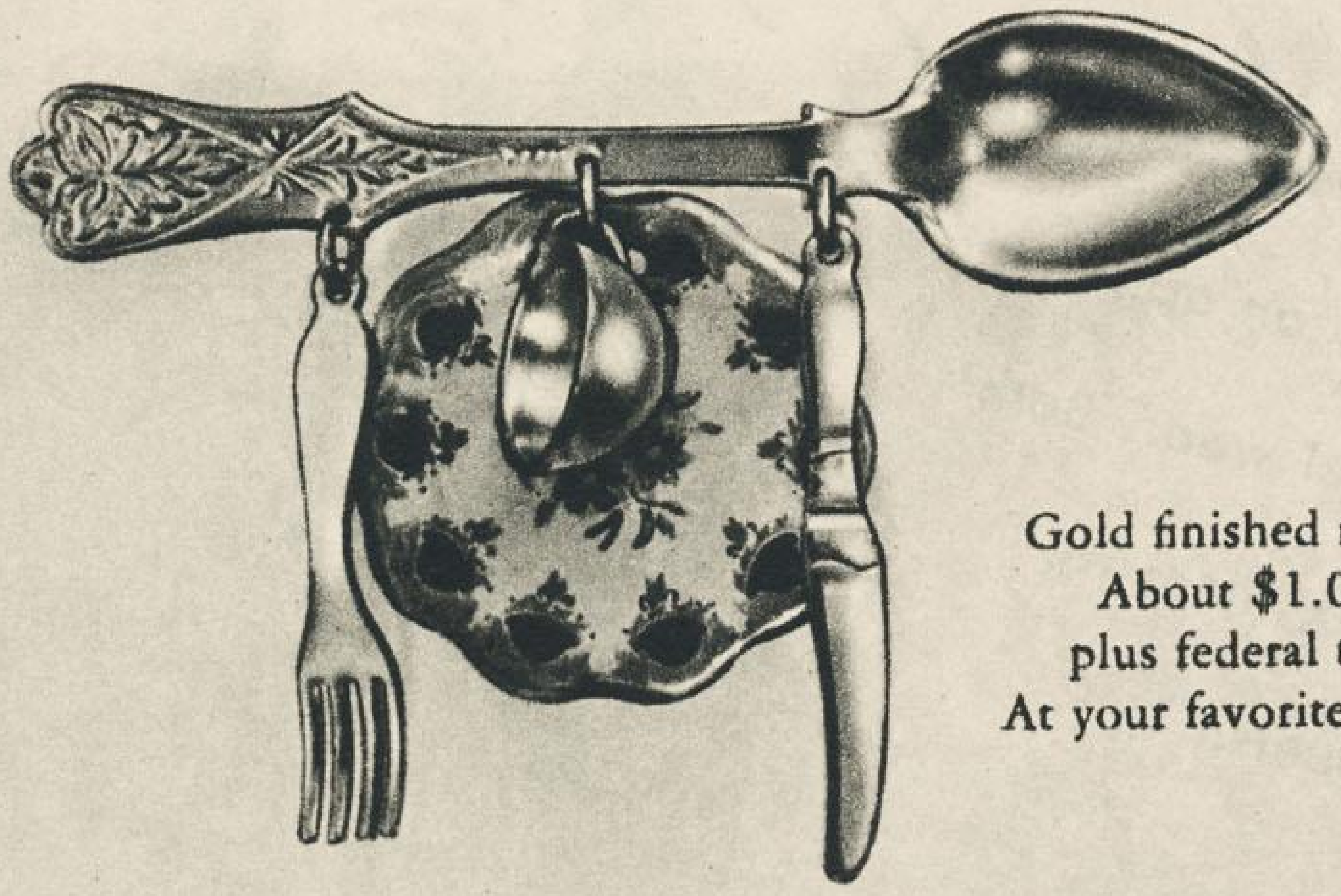

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DON'TS FOR DANCERS

From page 63

Roosevelt High's ace fullback. "But," whispers Ginny Roberts, "from the way he dances you'd think he was star of the wrestling team!"

Of course, we could go on for pages tearing apart our less practiced schoolmates. But you'll benefit more from this check list of faulty dancers if you join me at the *other* side of the gymnasium—with a group of boys.

High on their blacklist is the "junk unloader"—the girl who piles her compact, gloves and purse into her escort's pocket. No fellow likes to be a junk wagon, but there's one place he likes your lipstick even less than in his pocket. That's on his shirt or jacket. The "smudger" gets a wide berth from the stagline.

Another kind of clinging vine is equally unpopular. She's the "droop"—the gal who rests her weight on her partner and lets him drag her around. Murphy's Market pays much better for hauling packages!

Just as undesirable as the girl who can't stand on her own feet, is the one who does it, too well. Fellows tag this kind of menace in several ways.

First there's the "leading lady." She takes over and runs the show. She never has heard that the *male* leads—at least, on the dance floor.

Next, the "cut-up." She's got to show how peppy she is by flinging herself all over the lot. Kitty Cut-up forgets, though, that no boy likes to be made conspicuous.

As unwelcome as the cut-up is the female variety of the "show-off." This exhibitionist advertises how popular she is by waving and calling to everyone in sight. Of course, she loses track of her partner, and he quickly makes it his business to lose her!

These are some things you'd learn from a visit to the boy's corner of the gym. Keep them in mind when you feel like criticizing their dancing. Remember, if you want to be popular this winter, you must know more than how to dance. You also must know how *not* to dance.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 38

Dear Laraine:

I read Miss America every month and enjoy your pages very much. I thought you might be able to help me overcome my two big problems. My greatest problem is my stepmother. We never seem to understand each other, no matter how hard I try to understand her. I try to help with the house cleaning, but she never fails to re-do it. I can't ask my friends, even my girl friends, to my house because she embarrasses me. She never speaks, but is always around to watch what we do and say. Would you suggest some way to explain my feelings to her, without arousing her antagonism?

Can you suggest some form of entertainment for my boy friend and myself? We are both sixteen and live at opposite ends of the town, so we can only get together for Saturday matinees. I can't invite him home because of my stepmother. Thank you so much for your help. I ask for your opinion although I have never mentioned my problems to anyone before.

Mary.

Dear Mary:

I am glad that you wrote to me, because your problems should be straightened out before they grow into mountains and perhaps spoil your whole life. Your stepmother may be facing a period when she is afraid of getting old. Therefore, it is going to be up to you to go about wooing your mother exactly as you would a best friend or a beau, unless you want her for an enemy. You represent all she is losing — youth, loveliness, beauty. Try to bolster her ego. Remember, *sincere* compliments will warm the coldest heart. Try not to make your father the pivot of your disagreements. Don't make it too obvious that your father, you, and your own mother were just the perfect threesome.

As for your boy friend, how about going bowling? Do you like tennis? Or swimming? Movies are wonderful, but these grand days it is fun to be out-of-doors. One other thing, if you will try to make

your stepmother feel she is loved and wanted, you may find your experiment will result in her loving and wanting *you!*

Laraine.

Let's not forget to plan a really wonderful Halloween party. There's plenty of time to shop for cute invitations, get orange crepe paper, make favors, arrange for washtubs in which to bob for apples, and so on. Don't forget those exciting games where you all sit around in a circle while eyes (peeled grapes), teeth (dried corn), arteries (cooked spaghetti) and so on are passed from one person to another. Nothing is as much hysterical fun as a really old-fashioned Halloween party, so let's get going!

SWITCHING SCHOOLS *From page 79*

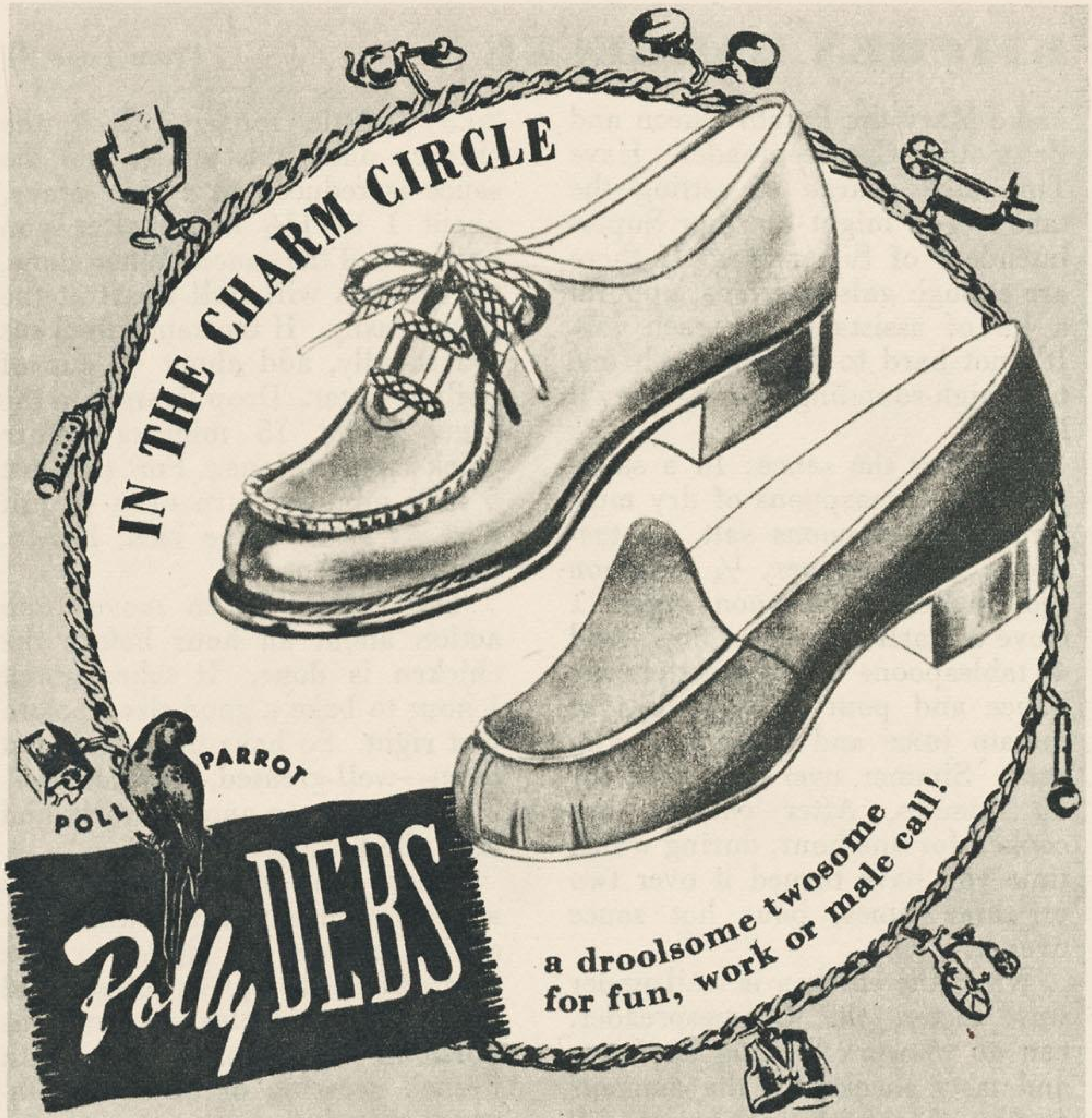
smart move on your part to give one.

All along the line, it's up to you to make overtures. This doesn't mean trying to muscle in on tight little groups. Be a real eager beaver about joining things. If you can play anything, even if it's just the sweet potato, join up with the orchestra. If acting gets you, hustle yourself into the drama class. Maybe you're literary, maybe you're talky—there's the school paper, the debating class.

Always steer clear of catty little confabs. Don't make the mistake of thinking that trading snide gossip transforms you from an outsider to an insider. It just gets you labeled as a meow-meow type—a label that really sticks and makes everybody wary.

There will be times when nostalgia will just about mow you down. You'll yearn for the talkfests that lasted for hours. You'll long for the old style conversation with the old gang . . . brief reference to things understood without explaining. Sure it was fun, but it could easily have gone stale, and you with it.

Instead of mourning the break, try to figure that fresh territory is sort of an adventure, opening whole new vistas loaded with possibilities. Those moments of nostalgia will vanish with the past.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CUT OUT—PASTE UP—PRESTO *From page 52*

fashion, so that geographically speaking, they're cockeyed. A bathroom hamper is another item that takes quite a beating, so to surprise your Mother, paint it black or a cheery color. Then polish off the job by pasting on trailing ivy vines which you've painstakingly cut from ivied wallpaper. For extra durability, shellac this little number twice—letting it get bone dry between coats.

Closets conceal a jackpot of possibilities for your paste and paper operations. If your Mother is mad about hats, she probably treasures them in a series of cardboard boxes that vary bleakly in color from brown to black. Dress them in uniforms of brilliant stripes—metallic type gift paper that gives a splashy effect. Measure the depth and circumference of each box before cutting, allowing a wee bit to fold over neatly at the edges. Then, for added excitement, paste on a bouquet of cut-out-roses. All this goes for shoe boxes, too.

Office supply stores offer a bonanza of small metal boxes, but the resemblance to their former appearance is purely coincidental when they're transformed with paint and cut-outs. Seed catalogues blossom with a jungle of colorful flowers and fabulous looking fruits. Second-hand book stores are the source for old-fashioned, lacy valentines.

Furniture is the most perfect foil of all for your cut-out art. That drab-looking table you use as a desk in your bedroom can be slicked up with a coat of paint, and then completely dolled up with clusters of paper cherries or bunches of daisies scattered over it. Kitchen chairs are eligible for any room in the house when they're given the same treatment. The mirror that hangs over your dressing table, with its plain frame, is a delight to look into when it gets together with dainty cut-out flowers.

Once you get going, you'll enjoy yourself so much that a mad gleam will come into your eye every time you spot an unadorned anything. Mentally you'll be covering it with cut-outs.

KITCHEN BARBECUE

From page 71

Make Mary the Potato Queen and Betty the Cheesespreader. Have Tina take charge of setting the table. You might dub her Superintendent of Silverware. If there are enough gals and lads, appoint a lot of assistants for each job. It's not hard to appoint each one to a high-sounding chore. They'll like it!

Now for the sauce: In a sauce pan, mix 2 teaspoons of dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, ¼ teaspoon red pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 clove of garlic, chopped fine. Add 4 tablespoons of Worcestershire Sauce and pour in 1½ cups of tomato juice and ¾ cup of vinegar. Simmer over low heat for 10 minutes. After chicken has cooked for one hour, during which time you have turned it over two or three times, pour hot sauce over it.

When the chicken is well under way, Betty, the Cheesespreader, can go to work dishing up fancy and tasty snacks for the amateur cooks. A couple of briny dill pickles cut into slim slices will work wonders here.

The Master Barbecuer swings into action with a long-handled spoon and turns the chickens and bastes them with the simmering sauce every 10 minutes. The more basting the better, even if it does take a little longer. Cook the chicken until it is tender and the sauce is reduced to a rich gravy, about 1 to 1½ hours after you have added the sauce. When done, the chicken will pull apart at the joints easily. If the sauce thickens too rapidly, add about ½ cup of boiling water. Drop livers into the sauce about 15 minutes before chickens are done. For the last 5 to 6 minutes, turn oven to full heat so as to make rich, brown, crispy chickens.

The Potato Queen moves into action about an hour before the chicken is done. It takes about 1 hour to bake a good-sized potato just right. So have the Queen put them—well-greased, of course—into the oven on another rack, and keep the heat going.

When the chicken livers are added to the sauce, the Salad Specialist receives the signal to take over. She cuts up the lettuce and the other vegetables, in generous portions, and tosses them with French dressing or any other favorite dressing.

The potatoes should be served piping hot, split open at the top with a chunk of butter or margarine, and rolls and bread are thrown in—if anyone is *that* hungry. Lift chicken to a hot platter and pour sauce into a separate bowl.

There will be so much drooling that it will be hard to move the chicken platter to the table without losing half a chicken.

Now the feast is on. Serve a quarter of a chicken on each person's plate and add a potato. Serve the salad in individual plates with a frosty bottle in front of each person. Barbecue etiquette calls for eating the chicken with your fingers. What if you do smear the sauce on your lips? A stack of paper napkins will be handy. The crowning touch is a spoonful of the hot, rich sauce poured over your potato and mashed in. A fork will be needed here and another one for the salad.

The barbecue is done, the last spoonful of gravy sopped up and the potato skins nibbled to a finish. A general sigh of contentment comes from all the gang. What if there are dishes to be washed? It is simply marvelous how a squad of teen agers can mop up dishes and put them away shining bright. There should be time for a farewell jam session of jumping Jacks and Jills in the living room, while whirling platters give their best to tingle the blood and feet of Young America.

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 25

Put a little warm water in the bottom of the vase or the bowl that has the messy water ring in it, and add vinegar to cover the ring. Let the solution set for about five minutes and—with a swish of the washcloth, the ring is gone!"

Favorite that's always a hit with the teen crowd: This particular recipe for CHOCOLATE FUDGE comes from Rosemary Crifasi, Baton Rouge, La.:

4 tablespoons cocoa
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon Sweetose
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter

Mix cocoa and sugar. Add milk and butter, then bring to a boil. Continue boiling until soft ball is formed when a small amount from spoon is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat, add vanilla, allow to stand until fairly cool, then beat until creamy and pour into buttered pan.

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MY DOG LUCKY

From page 73

and hustled around like mad preparing warm suds in a tub of water. When all this was done, I called him—but where was he? I whistled and called until I was practically hoarse. Still, no Lucky. Then, out of pure desperation, I ran into the house to find my pooch, his trembling tail sticking out from under Mum's best living room cushion! I grabbed him and carried him out very efficiently to the waiting tub. As soon as he saw the water he let out a yelp, and my chase started all over again. By then I was utterly disgusted and very hot, and after another long chase, I finally managed to dump him into the suds, not daring to look at his eyes for fear I might find pity for him. After all, I still remember when I didn't like to wash behind my ears!

After the trying ordeal, I discovered, much to my dismay, that I was wetter than he was! But all of it was loads of fun—what could be more satisfying than to see a little gray dog turn into a fleecy white ball?

The greatest problem I encountered was housebreaking my dog. It was terribly hard, because I had to teach Lucky not to do in the house but to wait until I took him out. But that was where I discovered my trouble, because if I was downtown at the corner drug store, I had to leave all my friends and run home to take Lucky out. Sometimes this was awfully disagreeable, for I would ruin a perfectly good afternoon by just having to go home to take him out.

One of the things I always looked forward to was teaching Lucky tricks. Don't kid yourself, it isn't an easy job. The first time I tried, it turned out to be more comical than practical. I remember calling Lucky to me and then throwing the ball to him. Don't ask me why I thought he would bring it back, I just thought he would . . . but he didn't! I began to get mad, and I started after him at a slow gallop. But every time I got within reach of him, he always seemed to scamper a little further. Furious by now, I made one wild dash for him which ended everything—I landed face down in the fishing pond, having a cup of tea with a goldfish! I slowly pulled my head out of the mud, and when I had composed my temper I saw sweet Lucky, his head cocked to one side grinning happily, the ball placed between his feet!

Then and there, I decided never to look at him again, but I hadn't realized how hard it would be. Before I knew what had struck me, I was hugging him to pieces.

Lucky had a most aggravating habit to spice up his dull moments. He enjoyed ripping up the furniture. Of course, he didn't mean any harm, but he only needed a few minutes to create havoc. He would slyly slip into the living room when nobody was watching, and start ripping up anything in sight.

I will always remember Mum's anger when she stepped into the living room one afternoon, to find that the dress she was making was completely torn into little bits. Lucky, blissfully unaware of Mum's anger, just sat in the pile of debris enjoying the last piece of cloth hanging out of the corner of his mouth!

After that experience, I received strict orders not to let Lucky into the living room until he had learned how to behave himself. It took weeks of hard training to teach him not to tear up everything he saw.

What to feed Lucky? That was the question I frequently asked myself before I realized that he would tell me himself what he liked and didn't like. I discovered that a dog has preferred foods, and that I couldn't very well give him the same food that John gave his dog, because his was a Great Dane, and mine was only a pup, not bigger than a kitten—well, maybe a little bigger! Lucky seems to like just plain dog food. In a way it is much better, because it is easier to fix and excellent for his health. I made some serious mistakes in the beginning, feeding him corn and peas which are the two worst things for a dog, because they might cause appendicitis. Another important fact I always try to remember, is not to overfeed him, and particularly between meals.

One of the things I hadn't real-

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ized was that a dog was just like a growing child. If I hadn't taken care of him and given him instructions on how to behave, he would have grown up to be exactly like a juvenile delinquent. He would have bitten passersby on the slightest provocation and would probably have jumped on the butcher boy when he brought the meat. All these things must be carefully watched when a dog is still young if you want to have a friendly pet.

I found out that Lucky, however small he is, is a responsibility.

I think that anyone who wants a dog should first of all consider every point for and against it, for, if you don't, it can mean your unhappiness and his. Of course, it's lots of fun, but if you aren't sure you can cope with the situation, you won't get all the enjoyment out of the dog that he and you both rightly deserve.

But all these responsibilities are worth it, because as you really get acquainted with your dog, you discover, as I did, that he is your most appreciative audience and one of your best companions.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

From page 58

long dresses, rain garb, tennis rackets and "daily duds" that must be tucked somewhere. You really need magic, don't you? All right—you can get it via a plyboard screen. And you'll end with a regular dressing corner! To the screen, attach ready-made bins and racks (also easily found in most stores) for holding shoes, umbrellas and assorted what-have-you. Add hooks to the screen for holding your raincoat and most frequently used sports jacket. On the wall outside your closet, opposite the side from where the screen is placed, hang a garment bag for holding long dresses. (You can hang the bag on a broom-stick rod suspended from the picture molding. The idea is to have it just the right height so it won't peek over the top when your screen is folded over all.)

Ha! So you want to know what on earth you can do with dad's filing cabinet? Well, had you ever thought of placing it flat on the floor, (if it's one of those affairs that stand about two feet high) . . . painting it some pretty, un-office-y color . . . topping with a cushion, covered in gay material . . . and producing, in addition to all else, valuable extra "seat space"? Used, say, at the foot of your bed or under the window, the result is as comfortable as 'tis convenient. And, comes an admiring little gasp from coed contemporaries when they see you reach down, pull forth a drawer and help yourself to those things you're forever wanting to "get at" quickly.

A run-you-crazy problem, indeed, can be that radiator which takes up precious space and offers nothing in return but heat, (and sometimes that only occasionally). Here's where the chests come in—one or a pair of 'em. Naturally, they (or it) are placed alongside the radiator, one on each side—and a single board is extended across the top of both radiator and chests. After painting, this interesting arrangement can be further glamorized with chintz or gingham. Use it for topping the board and—if you want to hide the radiator completely—use more of the same material to form a little curtain. Be sure to put the curtain on a rod, so it can be pushed back when necessary.

The plyboard items I've mentioned aren't expensive and if you're at school, you can always get your money out of them by selling to some eager underclassman, when you're ready to leave your little room for good.

As for fabrics—which go such a long way toward disguising and furnishing a lacking-in-furniture room—they're a joy to behold now that wartime restrictions are off. In choosing your color scheme, by the way, remember that monotone, (or one color repeated in varying shades,) makes a room appear larger. So do mirrors. But rather than buy a mirror for decorative purposes, you might rather get a less expensive one to hang inside the door of your closet or plyboard wardrobe. In other words, forget the mirror that is hung to be seen and get one, instead, that will show as much of You as possible. (Helps you discover that "petticoat's showing" before your friends do!)

Your room IS you—so make the most of it.

SUPREME COURT

From page 57

Imagine what might happen if each state would form its own interpretation of the laws passed by Congress. We should have chaos. The founding fathers in their wisdom vested this power in one supreme court. Without the Supreme Court, we could never have become the *United* States of America.

The Career of John Marshall. The distinguished jurist, whose decisions helped shape our young government into the form it has now taken, was commissioned Chief Justice on January 31, 1801. He believed that the Constitution should also cover crises in human affairs. Marshall's original decisions clarified the nature and powers of our national government. The Court's sound interpretation of the Constitution gained respect and forecast the role which our government was to play in domestic and international affairs. When Marshall died after thirty-four years of devoted service, the prestige of the Federal Government had been established. Here are some of the issues which he helped clarify.

The original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is conferred by the Constitution and therefore it cannot be taken away from it by Congress. The legislative body has the right to increase or decrease the number of judges in the Supreme Court; it may determine what cases may be handled exclusively in federal courts, whether they may originate in federal courts or in state courts and how they may be appealed. Congress, thus, is limited to prescribing procedures by which Supreme Court jurisdiction is exercised.

How Decisions influence the Course of Events. The ruling in the Dred Scott case in 1856 shocked the North and pleased the South. It recognized the existence of slaves as legal property of their owners. After the Emancipation Proclamation had settled the issue of slavery, Chief Justice Chase protected the rights of Southern states by declaring that we were "an indestructible union composed of indescructible states."

When the Supreme Court upholds or nullifies the act of any state, its decision applies to all other states. For example, the right of New York State to pass emergency housing laws was upheld, thus all other states gained similar rights. Conversely, an act of Kansas forbidding employers to threaten with discharge employees affiliated with a trade union was termed unconstitutional. This nullified similar laws in other states.

In the next few decades, our enjoyment of the four freedoms, especially freedom from want, will probably receive much attention from Congress and the Supreme Court.

Who the Judges Are and How They Usually Vote. Recently, President Truman announced that he had chosen Frederick Moore Vinson to head the Supreme Court as its 13th Chief Justice. This appointment filled the vacancy created by the death of Harlan Fiske Stone who had served as an appointee of President Roosevelt since June, 1941. Mr. Vinson is a Kentuckian, fifty-six years old, who previously had managed the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion and had acted as Secretary of the Treasury in President Truman's cabinet for eleven months.

The other members are Felix Frankfurter, former professor at the Harvard Law School; Robert Jackson, on leave for an extended period to conduct trials of accused Nazis in Germany; Hugo L. Black; William O. Douglas, the youngest of the judges, 47 years old; Wiley Rutledge; Stanley F. Reed; Frank Murphy, ex-governor of Michigan; and Harold H. Burton who was a Republican Senator from Ohio before his appointment to the bench by President Truman.

A majority of five or more votes is necessary to establish a ruling, although the minority may, and usually does, publish a dissenting opinion. In the past Mr. Black, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Rutledge have been regarded as the *liberals*, who interpret the Constitution most broadly, and Mr. Frankfurter and Mr. Jackson as the *conservatives*. Mr. Reed has often turned from one group to the other. Neither Mr. Burton nor Chief Justice Vinson has served long enough to establish a fixed trend.

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MALE QUARTET

From page 65

JACKIE KELK—girls dressed in sports things. At his farm, he thinks of his dream girl wearing blue denim overalls and blue checkered farm shirts, open at the neck and sleeves rolled up above the elbow. He loves slinky jewelry—but it must be gold. He likes a snappy talker, but he doesn't want her to run around spouting poets, or arguing politics or religion.

A girl who wants Homer's company has to like animals of all kinds, particularly dogs. He has an English spaniel, known as "Bag Pipe," and woe to any girl who'd complain that Bag Pipe got hairs on her clothes. With Homer, it's "Love me, love my dog."

JACK LANDAU—to himself.

"The type of girl I like is the one who looks all girl and doesn't mind being one. I don't like sophisticated girls because they're usually conceited. . . . The girl I hope to marry some day will be natural and interested in little everyday things. I don't want her reaching for the moon and then being sore because she can't get it."

The girl who rates top place on his popularity poll is the one who's a good sport. He likes the girl who is thoughtful and who knows a boy is embarrassed when he doesn't have too much money to spend for an evening's fun. Jack remembers an evening not long ago in New York City. He had five or six dollars in his pocket to take his girl friend to a Broadway movie. That would cost abut $3.60 for the tickets. On the way upstairs a gardenia vendor stepped up and, without permission, pinned a corsage onto the coat of Jack's girl. "You owe me $3," he said. "Here," said the girl, handing them back, "come on Jack! I won't have you held up like this . . . tonight's just a movie date. We don't need flowers!"

That's what Jack calls a swell girl!

PETER LAWFORD—is one I always choose to spend time with. All day long in the studio we hear noises. We can't help the din. We make some of it ourselves. But when we are away and want to relax, we eliminate all strident tones.

"The tomboy type is all right when you're up to the strenuous games she wants to play. There are times when I go for the energetic life myself, but I have to be the one to choose the time. Men are unfair, I suppose, demanding to set the pace like this. But young ladies who haven't worked all day under klieg lights can't fully appreciate a quiet well-ordered home, and gentle-voiced girls.

"A girl may dress any way she pleases, as long as she is well-groomed in appearance and doesn't look conspicuous. She may be tall or short . . . light or dark . . . beautiful as dawn, or rather plain. But if she's restful and has poise, if she has the magnetism that draws people to her and sends them away soothed, she's my idea of a girl a man should spend a lot of time with.

"I like girls who use good English and don't have to resort to current slang to express everything they mean. I like them to know Brahms and boogie-woogie —and the time and place for both.

"I guess you'd call me old-fashioned in a way, but I like my girl friends to be the kind I'd be proud to introduce in any company. I like them to be ladies."

DON BRENNAN—scape on long walks as though he were some kind of a modern Gulliver. In summer, he'll want to swim.

In appearance, Don prefers a girl who's tall and has a nice figure. She will have to look as though she'd just stepped out of a bandbox. She will never touch her hair in public, powder her nose at the table, nor will she be a table-hopper at a club or a restaurant.

Don's girl will wear suits, "the plainer the better," and white tailored blouses. Jewelry will be worn tastefully, and on a formal date, she'll wear a gown without a lot of fussy trimming, and the seams in her sheer hose will atways be straight.

A thoughtless girl starts with a handicap where this handsome Irish Brennan lad is concerned. But he has lots of patience with a girl who tries to teach herself to think of others.

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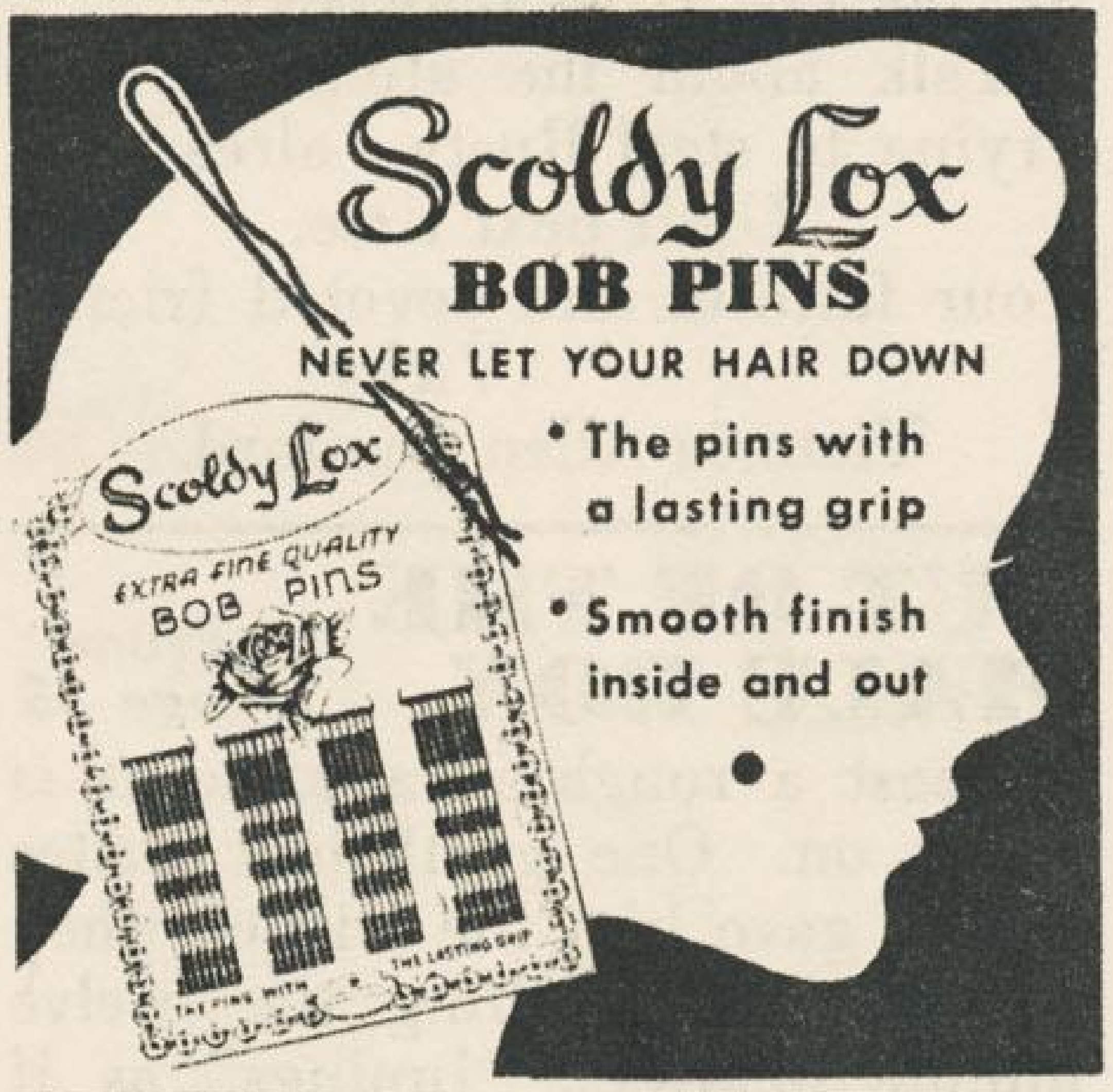

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Don wants a girl who, when she is married, will find complete happiness in the love and protection he wants to give her. The handsome Irish lad prefers a woman who is completely devoted to her home and her family. He turns thumbs down on the frivolous female who is interested solely in party-going.

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So there you have it—four outstanding male personalities who voice four distinct views on how to spend a pleasant evening with a girl and exactly what constitutes feminine appeal.

Take heed you fancy femmes and take heart you plain-Janes—the answers to *your* date problems may be simpler now.

THE BUTTERFLY

From page 53

miserably. The huge worm seemed to be expanding. The body began to split at the seams, or so it appeared, for slowly a pair of wings took shape and fluttered.

Before her very round eyes, Daisy saw the repulsive body suddenly take on the robe of a beautiful butterfly. It was a miracle! And she was the sole witness! At once she became panicky. What if this lovely creature should fly away?

A sharp voice crashed through her thoughts. It was Miss Butler. "Come to the front of the room and present your project!" she commanded.

To the front of the room! Daisy shrank inwardly. Desperately she thought to beg off, to tell her teacher that she was unprepared. The butterfly in the box stretched its wings again.

Slowly she rose, looking down at the delicate creature. Yellow it

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was, with brilliant black markings, a fitting tribute to Nature's artistic skill. Daisy started forward, still staring at the incredibly lovely being, released from such a drab and commonplace shell! She caught her breath, bound by the phenomenon she beheld. Did this happen only in the moth family, she wondered. Her hand went trembling up to her cheek. Could it be that there is beauty in all of God's creatures? Then, with full certainty she knew. She, too, had been dormant in a musty cocoon; she, too, had been concealing something lovely within; she, too, had wings—beautiful wings. And now she was ready to try them out.

At the blackboard she turned to the class and began to talk. A newfound warmth surged through her, lending strength and assurance to her voice. The wonder of the miracle she had just seen shone brightly in her eyes. She felt as if she had suddenly grown—a strange, unfamiliar growth. Not the kind you could measure against the wall. She had grown *inside.*. Her face was glowing, and when she paused for breath, no one in the class was laughing at her.

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DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 47

"Sonny," Darlene cut in, "come on Sonny, you haven't time to kid girls (imagine her nerve) when you've got to find a house to rent."

"To rent?" I beamed, remembering that "For Rent" sign next door at home. Then, completely ignoring Darlene's rudeness and assuming my most gracious and charming manner, I said, "Mr. Martin, if you are looking for a house to rent, I am sure that you will find the house next door to my home quite suitable."

"'Miss Beauty-with-Brains' that is very kind of you. Will you be so kind as to give me the address?"

Of course, I told him right away.

Then came the atomic bomb crashing into my beautiful plans, for Sonny said, "I promised Sis, Darlene's mother, that I would find a house for them to move into before night. If this house is what they want, we will all be forever grateful to you, fair lady."

"You mean, Darlene might move in next door?" I gasped.

Betts, the way she grinned, she looked like the cat that swallowed the canary.

However, I quickly regained my poise. I smiled and very nonchalantly said to Sonny, (ignoring Darlene), "It will be nice having you for a next-door neighbor, Mr. Martin."

It would be wonderful, for he is so good looking. Perhaps it was destiny . . . perhaps we were intended to meet in this way.

But Darlene snipped, "Sonny's just finding a house for us. He's leaving for New York tomorrow!"

Betts, I worried all through American history, wondering whether Darlene's family would take that house. I finally convinced myself that, "No, it could never happen to me. Things couldn't be that bad. Why, she's the only mortal enemy I have."

When I reached home there was the whole family, including Darlene's Mom, Pop, and little brother, talking over the fence to Pops. Pops called me over and said, "Vicky, one of your school chums is moving in next door. Isn't that nice? You two girls will enjoy each other's company."

Betts, I smiled a sickly grin and walked into the house. I looked out at the sunset, as I do every night from my window, and what happened—a light went on in the window in the house next door, directly opposite from mine. There was Darlene! And she walked over and pulled down the shade in my face. As though I would snoop and look at her!

Betts, it's really tragic. How can I look for inspiration when I have Darlene—right next door?

Pops says that I must face the situation, master my feelings and win her as a friend.

All I have to say is—if I must, I must, and I guess I will.

Rusty's out in front coming to take me to a basketball game. Ohhh, Pops says that Darlene has cornered him before he even got to ring our front doorbell!

Talk about the atomic types! Trying to steal Rusty—already.

Until next time.
Your faithful and devoted friend,
Vicky
Victoria Allen Dunford.

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 55

at least a rough idea of what *is* going on. One gentleman writes that it gave him the willies when his date kept calling the twelve minute quarters, "Innings" as if she were at a baseball game.

The girls have a couple of things to say, too. They figure that if they do aim a well-timed question, they have every right to expect a civil answer. They say that lots of boys simply shed their manners when they get within sight of a pigskin. If his date says practically anything, the guy turns around, curt-like, as if he wondered what she were doing there.

If a boy happened to waltz into the kitchen while she was baking a cake, writes one girl, (still smarting from her date's attitude at her first game last year) well, she'd nicely explain what baking powder does, without looking down her nose, either.

He figures that any girl who is worth trotting around at all, is just as much fun at a game as she is on the dance floor.

The girls finish up by suggesting that if a boy asks a girl out, it's only fitting that he toss a remark directly to her, so she feels included by more than her mere presence in the grandstand.

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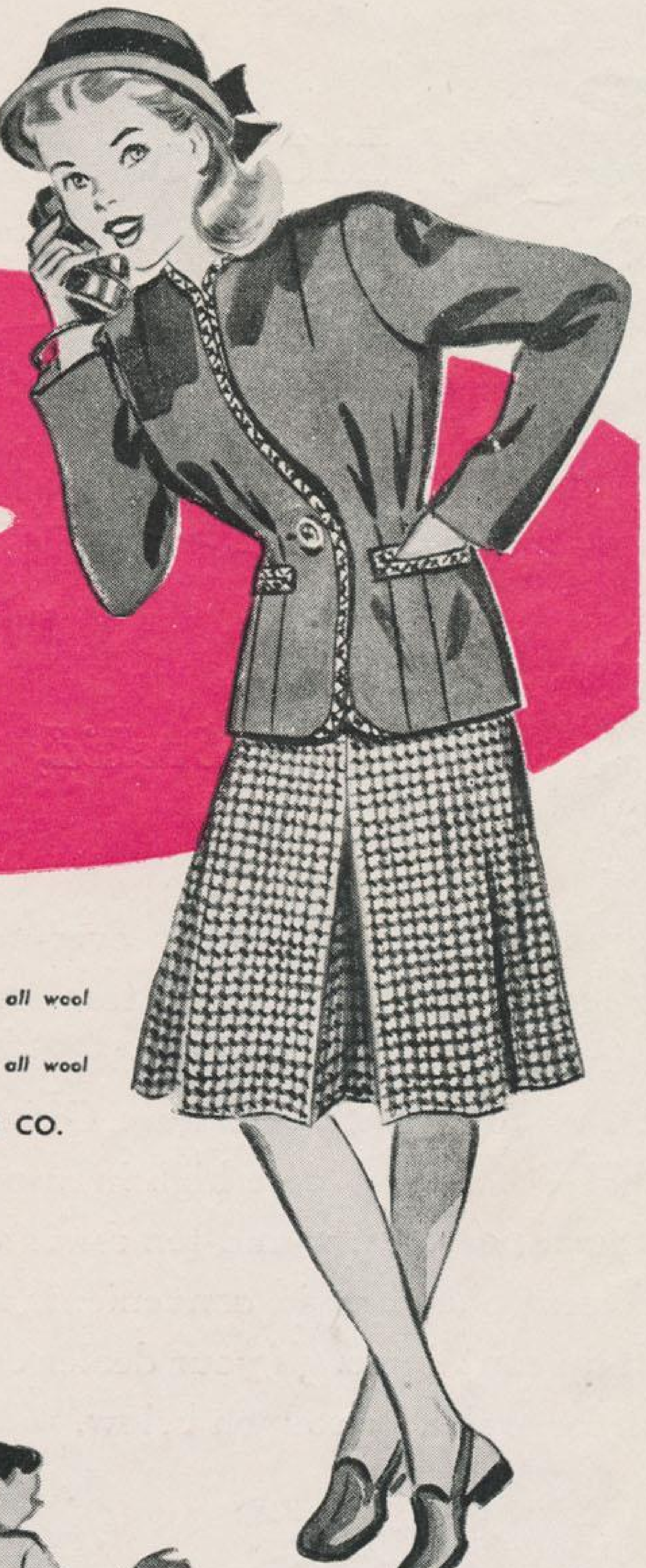

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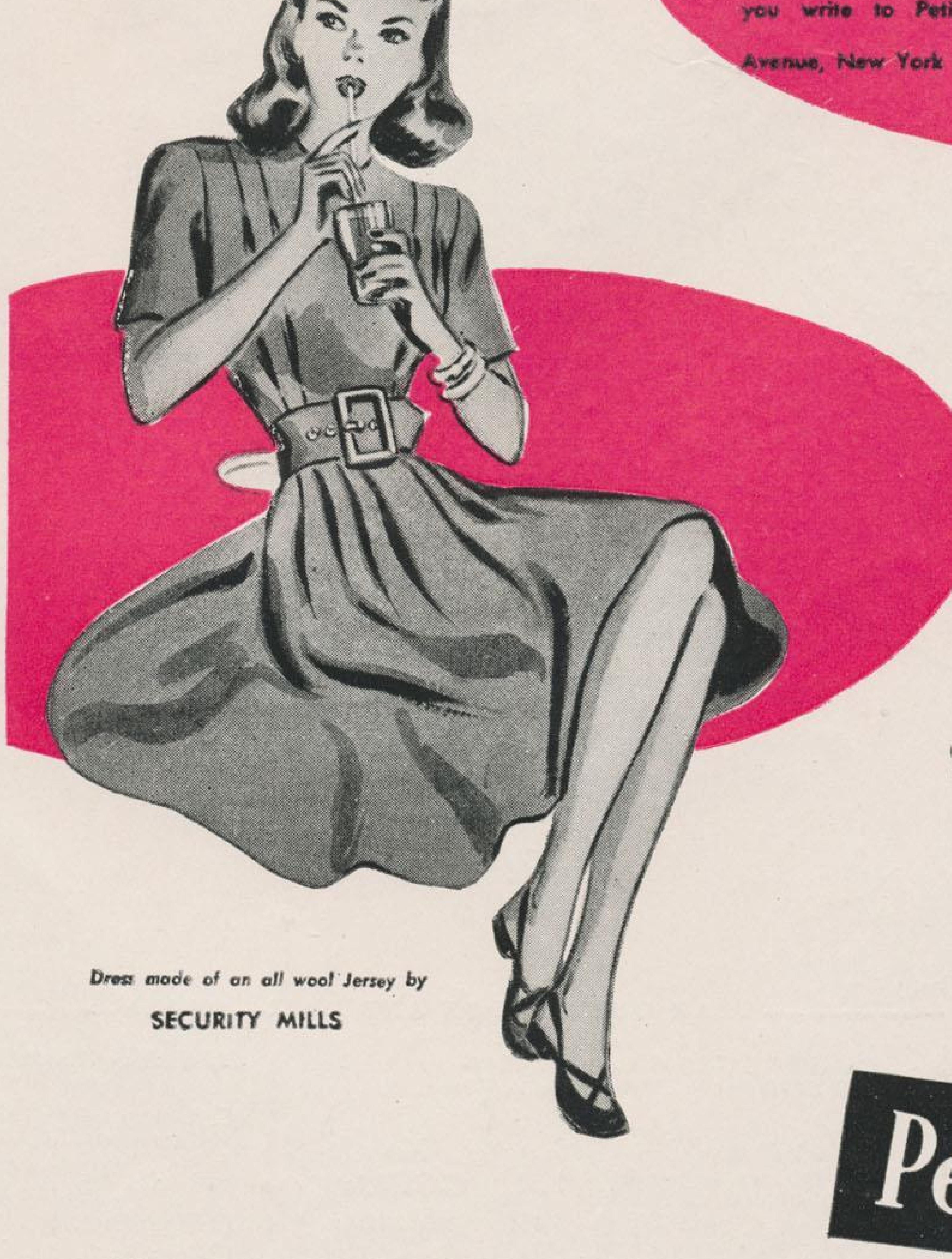

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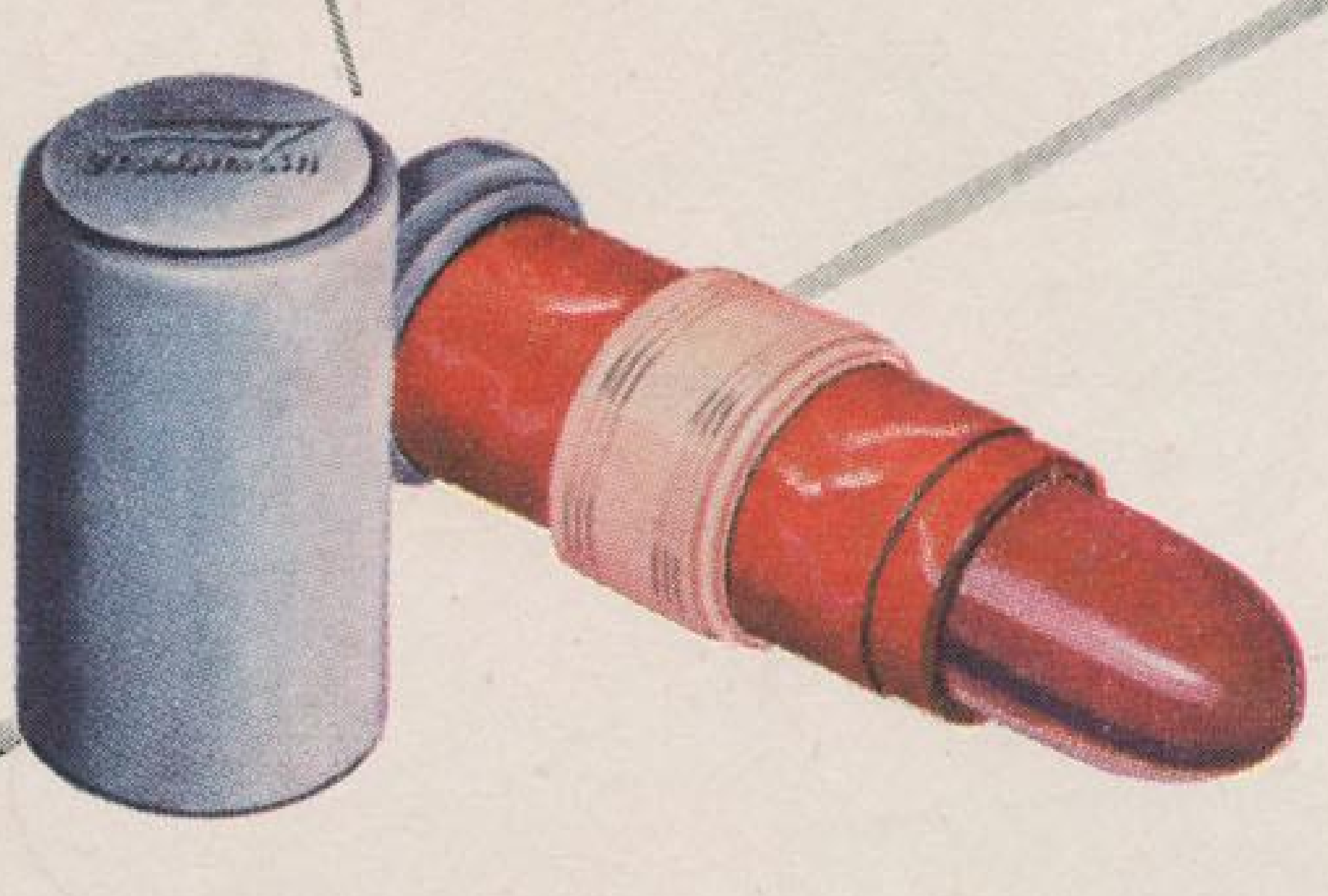

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